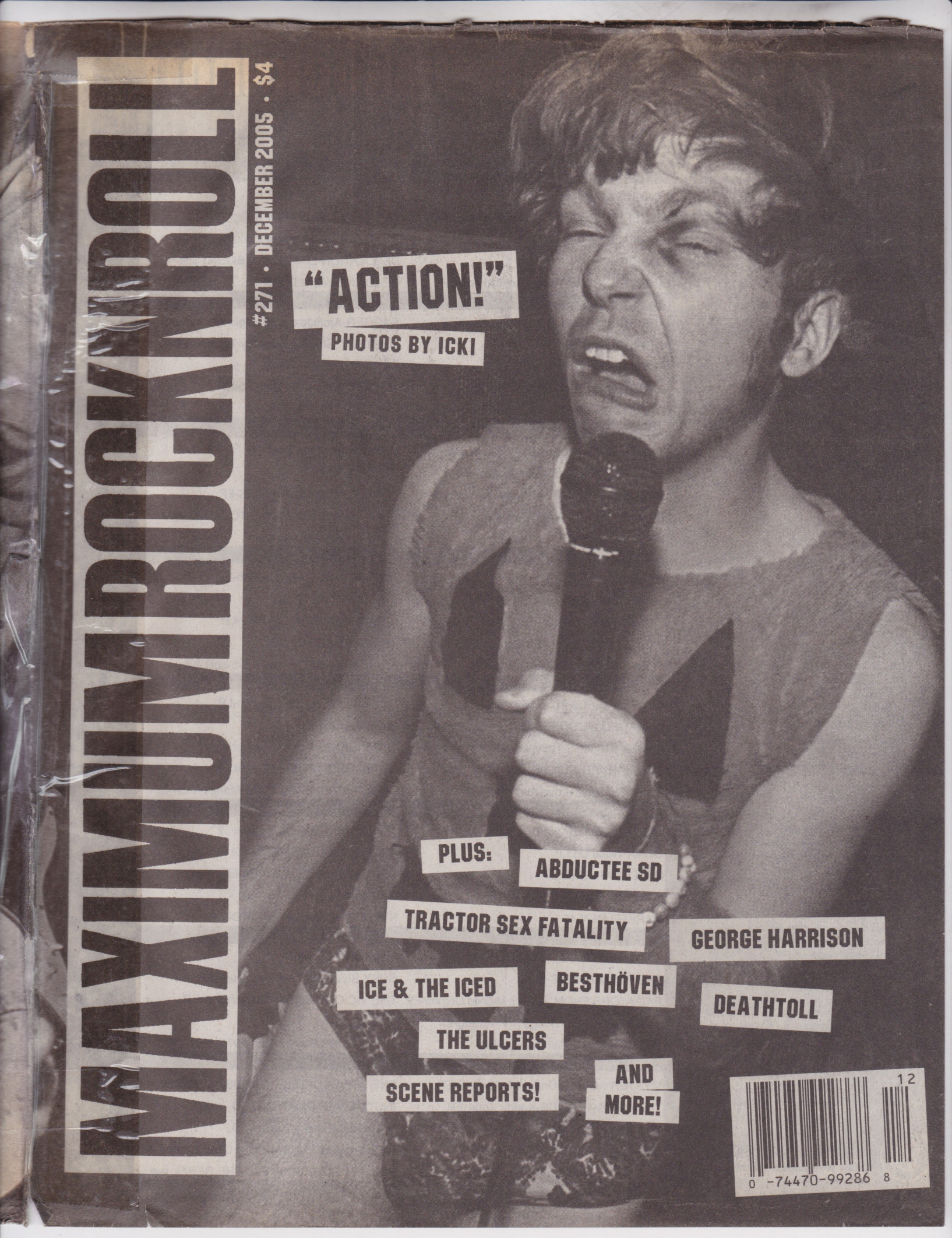
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#271 • DECEMBER 2005 • $4



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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 160-163, 166, 172, 174-175, 179-181, 184-210, 214-227, 229-270
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!

AD DEADLINE (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the 2nd week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

TIM BROOKS

- RUIN-Ghost of the Past-LP
- OBSERVERS-Where I Stay/Manipulator-45
- FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP
- CTS-EP
- ANGRY ANGLES-Things Are Moving-EP
- THE MARKED MEN-45
- TERMINAL STATE-Your Rules-12"
- REATARDS-Not Fucked Enough-LP
- DESOLATION-LP / URBAN BLIGHT-EP
- DEADLINE/WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- THE BUSY SIGNALS-Love and Dust-EP
- WRANGLER BRUTES-Tape-LP
- FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP
- ANGRY ANGLES-Things Are Moving-EP
- RADIATORS FROM SPACE-Midnite Demos-EP
- SAGGER-Archidoxes of Magic-EP
- MYSTERY GIRLS-Under My Tongue-EP
- HARBINGER-12"
- TOP TEN-Never Get Enough-EP
- COUNTRY TEASERS-live

ROB COONS

- OBSERVERS-Where I Stay/Manipulator-45
- THE VICIOUS-Suicidal Generation-EP
- CARDIAC ARREST-Get Away from Me-45
- BURY THE LIVING-All The News...-LP
- WRANGLER BRUTES-Tape-LP
- RUIN-Ghost of the Past-LP
- DESOLATION-LP
- FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP
- CROW & WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-live
- BOOM BOOM KID-live

PAUL CURRAN

- HARBINGER-12"
- DRUNKEN BOAT-Rock the Bullet-EP
- OBSERVERS-Where I Stay/Manipulator-45
- SIGNAL LOST-You'll Never Get Us Down Again-EP
- FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP
- TOP TEN-Never Get Enough-EP
- THE DOOR-KEYS-CD
- WRANGLER BRUTES-Tape-LP
- THE MARKED MEN-45
- FRAMES/KARATE FOR KIDS-split EP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- CLOROX GIRLS-This Dimension-CD
- DAMAGED GOODS-Outta Here/Words-45
- ANGRY ANGLES-Things Are Moving-EP
- THE MARKED MEN-45
- BUSY SIGNALS-Love And Dust-EP
- GHETTO WAYS-Solid Brown-LP
- SIGNAL LOST-EP
- THE VICIOUS-Suicidal Generation-EP
- OUTRAGED/TROPIEZO-split EP
- OBSERVERS-Where I Stay/Manipulator-45

CHRIS HUBBARD

- SIGNAL LOST-EP
- COMA-Wake Up LP
- DECLINO-1982-85 LP
- CTS-Macabe EP
- MARKED MEN-45
- TERMINAL STATE-Your Rules 12"
- TROPIEZO / OUTRAGED-split EP
- FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP
- OHUZARU-Icon LP
- KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTO-EP

KENNY KAOS

- DAMAGED GOODS-Outta Here/Words-45
- THE PNEUMONIAS-EP
- RADIATORS FROM SPACE-Midnite Demos-EP
- ANGRY ANGLES-Things Are Moving-EP
- TOP TEN-Never Get Enough-EP
- THE MARKED MEN-45
- BUSY SIGNALS-Love And Dust-EP
- THE VICIOUS-Suicidal Generation-EP
- THE ONES-45
- BAD BRAINS-Pay to Cum 1979-1981-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- MYSTERY GIRLS-Under My Tongue-EP
- THE ONES-45 / SIDS-Kandy Kane-EP
- TOP TEN-EP / ANGRY ANGLES-EP
- BUSY SIGNALS-Love And Dust-EP
- REATARDS-Not Fucked Enough-LP
- THE DREAM DATES-12" / OBSERVERS-45
- INSTANT AUTOMATONS-CD
- V/A-Keats Rides a Harley-CD
- Henri Langlois, Phantom of the Cinemaheque-film
- BUDGET ROCK 2005 SF / THE REBEL-live

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

WILL KINSER - *NEW TOP TEN!!*

CAUSTIC CHRIST-Tour-EP	KVOTERINGEN-EP / ENSAM-Road to the North-EP
OBSERVERS-Where I Stay/Manipulator-45	DEATHCYCLE/SPARK-split EP
BURY THE LIVING-LP / SIGNAL LOST-EP	CROW-A Sacrifice for the Vicious Dominant....-EP
MIGRA VIOLENTA-Holocausto Capitalista-CD	FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP
OUTRAGED/TROPIEZO-split EP	BURIAL/DOOMTOWN/NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS-live

RAY LUJAN

STREET BRATS-See You-CD	DRUNKEN BOAT-EP / THE VICIOUS-EP
DEFIANCE OF AUTHORITY-Born In Sin-CD	YOUNG PEOPLE WITH FACES-CD
V/A-A Secret Recipe-CD	CHAZ MATTHEWS-Amazing Graceless-CD
BUSY SIGNALS-Love And Dust-EP	BRILLIANT RED LIGHTS-Touch-CD
GOLDBLADE-Rebel Songs-CD	UK SUBS-live / DEADLINE-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

AT THE CHIPPY

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

THE VICIOUS-Suicidal Generation-EP	OBSERVERS-Where I Stay/Manipulator-45
CLOROX GIRLS-This Dimension-CD	KY KLOOPPIEN SUKUUUTTO-It Elvetin Elementit
RUIN-Ghost of the Past-LP	WRANGLER BRUTES-Tape-LP
SIGNAL LOST-EP	FIND HIM AND KILL HIM-Is Fuckimg Dead-EP
THE MARKED MEN-45	COMA-Wake Up LP

DONNA POOLE

CARDIAC ARREST-Get Away from Me-45	FRAMES/KARATE FOR KIDS-split EP
OBSERVERS-Where I Stay/Manipulator-45	KVOTERINGEN-Roffarens Marknad-EP
THE MARKED MEN-45	BURY THE LIVING-All The News...-LP
FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP	THE DREAM DATES-Moans On The Phone-12"
THE VICIOUS-Suicidal Generation-EP	REATARDS-Not Fucked Enough-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

RITES-Death of the Party-EP	THE VICIOUS-Suicidal Generation-EP
CARDIAC ARREST-Get Away from Me-45	CAUSTIC CHRIST-Tour-EP
DESOLATION-LP	MAP-Kaasua-EP
CTS-EP	HAMMER-Dekirumonarayattenena-LP
URBAN BLIGHT-Urban Blight-EP	BONECRUSHER-live / STRUNG UP-live

RYAN WELLS

ANIMALS & MEN-Revel in the Static-CD	THE VICIOUS-Suicidal Generation-EP
V/A-Keats Rides a Harley-CD	THE MARKED MEN-45
ANGRY ANGLES-Things Are Moving-EP	TOP TEN-Never Get Enough-EP
TIMES NEW VIKING-Dig Yourself-CD	MYSTERY GIRLS-Under My Tongue-EP
REIGNING SOUND-Live at Maxwell's-LP	FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Action #8	Re/fuse #4
Darlene Rock'n'Roll Fanzine #3	The Rise & Fall of the Harbor Area #5
Hardware: The Complete Collection	S.C.A.L.P. #5
Letters Forged by the Daughter...#1	Trust #113
My Friends and the Pit #2	Unending Damages #1

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#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scene report

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech scene report, New Zealand scene report.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist,

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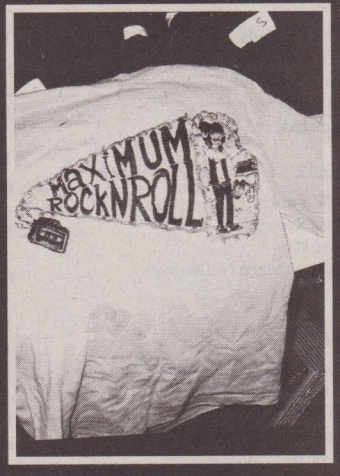

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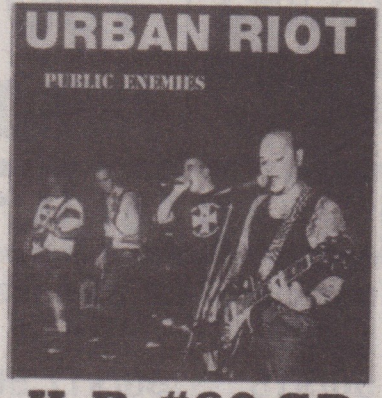

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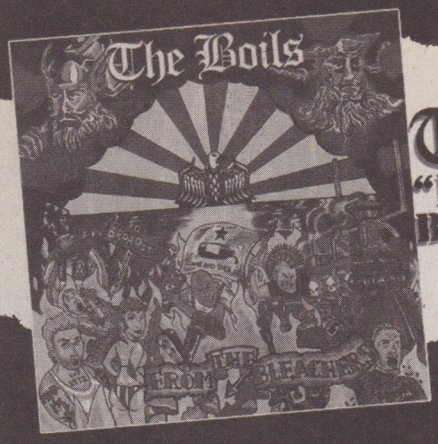

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MRR—

Hey there. This is Ryan from Trash Train. Our split with Due Tomorrow was reviewed in *MRR* #269, and being the idjits that we are, we forgot to include a mailing address. Trash Train is now defunct, but if anyone wants a copy of the split (something like $6) or just to get in contact, we can be reached at:

Jerk House Records
465 56th St. Apt. 3
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Due Tomorrow is still together, although I suspect that they no longer sniff glue. Thanks!
—Ryan

Dear MRR—

In October's issue, Dave Hyde wrote an article on Randy "Biscuit" Turner's life and unfortunate death. In the article he reported that the cause of death was cirrhosis of the liver due to alcohol. This was not Dave Hyde's determination of death, but the Austin coroner's. The coroner has since taken back that cause of death with further investigation. I think it would only be right to print this in order to set the record straight. Randy Turner did not die from alcoholism, but from Hep C.
Thanks,
—Lyz

Dear MRR—

I have a quick comment about the rant of Elliott Lange in the last issue. He says "You'd be pissed too if you had to review these…" in regards to Christian metalcore. Who says you have to review them? The demo column, or at least my part of it, has had a firm policy that, if the band thanks god in their thank you list they are not reviewable. It's been about seven years or so I've been working under that rule, and no one has ever put up a fight about it. So I say, "Fuck 'em."
Take Care
—Erin Yanke
Portland, OR

Erin—

It is MRR's longstanding policy in the regular record review section to review bands that sound punk, even when they have politics or beliefs that we think are antithetical to punk (i.e., Christians, right-wingers, etc). We say fuck 'em too, of course, but we say it in print so that no one could make the mistake to think that their shitty CD or record is worth checking out.
—Golnar

MRR—

I was wondering if you have ever had, or will every have, an editorial that details how to press and distribute your own records? I took it upon myself to start up a label with my first release being a compilation with some killer bands from around the world and it has been awhile but I am still waiting on a few more entries. After receiving all the submissions, I was in dismay with the huge amount of music I had, and how I should go about putting this compilation together. I don't know of any ways of going about graphics, and also mastering the final version of the compilation onto a tape. Almost all my entries are on CD-R format, and I thought I could compile them all onto one CD and have a friend help me with the mixing, but I would like to try and do this myself and I don't know of any programs to use to master songs.

The bands I got on this compilation were from about a year ago and I have been lagging due to my fiancée being pregnant and my mother-in-law dying of cancer. I want to put this compilation out as soon as possible but I want it to get the quality it deserves. I don't have a whole lot of money, I work full time and I thought it would be great to get some of these bands I listen to who don't get that much recognition onto a compilation for others to hear. So far I have George Harrison, Send More Cops, Send More Paramedics, Mercitron, Hanging Rotten, Eat the Living, Watch Them Burn, Tafkata (ex-Enewetak), Disreantiyouthhellchristbastardassmanx, Battle Royale, Hanging Rotten, Frank Castle Gonna Break Your Neck, Straight Edge Kegger (ex-Hatemail Killerz), Medication Time, Monolith, Fetus Eaters, Getto Death, Rapid Fire, Straight to Hell, and many others. All of the submissions are turned in except for Medication Time's. If there are any other labels out there interested in doing a split release on LP (colored vinyl), I would appreciate it. I want to get this out as fast as possible to get the bands what they deserve, a quality finished product.
Thanks,
—Jonathan Mathews
jonandlorraine@gmail.com

Jonathan—

Really, you should've figured out how you were going to put out a record before getting submissions from bands! At this point, though, you could do the sequencing (that's putting all the songs in order on one disc) on you own using a program like Bias Peak or the industry standard, Pro Tools, but it may end up sounding like shit if you don't get that done by someone who knows what they're doing, has good ears, and some good studio speakers. After that, you need to make a master CD (which can be done at the same time as sequencing), get a lacquer made from that (this is the vinyl master), and send that to a pressing plant (United in Nashville is cheap and good). Then you've got to do label art, cover art, and insert art, and figure out if your gonna go for a DIY sleeve or have it printed (Dorado Press is recommendable). After that, you've got to stuff records, advertise, find distros, do mail orders, go around to record stores…whew!

There's plenty of resources on the Net. I did a cursory search for "How to put out your own record" and found an article by a local hip-hop DJ (and awesome dude), Davey D, that seems like as good a place as any to start (www.daveyd.com/makerecord.html), and the Havoc Records site has a few links as well.

Hopefully, someone will read this and be able to help you out some more. Good luck and godspeed.
—Paul

Dear MRR—

In *MRR* #269 (October 2005), I was blessed to have received a zine review. This particular zine is an insightful piece to my connection to anarchism. And the reality is I am still trying to define the exact clarification of this. *MRR*, *Slug & Lettuce*, and the punk community are great examples and expressions of "alternative cul-

ture". I've seen articles and commentaries printed in *Profane Existence*, and many from my comrades behind the enemy lines. It is great to know that people do listen, and read our words.

This society is a massive effort of power and control which holds complete say over our lives. Those of us who sit in these dungeons and write zines are only trying to employ the fraction of free speech rights we have left. The fascist puppets and puppeteers have no remorse or regard for our humanity. Our mouths may be silenced, yet we will continue to speak through our pens. Hopefully we will not be burdened or inhibited with what free speech we are struggling to retain.

For my brothers and sisters who are struggling in this captive society, our efforts do not go unnoticed, and *MRR* is a great fuckin' example of that! Thank you's for the piece of exposure.

In struggle,
Frederick Fisher, #10447-041
PO Box 1000
Lewisburg, PA 17837

MRR—
After a highly publicized arrest and five-month legal battle, Peter Young—long time member of the Bay Area and Seattle hardcore scenes—plead guilty on September 2nd to two counts of Animal Enterprise Terrorism for his role in the 1997 release of over 11,000 mink from Midwest fur farms. On November 8th, Young is expected to receive two years in federal prison.

On March 21, 2005, after seven years on the FBI wanted list, Young was arrested in San Jose, California, on suspicion of shoplifting at a Starbuck's. The activist community leapt into action immediately, recognizing the importance of the arrest and the uphill legal battle ahead. It had been seven years since law enforcement had last known the whereabouts of Young, who many had thought had gone underground after his indictment in 1998. Young—a strict vegan for 11 years—was held in solitary in a San Jose jail for refusing the TB test, which contains animal products. After six weeks in the hole, he was put on Con-Air and extradited to Wisconsin to face four counts of Disruption of Interstate Commerce and two counts of Animal Enterprise Terrorism. Altogether, Young faced 82 years.

CASE BACKROUND: In October 1997, five fur farms in Wisconsin, South Dakota, and Iowa were raided. Over 11,000 mink were released, costing fur farmers hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Peter Young and Justin Samuel were pulled over in the vicinity of a fur farm after suspicious farmers alerted authorities. A search warrant was obtained for the vehicle, which turned up suspicious items such as wire cutters and fur farm addresses. In 1998, a Grand Jury indicted the duo, and the FBI caught up with Samuel one year later. Samuel quickly turned informant, giving damaging testimony and agreeing to testify against Peter at any future hearings or trials.

Samuel has since been shunned by most activists for what was seen as a betrayal of both Peter and the movement.

Immediately after Young's capture, a second layer of the drama unfolded. The San Francisco FBI office—embarrassed at the revelation of a wanted fugitive living under its nose—began a barnstorming tour of the Bay Area, hunting for people suspected of aiding and harboring Young during his years as a fugitive. Across the San Francisco area and nationwide, FBI agents visited dozens of people involved in the punk and activist communities, raiding homes and bringing people in for questioning, all under the pretext of discovering Young's "underground support network."

In Wisconsin, Young sat in jail under the weight of a possible 82-year sentence. A tremendous outpouring of support came from the activist community and animal liberation movement, allowing Young to hire a skilled attorney. In late July, the support paid off in a very real way when a legal motion filed by Peter's defense forced the prosecution to drop the Interstate Commerce charges in compliance with a 2005 Supreme Court ruling, which clarified the charge so that it no longer applies to political cases. Peter's maximum sentence dropped from 82 years to 2 years.

Seeing their case fall apart, the prosecution began offering deals to Peter, soliciting him to turn informant against the animal liberation movement in exchange for a one-year sentence. Peter rejected all such offers and on September 2nd pled guilty to the remaining charges. In November, he will receive what his lawyer expects will be the maximum sentence of 2 years.

HOW YOU CAN HELP: The best way to support Peter is to write him a letter. Peter is expected to be moved to federal prison in mid-November. Check www.SupportPeter.com for his current address. Support members of the punk community who know radical politics are about more than just slogans.

Peter Young, #223341, Dane County Jail, 115 W Doty St., Madison, WI 53703
www.SupportPeter.com
—Peter Young Support Committee

MRR—
So last Thursday I found myself more disappointed with the so-called punk scene than I can remember being in a long time. It all started a couple of weeks ago when my band, The Lost Boys, got booked for a show with Cheap Sex, the Havoc, and the Career Soldiers. I am not particularly a fan of the bands on Punk Core Records, but they are pretty big names and I thought it would be a good opportunity for the band.

So Thursday came along, and me and the guys headed down to the Santa Cruz Teen Center. We were starting to set up as some of the other bands started arriving. We met a couple of the guys and they seemed nice enough as they shook our hands, not even attempting to make small talk. Next thing I knew I was witnessing a literally ten minute conversation about what type of Rockstar energy drinks these guys needed. "No, we need the sugar-free Rockstars!" Am I the only one that finds this a bit ridiculous? Couldn't they walk their lazy asses across the street and buy their own damn drinks?

A little bit later I was dumbfounded when I was informed that Mike V. and the boys had a contract guaranteeing 600 dollars for the show (no matter who shows up), a place to stay, and meals. Doesn't that seem like a bit much, especially for some guys walking around with ripped up T-shirts singing about anarchy? Not to mention that Mike Virus is a computer programmer that makes around $80,000 a year (or so I have heard). I also learned that the security for the show was instructed not to let anybody on stage because the almighty Mike Virus has bad knees. *Come on! It's supposed to be a punk rock show!* I don't know if these guys realize that 600 bucks is a lot for a local promoter to pay a band for playing a Thursday night show at a teen center.

It just so happened that not even half way through our set I broke a string, on the only night that I had forgotten a spare guitar. I must have stopped our set three times asking if I could borrow someone's guitar. There were three other bands, two of them having more than one guitarist (all probably having extra guitars) and nobody could lend me one for a couple of songs? After our set I stuck around for a little while, long enough to see the Havoc, who now think they are some kind of badass Christian Motörhead-type band that is to cool to lend a kid a guitar for a couple of songs. After that I had to get out of there.

If this is what punk rock is all about, then I am utterly ashamed to have ever associated myself with the word "punk." If anybody from

Cheap Sex or the Havoc reads this, I would like you to know that I think you are ridiculous. Hopefully you don't care what some kid like me thinks about you, but I would be interested in hearing what you guys have to say besides *"I am the one that you love to hate, you and me will never fucking relate."*
Thanks a lot,
—Ian and The Lost Boys

MRR—
I just read the column by Felix Havoc in *MRR* #269 in which he reprinted some columns that Bob Suren wrote about eleven years ago. Both discuss the overload of bands putting out records and going on tour. Bob's writing still rings true today. Felix talked about how the HC punk scene is going to break because of it's own weight, which I also see as very possible. I think that bands talk about doing records before they really consider whether or not it will be any good. They see other bands doing it and they just want to do it. They feel like, "Why the hell not? Let's do a record and tour." What kids have been missing is that there is a process to this. There should be a trial period for your songs during which you record a demo. If months go by and you're still like, "Man those songs fucking rule and that's probably the best stuff we have done," then you can still re-record those songs and put it out on a record. Touring is also very hard these days because I think people who do shows are sick of every band just wanting to tour without being ready to. To tour you have to think about a lot of issues like gas, shows, and food, and weigh whether all this is worth it. You don't have to be in any kind of rush—you can slow down and punk will still be here, and your band will probably be a lot better for it. Doing a band is a process that works if you follow it. Everything in life is a learning process and punk and hardcore are no different. I am not saying there are a set of rules for being in a band, but really, who wants to tour when they suck and who wants to put out a half-ass record? Nobody, that's who. So think about your band, listen to other bands, and move at a pace that works for you and not what you think other people are doing. You can do this your way and how you want it so fucking go.

One thing that I think Felix missed in his column while talking about Myspace bands and hardcore being overrun by half-ass bands and labels. I think he forgot to talk about the fucking billion hype bands and message board bands. You know, the bands that big players in the scene talk highly of and hype up—a lot of them are just as much poop bands. In a world where D-beat is a secret pass word for cool and not a form of music then you know things have gotten pretty lame. There are so many hype bands just running through the motions because they have the backing, putting out shit tons of shitty records. Why not start on private, uptight message boards just to talk about your band and hype it up? It seems a lot easier to write some standard lyrics that nobody can really go against and sit on boards to build the hype. Who cares if you suck live and your boring as shit, you got the hype you can sell your trash to any brainless fuck with a Paypal account. I see great bands that nobody has heard of overlooked again and again in favor of some half-ass hype band that doesn't even have to try. Bob talked about poop bands crowding up the scene for good touring bands that are coming through. I feel this is the case with hype bands eleven years later. I feel it's worse with the hype bands because people are overlooking so much because of what's actually cool for what record you have to get before it sells out.

There is a passion involved that people are missing out on. People play punk and hardcore because they are fucking pissed and have to do this or their heads will fucking explode. This is our movement—I have no idea what you get out of it with your nose in the air/arms crossed in the back at the show, or on the boards talking shit and buying the cool records that are stamped OK and safe for you to like by all your cool friends. Yes the problem goes beyond Myspace bands and poop bands that are rushing to do records. I think punk has a huge problem today and I don't think it's fair to just blame one angle of that problem. We need to stop thinking just about we are doing and take a look at other bands and other labels. This is a community and it needs to support itself. If you run a label and you show no interest in other labels, records, or zines then why are doing what you do? I am in a punk band because I love punk. I do a punk label because I love punk. I seriously wonder sometimes what a lot of people are doing putting out records and playing in bands. When you go on tour and sit in your van while other bands play then get out and play your set of three-chord punk just like the last five bands that played before did then why fucking even be in a band. Why not just face the fact that you are not into it and move on? Then the over crowding problem will start getting better. Young and old alike, punk is something that is better then the lame music scene that the mainstream offers us. We should be able to be productive and be supportive.

These are some new bands that are very overlooked by most so check out: Ass, Ciril, Hombrinus Dudes, Blank Stare, Red Menace, Scurvy Dogs, and Ass End Offend That's just a few bands I feel don't get much credit and should. I could mention a ton of new bands that I love but that is not the point. Maybe in the future I will start writing demo reviews. I am always into mix tapes so write me and we can trade some music not files. Thanks,
—Ryan Cappelletti
punksbeforeprofits@hotmail.com
Punks Before Profits
537 Caroline Street
Rochester, NY 14620

MRR—
First off I've got to say I love the zine and I read it all the time, and it's always been valuable to the community, and I respect all the work that goes into it. So it sucks that my letter is primarily sent to bitch.

I've been reading the zine on and off since the October 1995 issue, and I felt like I had to write in as soon as I saw the huge ad for that reunion fest in LA…what the hell is that doing in *MRR*? 95 dollars to get into this sad sack of shit? When I first started reading the zine, the entire magazine mocked those reunion fest cash-ins, and rightfully so. I'd expect that shit from *"Punk" Planet* or the other garbage, but not *MRR*.

Anyway I hear that fest was cancelled due to not enough tickets being sold and the bands asking for too much money up front—tens of thousands, in cases. Does anyone else see why *MRR* shouldn't be going anywhere near this? I hope the zine isn't going down that road…I hope standards are raised.
—John Fahy

John,

I have to admit that I had serious misgivings about that ad, and we discussed not running it. The fact is, though, it was an ad from an independent label (TKO) advertising a show with all bands that are (technically) punk and (technically) independent—bands that we would review in MRR. *I agree that the reunion circuit is boring, bullshit, and not very punk. But there's plenty of stuff advertised in this magazine that I personally find to be extremely lame, and if we started excluding ads for that reason, well, who knows where that would lead? Still, I'm slightly embarrassed about running that ad, and after considering my response to your letter I'm not sure if I would want to do it again.*

I'm so happy that there's someone out there who gives a shit about this stuff. Thanks for writing to call us on our shit.
—Paul

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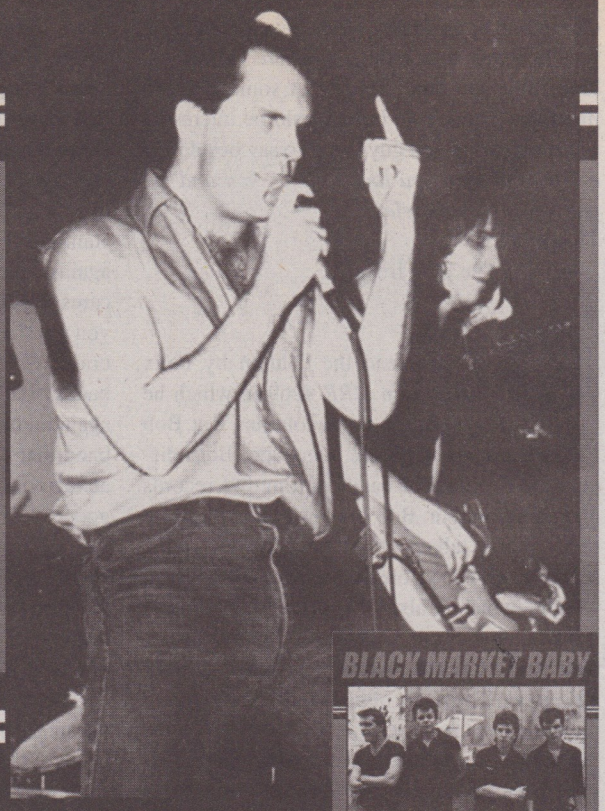

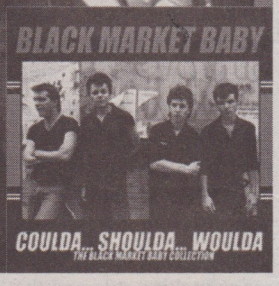

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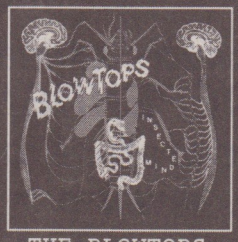

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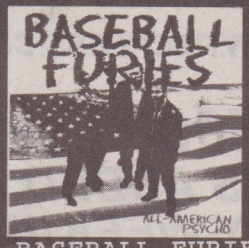

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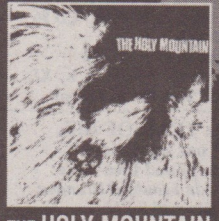

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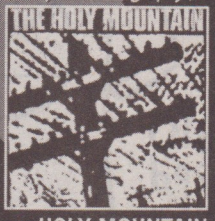

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COLUMNS

I was waiting at the bus stop for a friend of mine when a couple of local boys I recognized but didn't know came up to me. One of them got up close to my face and said, "You beat up ma wee brother." I protested that I didn't even know he had a brother. (I should take this opportunity to point out that I have never in my life beaten up a soul.) "Ye did, ye beat up ma wee brother!" It was pointless to argue. For all I know this guy didn't have a brother. It was a fabricated reason, an excuse to start in on me, why I don't know — wrong place at the wrong time, wrong trousers, wrong haircut, looking stupit. I don't know if convincing themselves that I had somehow wronged them made it easier or more fun or what.

Anyway, after a bit of back and forth on the issue of whether I had or had not beat up this guy's wee brother that may or may not exist, he stuck the head on me. I've never been very physical or much of a fighter. Me and my brother used to knock lumps out of each other, but family's different. Basically I just leaned over and protected my face with my arms as the punches and kicks came. Eventually a neighbor came running out of the supermarket nearby and yelled at them until they ran off laughing. I was more embarrassed than sore. Every time something like this has happened (did you think this was going to be an isolated incident?) I end up kicking myself for not fighting back, because it's almost never as painful as you think it's going to be. I just never had a stomach for violence.

It seems like pacifism would be a natural fit for someone who can't stand violence. As a teenager I got in an argument with someone over them putting "The Only Good Fascist Is a Dead Fascist" on a flyer. My politics were (are) still developing but I was definitely, by that point, a committed anti-fascist. I just couldn't put myself behind the trigger. And frankly, I couldn't see the flyer artist behind the trigger either. I experienced the dubious thrill of potential mob violence chasing Nazis through the streets of Glasgow when the BNP would try to march. It never came to much because the Fash were always so pathetically outnumbered that they had to have heavy police protection. So we just screamed at each other across a human barricade of boys in blue. What would I have done if the cops hadn't been there to protect us all from what might happen? Not much, is my guess. And I think it's the same for just about all of the namby-pamby assortment of students, lefties, and soap-dodging hunt sabbers that comprised the bulk of the anti-Nazis. There was a hardcore group that were always "tooled up and ready to ruck," but I think they were the minority.

When I started this column I was thinking a lot about the ideas of pacifism and non-violence. I had some interesting discussions about this stuff over the summer. It feels pretty good to say that you're taking a non-violent approach to whatever you're doing. It feels pure and righteous, like Gandhi or Martin Luther King Jr. But I think self-defense is human nature and a human right. If violence is being perpetrated against you in some form, whether direct physical violence or subtler, institutional violence, it's not wrong to respond in kind. Although Gandhi and MLK's tactics went a long way to popularizing non-violence as an approach to resistance, their efforts were augmented by more militant associates, and the changes they brought about were enforced with violence, or with the threat of it.

I still carry around the stigma of the violence perpetrated against me and others close to me in my youth. It affects everything I do; it affects who I am. If I'd had the strength or the self-confidence to defend myself back then, I might be a different person now. For so long I've been beaten down. I walk around the town where I grew up and everyone has the same look on their face. People are grim and miserable. They live with violence every day of their lives, whether they're committing it, witnessing it, or the victims of it. And this isn't Belfast or Basra or Baghdad. Domestic violence, random violence, state violence. They grind everyone down to the point where they don't even see it. When people go out and get drunk at the weekend and end up fighting in the street when the pubs close, the MPs and QCs and TV watchdogs point the finger at the bottle, at the alcohol industry, at the happy-hour, binge-drinking-promoting bar owners. They share the blame, but this is what you get when you give people a life that's not worth living. Anti-social behavior as a direct result for a society and a culture that is increasingly anti-social.

So I think it's healthy to defend yourself, for a community to defend itself. To not be beaten down. When it comes down to it, while I am non-violent and anti-war, I'm not a pacifist. It's hard to reconcile though. I don't think I could take up arms against another living creature. But I do think it's sometimes necessary for a group to use violence in one form or another to resist violence that's perpetrated against it. Can you feel that way, but refuse to fight? Is it right to let those with the capability for violence handle the dirty work? How is that different from the hawks in the White House sending working class kids off to Iraq to advance their Neo-conservative agenda? Sometimes these thoughts keep me up at night.

The chaotic traveling and punk rock raging of the summer really caught up to me,

and by the end of August I was plain exhausted. Not to mention that I was beyond tired of the excessive heat. I didn't think we would ever see any relief, and I started to lose my mind over it. But actually, we've been having the most true-to-the-book four seasons this year in Virginia, and now finally autumn is rolling around, and even though we haven't seen rain here in well over a month, we are finally getting some relief in cooler temperatures and a few crisp-aired nights. The trees and plants are strained from drought, so the leaves falling from them are not exactly autumn splendor, more like parched death. But for the first time in months I'm able to walk outside and breathe and bask in the elements and enjoy the days without getting all sticky with humid, stifled air.

I'm one of those dorks who follows the weather. I'm obsessed with it. I grew up with it. My family ate dinner to the public television station's weather program. If I stayed at the table long enough, we would watch all three networks' weather segments. My father did the same in the morning and, for that matter, at noon if he was home for lunch. This was long before the days of the Weather Channel, but when that became available it was pretty much on all the time. I think I had moved out by that time, but the seeds were planted nonetheless. I have not always had a television to watch, but I have always paid attention to the weather, and these days I think I have cable just to have the weather channel.

Thunderstorms were exciting events to be shared by my whole family. Night or day, we would all gather to watch the lightning, and my dad, who was a special effects and sound technician in the theater department, would record the thunder. I still get terribly excited by storms and run to porches or windows to watch them. Sometimes it makes me sentimental about my strange family, but usually it is just a stimulating kind of excitement for me. Extreme weather is exciting. Under normal circumstances, I'm the one who can give you a weather forecast — tell you what it's gonna be like — how warm or cold, how extreme or mundane, with rain or snow predictions. It's kind of like a joke that I call up a friend across the country and I tell them about their weather. But we all have our obsessions, and even though following the weather is one of those things that gets made fun of by most, I think there are a lot more people who are interested than you'd think. But anyway, with all that in mind when hurricane season comes, I follow these storms and track them along with the forecasters. When it gets really intense, I obsessively watch the weather channel and monitor the storms on-line, even compare the local news reports. It's not like I've got all this time on my hands to just idly follow weather, but when they start talking about these huge storms that are headed straight for vulnerable metropolitan areas, I take notice and think about the people I know in these areas.

There is something very interesting about natural disasters. You cannot blame anyone for them. You cannot go to war over them. They change life dramatically. Sometimes it's just an inconvenience or wake-up call, and then as we have recently seen it can be huge devastation and have more impact that we ever imagined. It's ironic that a few months back I was reading a free paper in New York City that had a huge article about what would happen if a huge hurricane were to hit there. It seems that, much like New Orleans, such a thing is overdue in the cycles of storm currents and history. A part of me gets excited about the idea of this kind of extreme weather and mass change. It's got nothing to do with wishing harm on people, 'cause I'm the opposite, with so much empathy to the plights of people in strained situations. It's more the fact that I l think our society and lives are absurd, and that when nature strikes back and reclaims land, there is a certain amount of respect and reverie that you must acknowledge. New York City is an unnatural place. So is New Orleans. No part of me wants to see either place, or any place, neither destroyed or taken out, nor massively affected by any kind of storm or, well, by anything. But as I said before, there is something interesting about a forced change in our daily patterns; there is something important about being reminded of the impacts of our lifestyles on the earth. There is something necessary about being kept in check. And I feel like a nutcase saying any of this because it sounds like I condone and am into these disasters, and with the extreme destruction of the recent hurricanes, there is nothing to be excited about. I feel for all these people who have lost everything and for the dramatic changes that taking out an entire city poses. Truth be told, I still find it rather unbelievable and it really is like some book I would have chosen to read. In the past few years we had a hurricane and a crazy flash flood come through Richmond, and both storms posed incredible damage that took years to recover from. As dramatic as it was for us, it doesn't even scratch the surface of what they are dealing with in the Gulf States. I can get kind of stoked about a minor storm that gives everyone a day off when the roads are closed or the power is out. That is the kind of thing that keeps us in check and makes us respect Mother Nature. But this kind of total annihilation we're seeing now takes on a much scarier and out of control kind of feeling and it is like a movie we've been watching or a sci-fi novel we've been reading. But that also takes me back to the theory that those movies and books are all preparing us for the reality that will come one day.

The ironic thing is that even though the hurricanes were natural disasters that are seemingly unpreventable, and hard to even prepare for, in this modern world we live in someone must be accountable for everything, and so the blame game starts anyway. And sadly, a lot of mistakes were made. And also, sadly, there are organizations and individuals at fault in the failures that we saw (and continue to deal with). Ultimately everything becomes political and partisan and someone must be held accountable – always. Don't get me wrong – I'm not saying in any way that I'm stoked about what happened. I think it's beyond words heartbreaking and my empathy went into such overload that once again I found myself depressed and had to cease in my media monitoring because it just got to be too much. But I can't help but follow what has happened and what will continue to happen in this strange time, as gut wrenching and depressing as it is. It manages to affect us all in one-way or another.

On a related, yet different note: a few months back I heard a report, probably on the international news channel, about how our lives will change in the (near) future when the oil resources run out. The fella gave a scenario in which our lifestyle and society as we know it was drastically changed because things would ultimately revert to being much more localized. The driving, traveling, and shipping that we do (and take for granted) would come to a grinding halt. Obviously, like in any scenario, there was an immediate and a long-term point of view, of how initially the costs of such things would just skyrocket, and then how ultimately the whole of our society would change. Not only would everyone not be car and commuting dependant, but also the goods and services and the way that products are shipped across the country and across the world would change. The prophecy was one of localized communities that were much more self-contained, and ultimately self-

sufficient. Of course a part of me relished in the collapse of society, and so I got kind of excited at the theory, which in many ways is what many of us punks have been working on in a very small scale. But of course his vision sounded quite far off then, but now it's suddenly come into view. As the gas prices have soared, I've actually been glad that I had no big travel plans coming up and that I didn't really know of any bands our tour at the moment. Even before gas prices jumped due to the excuse of the hurricane, I didn't understand how bands could afford to be on the road. In fact, I know that most of them can't. It's funny that our five-dollar shows have held the test of over twenty years, while everything else has quadrupled in price. I'm not saying shows should be more, but there are times when it would be merited. Like it's funny now to hear someone say that they just want gas money, when gas money really translates to more than big popular bands would have been getting on a contractual guarantee a few years ago. Fact is, you cannot drive to the next town on a few bucks. I remember in 1997 when I moved to Virginia that the gas prices here were the lowest I had ever seen: 89 cents a gallon. My little Toyota was insanely efficient and I could fill up and go for 250 miles for less than ten dollars. I suppose that is the only way that I could be a poor traveling punk and maintain that kind of crazy lifestyle. These days that same trip would be thirty dollars, and how many bands do you know touring in Toyota Corollas? Most punk vans get shitty gas mileage, and well, I just can't see how they can afford to spend hundreds and hundreds on gas to get paid twenty dollars at the poorly attended shows that I see happen all too often. So shit, I don't know. I was going to write a whole column about print media and the changes in that front. In many ways the times are depressing, and desperate. Yes, amazing social, political, and artistic things come out of desperate times, and we are in them and it is happening. But it is sometimes hard to see the sustainability of anything when the pinches and punches just keep on coming. Not to end on a depressing note, but man, sometimes it's hard to be optimistic when it feels like the world and life as we know it is ending.

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P.S. I have new embroidered patches (black and red, green, purple, grey, or blue) for sale at $3 each (USA), a few remaining benefit t-shirts size L in blue or yellow for $12 ppd (USA) and the latest issue of S&L #85 will be out Nov. 1 and available in the US for 60¢ postage, $1 to Can/Mex and $2 worldwide.

A few years ago I wrote in this column about how I felt some lackluster bands from the 80s who were from major music scenes like LA and NYC had been elevated to the status of legend, while great bands from lesser known scenes languished in obscurity. I think I used NOTA and Koro as examples of first-rate hardcore bands whose material far outshone second-tier bands whose material had remained in print and were from more prolific scenes. Another factor I've touched on is the acceleration of culture in the information age. I feel the intersection of these developments today has resulted in some interesting trends.

My hypothesis is that in a lot of cities with big scenes, especially those known for a particular style, it's probably a little *too* easy for a band to get noticed and get a record out and tour. This serves as sort of a subsidy to lackluster bands and discourages innovation and improved songwriting and recording. In towns known for a particular genre—say Portland or Minneapolis for crust or Boston for straight edge hardcore—there are probably *too* many labels, places to play, and other similar bands to play with and network with. I think this can lead to a certain stylistic rigidity, while the ease of playing in a certain style results in some pretty generic records. On the other hand, the over-identification of scene or label with a style might lead people to dismiss a few truly great bands. This is where I think foreign record collectors can have a leg up on locals. A foreign collector just deals with the music and lyrics detached from any prejudices about a band, scene, or style. If you telescope out by a few decades you find the collector of the future unearthing overlooked bands that no one cared about in their day.

Here in Minneapolis, which has long been known for crust, I think the two best bands are those that are doing something different. In my opinion the two best local bands are Formaldehyde Junkies—a thrash band—and Soviettes, a pop punk band. As much as I love crust, when I'm around crust punk all the time it all starts to sound the same. But these bands really get me amped and fill me with scene pride. The Soviettes are by now pretty well known Fat Records recording artists. But despite being on a label known for serving a heaping helping of weak sauce, the Soviettes are truly outstanding melodic punk. Their latest album *LPIII* capitalizes on their ability to write super catchy melodic punk songs with a hard driving rock edge and especially fantastic vocals. Three female and one male singer lead to some really impressive vocal harmonies, choruses and rapid-fire trade offs between singers. I probably would never listen to a band like this if they weren't locals but I love this band's catchy and anthemic records. Go see them live whenever they play a small, energetic room. I'm sure their records are easy to find and they are worth checking out if you can see them playing with good bands in a good room. St. Paul's Formaldehyde Junkies have a 7" out that was a real surprise. After seeing these guys live I thought they were a mess—drunk, sloppy and barely in control of their instruments. But they definitely honed their skillz and got it all together in time to record this 7". Raw, primal, back to basics '82 style hardcore. I love blasts of pure energy like this that are stripped down, simplistic, and all adrenaline. Bands like this and Direct Control are what hardcore was supposed to be about. No frills, raw and direct, sick riffs and lyrics about hating society.

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One of the best books written about hardcore punk is Mark Anderson's *Dance of Days* about the Washington DC hardcore scene. I've discussed this book in this column before, but what struck me is that this book does a great job of telling the story of DC hardcore without really specifically discussing many of the records. And it also fails to mention, or only mentions in passing some pretty good and interesting bands. So for the next few months I'm going to write about DC hardcore *records*, a critical discography if you will. Not the scene or the history so much as just some of the artifacts. I grew up in DC and followed the scene closely. I am biased about some bands but I will try to be kind of objective.

It's common fare in record stores, tour vans, and message boards to get a group of people to name their "top five" records of

any given genre. This practice was of course immortalized in the halfway decent, but tragically flawed, motion picture *High Fidelity*. What surprises me so much about the answers you get to such queries is the wide regional variation in the answers. Indeed, almost *no* two punks list the same five records in their top five. And the bands named always seem to differ greatly if the person is from the East Coast, West Coast, Midwest or somewhere in or near Texas. I'm willing to gamble, however, that if you asked hundreds of punks their top five US hardcore records, a pretty large plurality would name at least one, if not several Washington DC hardcore releases. Notably, Minor Threat – s/t 7", Bad Brains – *ROIR* cassette and *Pay to Cum* 7", Void/Faith split LP, and possibly Minor Threat – *In My Eyes* 7" and *Out of Step* LP. Minor Threat and the Bad Brains are both such amazingly awesome and important bands in the history of hardcore that they have somewhat obscured several other outstanding DC hardcore bands such as Government Issue, Youth Brigade, SOA, Scream, and Void.

I'd like to start our discussion with the band that really paved the way for the DC hardcore scene, The Slickee Boys. The Slickee Boys were playing "alternative" or "underground" rock in the mid 70s before NY or UK punk had any following or impact on the DC music scene. The Slickee Boys mixed rock, psychedelia, 60s garage and punk. Personally, I don't think their records are very interesting, but no one can deny they were very talented and wrote good rock songs. Most importantly they helped carve out a network of small clubs that were doing live shows in an era of recorded music and arena rock and gave a lot of the early hardcore bands a leg up with gigs and recording.

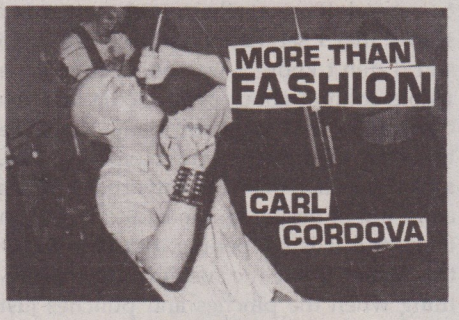
The Slickee Boys cranked out a steady stream of singles and LPs from 1976 to the late 1980s. A good place to start with this band is the *Cybernetic Dreams of PI* LP on Twin Tone. This includes their 60s pop/surf influenced local radio hit "When I Go To The Beach." Listening to this LP you can hear influences from bands like the Replacements and the Cars and of course 60s garage and psychedelic rock. This record was on a big alternative label and well distributed and is easily found in used record bins for $5 or less. If you like it, you might want to dig deeper with this band. But for most people into hardcore punk, the Slickee Boys are probably only of marginal interest. If you do go further with this band I recommend the early 7"s like their self-titled third 7" and the live tracks on the *Ten Year Anniversary* 7". This band can jump from soul ballads to wild garage punk, so if you don't like one record, get another one!

Limp Records was the label run by Skip Grof whose store Yesterday and Today Records was an important facet of the local rock scene. Skip was instrumental in helping the young hardcore bands get into the studio and release records. We have to remember that when DC Hardcore started, there was no hardcore scene or record labels. And it's only the vision of a few that kept this scene from going down in history as strictly a "live" form.

There are three compilation LPs on Limp that are of interest to collectors. *:30 Seconds Over DC, The Best of Limp (the Rest of Limp)*, and *Connected*. These comps each feature an overview of DC underground bands from rock to punk to new wave to rockabilly. The best of the three is *The Best of Limp*, which features the amazing 1979 recording of "Don't Bother Me" by the Bad Brains. To my knowledge this is the only song from the March '79 session with Kim Kane (of the Slickee Boys) and Don Zientara released to this date, though allegedly seven songs were recorded in this session. Other bands of note on the *Best of Limp* comp are the Penetrators and the Shirkers, who would now be called Killed By Death Punk, but at the time hardcore was taking over were usually just called slow. Another early DC punk/new wave band that appeared on the Limp compilations worth mentioning is the D.Ceats. Members of the this band and the Penetrators went on to form Black Market Baby.

There are a few genuine KBD punk killers from DC that predated the rise of hardcore. Ebenezer and the Bludgeons 1978 *Peer Pressure* 7" and the Shirkers 1978 *Drunk and Disorderly* 7". The Shirkers song is featured on the Limp Records comp above. It's raw, dirty punk in the late 70s style—crude and trashy but still pretty rockin'. The flip side "Suicide" is arguably a better song, but lacks the insouciance of the title track. The two tracks are also on *Killed By Death 9* and *17* respectively. Ebenezer and the Bludgeons is a band I don't know much about. Although I grew up in DC I never heard of this band until their inclusion on *Killed By Death 3*. Truly demented punk "Weekend Nazi" and "Oh I Love This Weather" are catchy, snotty punk rippers. The two songs on the flip side though are pretty weak. Another band, sometimes lumped in with the KBD classics is the father and son duo White Boy. This band released three 7"s—s/t 7" 1977, *Spastic* 7" 1977, and *How Safe Are You* 7" 1980—and I don't think any of them are very good. Demented and strange with "sick" lyrical content and some fuzzed out guitar. But something about the lack of really rocking songs makes White Boy come up just short of being "punk" and falls more into novelty or experimental territory. It is telling that, despite the bottoms of many barrels being scraped for tracks, none of the White Boy songs have managed to make it onto a *Killed By Death* or *Bloodstains* compilation.

The first real hardcore record from DC was of course the Bad Brains *Pay to Cum* 7". Along with the Middle Class *Out of Vogue* 7" and Black Flag *Nervous Breakdown* 7" *Pay to Cum* really set the stage for the hardcore explosion of 1981. By the time the Bad Brains recorded this 7" the song "Pay to Cum" had already been recorded twice in demo sessions. But each time it was set to tape the speed and intensity were increased. Listening to the Kim Kane sessions version, the Don Zientara Sessions (aka *Black Dots*) version and the 7" version you can hear the progression from punk rock to hardcore unfold before your ears. The flip side "Stay Close To Me" is pretty weak, but the A-side is worth it alone. I don't really need to tell the Bad Brains story as it's been related elsewhere. Suffice it to say they are one of the most influential and important, albeit sometimes controversial hardcore bands ever. Which brings us to the beginning of 1981 and the great hardcore takeover, and the end of this month's column! Next month, DC hardcore 81-82!



When Worlds Collide

In 1986, the Phil Donahue show did an episode featuring the New York City Hardcore Scene. What transpired over those 45 minutes might go down as one of the best moments in talk show history. It's practically a who's who of hardcore all-stars from that era, with quotable lines anytime someone stands up to speak. Where else are you going to see a young, charismatic Jimmy Gestapo proclaiming a drug

free lifestyle, Donahue reciting the lyrics to "Public Assistance," and a very shy Ray Cappo spouting the virtues of DIY screen-printing? Even Manon from *Another State of Mind* is there to chime in. This is punksploitation at its most funny and revealing. Being nine years old in 1986, it's hard for me to imagine people being shocked (even scared) of some of these kids in the crowd. But despite *MRR's* attempts to disregard big parts of this scene because of its apolitical nature, I think in hindsight it's obvious that a lot of these kids, while flawed, were true punk outsiders. Harley Flanagan didn't even make it to high school. Unlike a lot of their suburban peers in other parts of the country, some of these NYC kids were actually living on the streets. I am by no means saying that *MRR* shouldn't have called out certain bands on their bogus reactionary politics and racism. But it really puts things into perspective when you realize just how easy it is for punks today to have/get tattoos, weird piercings, and dyed hair compared to 20 years ago. The following quotes are a little insight into what happens when two different worlds collide in 1986:

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Donahue: For you hardcore is way of life. Natalie, can I call you a city sophisticate?
Natalie: Yeah.
Donahue: Jimmy Gestapo is your guy?
Natalie: Yeah.
Donahue: You're an item, the two of you?
[*Jimmy shrugs his shoulders to the aww-ing crowd*]
Jimmy Gestapo: Are we?
[*Crowd laughs*]
Donahue: Jimmy is from Queens, and you're the-
Jimmy Gestapo: Astoria, Queens.
[*Crowd erupts. Someone yells "Astoria!"*]
Donahue: You're a leader of the group MURPHY'S LAW.
Jimmy Gestapo: I'm not a leader, just the singer. The rest of the guys are over there: Uncle Al and Petey.
[*camera cuts to Uncle Al and Petey standing and waving*]

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[*Donahue finishes reading lyrics to "Public Assistance," and then addresses the punks in the audience*]
Donahue: Your lyrics are racist.
[*Vinny Stigma quickly pops up behind Donahue with one of the most poised (albeit cryptic) sentences ever*]
Stigma: Okay, I am the guitarist for AGNOSTIC FRONT, and we just speak of social unrest, conflict of interest, which in turmoil brings...controversy, and...it speaks for itself.
[*To which Jimmy Gestapo is heard yelling in the background "It speaks the truth!"*]

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[*Todd Youth on Donahue's choice to focus only on AGNOSTIC FRONT*]
Todd: You're centering this all around one band. New York's got a lot more that just one band. There's a lot of positive thinking bands in this city.

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Audience member: What do you do when you turn 30?
Jimmy Gestapo: Ask Uncle Al, that man is 33 years old!

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Jimmy Gestapo: That's the thing about this scene: it's an honest scene. It not like kids who wear Lacoste shirts, and come home looking absolutely normal, but meanwhile their parents don't know that they're on drugs, and are a waste of life.
Donahue: You're all drug free?
Jimmy Gestapo: Of course.
[*Crowd erupts in laughter*]

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Donahue: Do you live at home with your parents? What do they do?
Jimmy Gestapo: My parents are professionals. My dad is a professional window washer, and my mom is a professional secretary.

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Harley: It's not the parents we are rebelling against. It's more like authority who tries to just cram all kinds of materialistic bogus views down our throats since, like, childhood. I done what I want, and my mother loves me anyway even though she may not agree with everything I do. I haven't even lived with her for a long time, but I still think she is a wonderful person.
Donahue: Did you graduate from high school?
Harley: I didn't even get to it.
Donahue: You didn't go to high school at all?
Harley: Nah.
Donahue: What do you plan to do-
[*Harley grabs the mic from Donahue*]
Harley: By the way, I play bass with the CRO-MAGS. We have an album coming out soon.

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Ray Cappo: The greatest thing I see about the hardcore scene today...well actually it used to be very independent and people put on their own shows. Kids up in Albany, New York, and Rhode Island put on shows at their own risk, put out their own zines, bands put out their own records-
Donahue: So there's an entrepreneurial feature to this?
Ray Cappo: It *was* a good thing, and there was no big business to interrupt it until recently.
Donahue: What happened recently?
[*Cappo looks to Jimmy Gestapo on stage, and then backpedals*]
Ray Cappo: I am not saying it's good or bad, but bigger record labels move in and then you have big business at shows.
[*Donahue points to the YOUTH OF TODAY shirt Ray is wearing*]
Donahue: But even your T-shirt has kind of a commercial look about it.

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[*A young, heftier, Dan Lilker stands in for Billy Milano*]
Dan: You were asking about the pro-American attitudes. Well one thing is that just because we look different, it's hard to get a job. But you have people that can't even speak three words of English, and they get a job just because they look normal. We may look different, but we can function and talk to people. But just because we look different, we can't get a job.
Old lady in crowd: One kind of job would you be applying for that you couldn't get?
Dan: At a deli.

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[*Ernie from TOKEN ENTRY expounds on fashion and politics*]
Ernie: You don't need a war to dress this good. I am in a band called TOKEN ENTRY, and we all have jobs and go to school. You don't need a war to dress good.

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[*Regular audience member stands up to make a point*]
Man in glasses: I think the problem I have with the group is that it is against stereotypes and prejudice, but you do the same to the other majority. You are guilty of this sins that you seek to condemn.
Jimmy Gestapo: He has a pastel sweater on, he doesn't know what he's talking about.

Records You Need

Europe's best hardcore band, DEAD STOP, already has a new LP out on Complete Control Records called *Live for Nothing*. Havoc will be doing a domestic pressing of this new record for their US tour. They will once again be skipping California to play the East Coast and Midwest on the dates between October 29th and November 11th For more specifics, check out: www.completecontrol-records.com. If you get a chance to see

them live, do it. Even Shane Embury from NAPALM DEATH has confessed to being a DEAD STOP fan.

Rumor has it that Subterranean Records will be putting out the CODE OF HONOR discography in the near future, with an unreleased track (!). If you don't already know, this is essential listening to anyone that has ears.

Texas juggernauts WORLD BURNS TO DEATH just spent two weeks at Polymorph (TRAGEDY, HHIG, etc.) recording for the new LP coming out on Hardcore Holocaust (www.hardcoreholocaust.com). I was fortunate to catch them at the Gilman a few weeks back, and was very impressed. They put on one hell of an intense (albeit long) performance, which definitely has me eagerly awaiting the next record. According to a friend who's already heard it, "it sounds like a anthemic, stadium-rock record, but fast." Sounds good to me.

Last, but certainly not least, is the new INTEGRITY live LP that was released by a label in the UK called Aurora Borealis (www.aurora-b.com). Limited to only 500, this unfortunately might already be sold out. But at a hefty price of about $25 (after the conversion), you might still have a chance. The recording documents the infamous live show at Peabody's in Cleveland on Palm Sunday 1992. The artwork is what you've come to expect from this Cleveland monstrosity. It doesn't get any better than Charles Manson as Jesus riding on a donkey during Palm Sunday. If you are willing to take the risk and wait, apparently Deathwish Inc. will be getting a 100 or so copies for sale in the States.

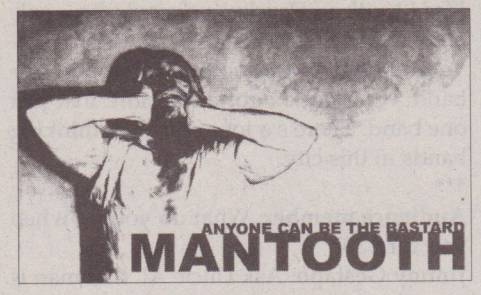
More than Quarterly

No, this column isn't dead…yet. I know I have been absent the last couple months, but I am back like TRIP 6. After talking to Golnar about my civilian-life responsibilities, we both decided that *More Than Fashion* is better off being a bi-monthly column. That way, I'll hopefully have more material to write about. Still, it's been a slow few months for hardcore.

You can contact me at: ih8thekids@gmail.com, or send me a clean copy of the RHINO 39 single to: Carl Cordova, 746 Baker Street, San Francisco, CA 94115.

This Month's Top Ten

INTEGRITY live LP
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH live
Donahue NYHC DVD (thanks Ol' Man Pete)
Schism Anthology Book
SOULSIDE *Less Deep Inside Keeps…* LP
EMPIRE *Expensive Sound* CD
TYRADES live
Brad Wharton's visit to SF
Nikki Varady's visit to SF
DYS *Brotherhood* LP (finally got this!)



Boozetooth Vol. I

I haven't always been such a brawny drunk. It wasn't long ago that I claimed "the edge" and forwent drugs and alcohol for much more wholesome things to spend my money on, such as sick and brutal music. Then I went to Europe for a few months and I lost my spine; I drank a lot of vodka and Carlsberg beer, but things haven't changed much as a result. I still buy records and comic books when I probably shouldn't, only now I've developed a somewhat nerdy taste in beers. I use the term "nerdy" loosely because I've found that many people nowadays are drinking more microbrews, which is a shame because it's one less thing I can feel *really* snobby about.

Additionally, most of my friends are much more knowledgeable about beer than myself, so I feel like this month's column is deeply indebted to the likes of Mike Bolam, Mike Ovens, Missy Wright, Mike Siciliano, Jeff Gentle, Bret Strawn, and a long list of other people who have sat me down with mixed six packs of microbrews and discussed malts and yeasts long into the night.

If you're planning on drinking fancy-pants beers, the best approach to a world of seemingly endless styles and breweries is to simply try anything and everything you can. This is really the best way to find styles you like or breweries that can't brew an interesting beer to save their lives.

I'm tempted to say start off simple and experiment with lagers, but this can lead the young and inexperienced down a path of inequity and yellow-fizzy wiener-beers. Your Millers and Budweisers are American lagers. Personally, I can't stomach most of this bullshit. I know it's not very punk to shit on cheap beer, but when was the last time I talked about punk in this column? So there. But regardless, there is something to be said about these beers — they're cheap. But this really isn't about getting drunk. It's about malt and hops-laden snobbery. It's about being better than that dude in the white hat at the end of the bar. It's about being a snob.

This is not to say that there aren't American lagers worth checking out. Personally, I like double pilsners the most out of this style. They've got more of a backbone than most and seem to have more room to pack flavors in. As a result, they can be quite bitter and might be a little too spicy for some tongues. Rogue Ales Brewery has their Morimoto Imperial Pilsner, which I've enjoyed once or twice. Dogfish Head brewery does their Prescription Pils. But if you're looking for something a little less intense, Clipper City's Small Craft Warning pilsner is a good place to start.

But really, if you're going to go with any pilsner, go with something Czech. The Czechs have been doing this style since the mid-1800s and are, in my opinion, the best at it. Everyone will tell you to try the Pilsner Urquell and I'll have to agree, but the Staropramen gives it a run for its money. They're light, but the taste of hops is still there. Both are nice crisp beers to enjoy while listening to See You in Hell or Dread 101.

But if you're looking for something a little heavier, the German doppelbocks I've tried are almost like eating an entire damn meal. Most of the one's I've seen have almost been entirely opaque and generally have a dark, roasted flavor mixed in. Most aren't very bitter, but generally pretty sweet, sometimes even having a molasses-like tinge. Heavyweight Brewery has the Cinderbock, which I try every time I get the chance. It follows this pattern, but has a taste of oranges mixed in. Some people seem to think that it's a bit too "smoky," but it was one of the first microbrews I tasted and thought it was great. Diff'rent strokes for diff'rent folks…

If you're feeling really adventurous, go find the Aventinus Wiezen-Eisbock. Eisbocks are thick, syrupy bocks that are really high in alcohol because during the brewing process the top layer of the water is frozen and scraped off, resulting in a higher concentration of, well, pretty much everything. I had the Aventinus last winter and it tasted like liquid grapenuts with a lot of alcohol, somewhere between 12 and 15%. I somehow got jalapeno in my eyes that night.

One style that most people can agree on and is great when you're looking for something not too complicated are the German hefeweizens — wheat beers. They're light and contain very little trace of hops, but

instead have hints of fruits like bananas or oranges mixed with a bit of cloves. Recently, it's been one of my favorite styles, especially on hot summer days. My two favorite kinds are done by Franzikaner and Paulaner. Both are great; listen to Slime while drinking them. Except Slime were from North Germany and hefewiezens originated in the South. So I guess go listen to Spermbirds or something while drinking it.

But enough about lagers and hefeweizens. The first style I really fell in love with was the IPA (India Pale Ale). These beers are normally really intense; a lot of hops and a lot of different spices. I've found it's one of the more versatile beers; a lot of breweries experiment brewing IPAs with fruits and other weird flavors. A lot of people really can't hang with the IPA because of how bitter they can be, but that's generally what I like about them. Andy Nolan of Shank/Endless Blockade/Toronto said this stuff tastes like "fucking dish soap" if that gives you any indication of what you're dealing with.

Victory brewery has their HopDevil and it's by far my favorite IPA. It was the first beer I tasted when I got back to the US from my total drunken European adventure and I was hooked. It's one of the few that is just as good warm as it is cold. It's spicy and bitter, almost floral, but contains an odd creamy texture that just adds to its drinkability. In the winter, they brew the Hop Wallop, which ups the ante with even more hops. I almost drank this exclusively last winter. Not for the faint of heart.

Bell's makes their Two Hearted IPA, which might be hoppier than the HopDevil, and, while delicious, I find that it's not as drinkable and that they might have added a bit too much hop flavor. Bell's, though, is one of my favorite breweries and I enjoy the Two Hearted IPA a lot. But just for comparison's sake, I'll usually take a HopDevil over most IPAs.

Dogfish Head brewery makes the Aprihop, an IPA brewed with apricots. It's got all the fixtures of a good IPA, but comes with a twist of apricot. Although the apricots aren't extremely present, it's still interesting and one of my favorites.

Similar to an IPA, Stone's brewery makes Arrogant Bastard. When Thorn first approached me about doing a column, I had been drinking a lot of this. Hence, the name. It's not technically an IPA, but it's got a ton of hops and is generally a lot thicker and darker than an IPA. It's complex, bitter, and might take a few tries to really appreciate it. I kept drinking it because the bottle mocks you and I wasn't about to be put down by a fucking bottle of beer. It's also contains over 7% alcohol. Hence, the picture of T.S. Eliot wearing an Apt. 213 pin.

This is one of the things you should remember before drinking a lot of these microbrews; they're typically much higher in alcohol than something like Pabst. Two or three HopDevils and I'm more or less good for the rest of the night. On a similar note, and this might be complete bullshit, but I've found that I'm rarely hung over the next day after drinking a good amount of microbrewed or fancy-pants Belgian beer, which I'll get to next month along with some of my other favorite beers.

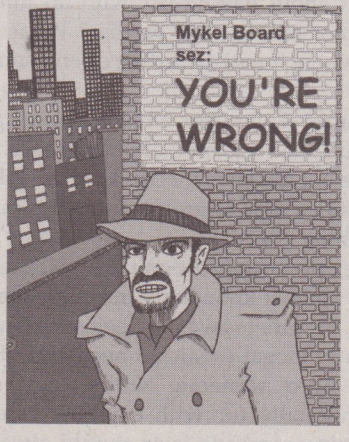
ENDNOTES:

I'm sorry this wasn't "funny."

Wait, no I'm not.

The Endless Blockade/Warzone Womyn split LP is officially gone. I thought we had 300 copies, but it turns out it was only 200. We will be doing a repress sometime this winter, but in the meantime go pick up The Endless Blockade's LP on Sound Pollution, *Turn Illness into a Weapon*. I can drink Matthew Carroll under the table.

"The only unnatural sex act is one which



you cannot perform." —Alfred Kinsey

[This one's shorter than usual. [That's what SHE said. —eds.] *I'm in the midst of planning my American book tour. If you can help me out, especially with a venue, let me know at the email address before the endnotes.*]

Ah fall! I wear a T-shirt and jeans. Outside, the clouds and a cool breeze make these the wrong clothes. I sit in a tiny park in Southington Connecticut. Touches of yellow tinge the tree leaves. The few locals wear sweatshirts.

Except for the nuisance of my Claritonfixed allergies, fall's my favorite season. Gone are the varicosed thighs strangled by too short shorts on too ugly people. Most welcome: gone are the sandals.

What was it with sandals? Kids who should be wearing Doc Martins wear those mini torture chambers. Do you think people want to look at the hair that grows strand by strand from the top of your bony arch? Do you think we want to see that bent fourth toe jutting at an angle against your third? Do you think we want to look at that bruised chip where the big toenail, cut too short, now digs into the skin beneath? Do you think we enjoy the callous, risen from flip-flop abuse, in the crotch of your toes?

Don't give me that *I don't care what you think. It's comfortable* shit. How could two straps and a pole pressing between your toes be comfortable? How could an open back, requiring you to curl your foot like a bird clutching a tree limb, feel cozy? It's a perversion. A warped exhibitionism. Private organs displayed for public gawking. It disgusts us.

You're lucky I'm a libertarian or I'd call the fashion cops. Ah well, G-d hates sandals as much as I do, and has sent her clouds and autumn wind to rid us of them.

Raising my eyes from the laptop in my lap, I spot a newspaper clipping I've brought on this short trip to the North. I read the story I've circled. Here's the gist of it:

In an attempt to out-Hillary Hillary, Jeanine Pirro, her Senate challenger, calls for "civil commitment for sexual predators." Jeanine says that the government should keep sex offenders in custody after serving their prison terms. In other words, even jail doesn't pay for sex crimes. There is no payment.

Released murderers can get out and buy a home in the suburbs. There're no assaulters webpages. There's no law saying that the mad axeman who was hospitalized and "cured" has to register when he moves. There is one for the "sexual criminal." No escape for her. She's registered, on the books, and ready for someone to burn down her house. Try to get a jury to convict on that arson. They'd toast marshmallows.

What is it about sex that makes it so scary? Why are sex criminals more criminal than others? Why is it spooky that the guy next to you screwed his teenage daughter, but not spooky that he forced the hands of his son into boiling Rice-A-Roni?

Here in New York, a suburban mom pleads "guilty" to setting her daughters up with strangers in a motel room. Two guys she met in an elevator. Mom figured it was time her daughters learned the ways of the world. They were 13 and 16, I think. The guys were in their early twenties. Mom supplied the booze and the motel room.

The guys supplied the combined 12 inches or so.

There are no reports of any force being used. And mom is *guilty* of something????

Jezus fuckin' Xrist! Don't you have to do something *wrong* before you can be guilty?? I wish *my* mom set me up when I was 16... or 13. Hell yeah.

While musing the irony of this, I come across a great article written by David Steinberg. He talks about how, in every generation, there has to be some group protected from sex. And another one persecuted for sex.

At one time it was women. Women who flaunted their sexuality were vilified. They were worse than whores. Whores, at least, charged for the deed. These women gave it away.

Women were supposed to be innocent human beings. Uncorrupted by the lowness of the male sexual desire. Society's job was to protect women in general from those special women who claimed that women had sexual needs and desires of their own. What a denial of womanhood, they said. It's a crime to imply that women have sexual desires, except in the performing of their wifely duties. Right?

They considered evil all women who encouraged other women to be sexual beings, to express their desires, to "dance." This was before the great Freudian influence. So they did not consider women's sexuality sick. They considered it *bad*...or a sin.

Then came the first enlightenment. Women are people too. Wow! What a discovery! Women have sexual needs and can be expected to express that desire. Women's sexuality is not perverse.

Suddenly, like a government without an enemy, the pillars of society had nothing to hold up. As suddenly, like a government finds a new enemy, the pillars found HOMOS.

Homosexual desires were perverse. Society's job was to protect people from homos, especially homos who flaunt their desires. Homosexuality is a denial of humanity, the family, everything American. Now in the Freudian era, the Forces That Be understood homos not as bad, but as "sick." Society had to help them find a cure, or keep them in jail to prevent the disease from spreading.

Then came the second enlightenment. Homos are people too. Wow! What a discovery. Homos became just like everyone else. Even with their own TV shows to tell hets how to dress. Uh oh! Whose sex scares us now?

You know the answer: KIDS. Kids are innocent human beings, uncorrupted by the lowness of the adult sexual desire. Society's job is to protect kids from people who claimed that kids have sexual needs and desires of their own. What a denial of childhood, they say, to imply that children have sexual desires.

To fix that one will take awhile. Even the UN is now encouraging older age of consent laws.

I'll go with the slow approach. A few states have a law that allows sex between kids, as long as they're both over fourteen and are less than three years apart in age. That's a good first step. It's like allowing women to take off the chastity belt. Let that sit for awhile. We can build on it.

Like the creationists who use *Intelligent Design* to get a foot in the education door, I'll use the three-year plan to get a foot in the child sexuality door.

Also like the creationists, I don't want to stop there. I want people to have the right to sex. All people. Like Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, sex is part of freedom. It's not a privilege. It's not something that needs to be regulated. It *is* life.

No sex regulations? What about rape? What about having sex with an infection and not telling your partner? What about sex where it will disturb or offend someone else?

Rape? There are already laws against assault, battery, and other violence. Why make special laws for one kind of violence? Certainly rape is an assault. Why make it anything else?

Sex deception? I don't know if there are laws against knowingly infecting someone else in others ways. Seems to me it's already illegal to stick a needleful of West Nile into someone while they sleep. Intentionally (or with careless disregard) infecting someone is or should already be against the law. Sex is no different.

As for offending? Can you please tell me why people are permitted to wear sandals on city streets, but not allowed to jerk off in a movie theater? At least the masturbator enjoys his offensive public exposure. One is certainly no worse than the other.

I'm in the Peculiar Pub, one of the few places in New York I can get Zagorka beer. Across from me sits Hitoshi, a student/friend who I've written about before.

"Mykel," he asks, "isn't there any kind of behavior you would call *sick*?"

"Sure," I tell him, "coughing, wheezing, doubling over in pain, clutching the chest."

"No," he says. "I mean sex."

"Dripping pus," I answer.

"No!" he says. "I mean, isn't there any kind of sex act that is *sick*?"

"No," I tell him.

"Shitting in someone's mouth isn't sick?" he asks.

I shake my head.

"Cutting off fingers and sticking the bloody stumps up your ass isn't sick?"

"Nope," I say.

"Fucking a six-month old baby in the ass..." he starts to ask.

"Nope," I say.

"...while its head is jammed into a desk drawer," he continues. "That isn't sick?"

"There is no kind of sex that's sick," I tell him. "There are acts that are *wrong*. But none that are sick."

"Well then," he says. "What's *wrong*."

"Nothing," I tell him. "I feel great."

He looks at the ceiling, exasperated.

"Okay," I say, "I'll tell you: Any kind of sex without consent is *wrong*."

"What's consent?" he asks. "Does that mean the person has to say *yes*?"

"Of course not," I say. "That would mean that mutes could never have sex. Animals could never have sex."

"Sex with animals is okay?" He asks, moving his chair farther away from me.

"As long as the animal gives consent," I tell him.

"How can an animal give consent?" he asks. "They can't talk. They can't nod if you ask 'em, *"Hey, wanna do it doggie style?"*

"Animals give consent by coming back for more," I say. "You must be watching different movies than me. Because when I see that panting, drooling collie with a hard-on as red as Santa... when I see him mount that beautiful gothic girl. When I see him wrap his paws around her waist, and thrust his redness... I have no question whether that dog consents or not."

"And what about pain?" he asks.

"That's difficult," I tell him. "Pain sometimes is the goal, or at least part of the process. Pain doesn't mean lack of consent. I love to rub alcohol on my balls. That's pain."

"I didn't need to know that," says Hitoshi.

"I only mean that pain in sex is not necessarily *wrong*. If the pain is going to cause permanent damage, you'd better be pretty goddamn sure the other party consents. Before you cut a finger off, you'd better check and double check that it's okay with the future amputee."

"Yeah, yeah," says my Oriental friend. "I'm not talking about cutting things off."

"The easiest way to tell if someone does-

n't want pain," I tell him, "is if they run away, or try to run away. That's a pretty good indication they don't consent."

"Doesn't no mean no?" he asks. "I know you like that band."

Wiseguy.

"No," I say. "No doesn't always mean no. No is sometimes a game. Sometimes, it's a social situation where people are programmed to say no. In Japan, there is something called Enryo. When someone offers you food or drink, you're supposed to refuse three times before accepting. That's not part of Western culture. But for many people, especially middle class girls, there's a kind of sexual enryo. *No* means, *ask me again.*"

"Then how do you know?" he asks. "How can you tell what means "no" if no doesn't mean it?"

"Force is one way," I tell him. "Unless you've discussed using force in sex, as in sex play or fantasy. If not, then force means lack of consent. If you have to hold down that Dalmatian, then it did not give consent."

Hitoshi is silent. I am not.

"The second criterion is complaining," I continue. "*Stop* is very different from *No.* Of course, stop could mean, *'stop for a second I'm gonna come too fast,'* or it could mean, *'stop completely and go away and leave me alone.'"*

"So how do you know?" asks Hitoshi.

I reach for his leg, running my hand from the knee to the thigh. He slaps my arm, pulling back his leg. "Stop!" he yells, obviously annoyed.

"That's how you know," I tell him. "It's easy."

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

And if you get a paper cut? dept: *Wired* magazine reports that a new ID method is being employed by The World Bank and some other nasties. Called "Keystroke Biometrics" the computer program reads typing speeds and rhythms to check against a database unique to each person. They claim "1 in 50 false rejection." I wish I could do that well at the local bar.

Public service of the month dept: Speaking of bar rejections, 25 cities now have a service called "The Rejection Hotline" (www.RejectionHotline.com). If someone bugs you for your phone number, you give them the hotline number. They dial it and get a recording, "The person who gave you this number does not want to talk to you or see you again."

Some news is good news dept: Despite the idiots pushing for a National Language (read English), Spanish is making huge gains in America...including 15 percent of young radio listeners. Even Clear Channel, the evil giant, is adding Spanish language songs for the first time.

Now, let's get more of those punkrockers singing in that language!! Los Crudos! It's time for a comeback! There's always Huasipungo. And send me! If you're a US band and sing in Spanish, I wanna hear it. As always I'm Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince St. Station, NYC 10012

Oily Xtians dept: A Dallas based oil company called ZION OIL has started drilling for oil in Israel, a country where no one has ever found oil. The Christian head of the company is spending his personal fortune on the project. He says he has interpreted a Bible passage as pointing the way to the black gold. The hell of it is if he fails, no one will know or care. If he succeeds, it "proves" the Bible is the word of G-d. You can't win.

Let 'em save money dept: Dubya says that he won't raise taxes to pay for the billions in hurricane money going to Dick Cheney's companies in New Orleans. He wants to get the money through Federal cuts. One federal agency leads the way.

The July 2005 issue of the AARP bulletin talks about the Clinton created Fugitive Felon Project. So far it has removed 45,000 people from federal Social Security benefits. If you're "wanted" by the law, you're off the SS rolls.

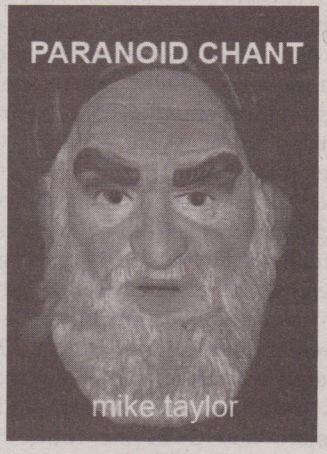
These aren't serious fugitives, mind you. Just anyone sought for anything. You don't have to be a child molester.

For example, a man living in a nursing home in Georgia lost his benefits for a unpaid motel bill—23 years old. Government savings are expected to reach $83.4 million. Human savings are left to the churches, I guess.

Mike Bloomberg, New York's billionaire Republican Mayor doesn't let a day go by without saying something bad about Georgie W. This is the same guy who welcomed that asshole to NY for the convention. The same guy who spoke in support of him. The same guy who donated hundreds of thousands of his personal fortune to help elect him. The same guy who jailed demonstrators for protesting him. Does he think the public will forget all that and just vote for him because he can buy TV time? Of course he thinks that. And he's right.

Right again dept: Remember a few months back when I said that GOD was a much greater terror threat than any bedsheeted son of a Saudi? Two hurricanes later, she returns to prove me right yet again. Ah well, the ways of terrorists are mysterious. There nothing we can do but believe... and trust... the Koran?

Oh yeah don't forget dept: I have *two* books out now. Check 'em out through the "books" link on my webpage: www.mykelboard.com. Thanks.



Every first of the month comes crashing through in a sprightly gust of bills and deadlines. I enjoy writing for *MRR*, like, a lot, but the due date always comes as a surprise. It's a busy time in my head and my life. I've been yelling at the housemates, making failed recipes. *Time is not impressed.* You know? But readers, there are some things I must tell you.

I went to San Francisco and loped up Bernal Heights with my friend Jessica. We hung upside down from the geodesic playground dinosaur, picking over the minute aspects of the city's soul. From atop the hill, you could see where the hippy dream ended and the gaping hole in the earth where Manson's family dug tunnels out to the desert. There, the new dominion was to begin. But it didn't. They just went to jail.

I went to Kansas City and slept two nights in a luxury hotel. I drank martinis at the bar and tried every doorknob down the hallway. I did some lurking around the art school, watching young people hackeysack on the lawn. I bought some coffee and attended an art opening.

I went to see Lungfish at a club in Brooklyn. Park Slope was a lot different when I first visited, just six years ago, to see a lady with whom I was falling in love at the time. She was at the show, wearing the same shirt as last time I'd seen her. It was a

little weird, but not bad.

I went to Florida and drank a beer with my father on the back porch. My brother was playing drums inside, the staccato crash standing in pronounced contrast to the stillness of late afternoon's waning sunlight and wet air. I didn't want to go back to Providence.

I went back to Providence. I spent a lot of time at my desk. Occasionally friends would visit; we'd drink tea in the back yard, sitting on plastic chairs underneath a sagging tree. We'd part ways and I would sit again at my desk, flipping the record, fixing a snack.

Currently there is beautiful weather, plants slowly going dormant, people playing music every night. There are scandalous political situations and business as regrettably usual. There are more young people, college-age people, in my neighborhood than usual. Maybe someone is filming a commercial I don't know about.

Actually, Showtime is filming a series in my neighborhood. I'm not sure what it's going to be called, but I've heard it revolves around the Irish Mafia. There is apparently a punk rocker among the characters. If you have a television and cable television, and if in the future you're watching this program, and if the punk rocker is in the episode you see, and if it shows his bedroom, look closely. I will have printed those framed posters on his wall.

Framed posters. The set people decided he's to have framed posters.

Mike Taylor, PO Box 28226, Providence RI 02908. And the new issue of *Scenery* will be out by the time you read this. #19. 40-something pages, color cover, more art than words. $3 to that address.

Rad Women in Histiry #1:
Jay Defeo, Painter/Sculptor

In was the San Francisco of the late 1950s and the early 60s, as hip culture was ready to rise up and take over San Francisco. The Fillmore district was home to a wild jazz scene and many artists. Jay Defeo was a painter and a hipster. She lived the public life of a pretty, charming bohemian who went to art openings and engaged in drunken conversation with leering men. She came home with her husband, a painter, to a flat that they lived in and used as a studio, the second level of 2322 Fillmore Street. It was in a part of the city that was inherently a middle ground: the Western Addition. It was, even by name, an afterthought. Just east of Pacific Heights, home to San Francisco's old money, and just west of the old Fillmore District, alive with a jazz scene that left a scattering of relics after its final gentrification at the turn of the 21st century.

She spent a large amount of her working life, nearly eight years, constructing one work that was so enormous that she termed it a "painting/sculpture." It is a white pileup of lead paint that she carved, removed hunks of paint from, added more layers to, stripped bare to the canvas twice, and formed again, until it caved under the weight of one ton of pigment. She called it, first, *The Deathrose* which she later deemed "just a little melodramatic"; a few years later, *The White Rose*, which was "synonymous with a kind of life image"; and finally, *The Rose*, what she viewed as "the unity with both of those opposing ideas."

After working on *The Rose* for several years, she stopped leaving the studio. She stayed home to paint *The Rose*, creating it, destroying it, tracing the cracked engraved shards of deliberate light out from its center. She built it up and then scraped the pigment off. Friends would come over and see an imperceptible difference in the canvas after months of constant work. But Defeo always could explain the subtle metamorphosis of the piece, as *she* metamorphosized from captivating woman artist to captive eccentric. In 1965, she and her husband were evicted from 2322 Fillmore, because of what was then the *Deathrose:* its stench of lead paint, its 2,000 pounds heavy on the Victorian's foundation, its reclusive maker. She got a job and moved south.

When Defeo went to Pasadena, she brought *The Rose* with her. This required the removal of part of her building, as the doorways and windows were too narrow to allow it through. Once a team of movers boxed up the painting, a carpenter sawed the outer wall of the studio by hand, created a rectangle large enough for it to be carried through vertically. A crane had been commissioned to lift it out, and to place the canvas in the moving truck. Her friend Bruce Connor, an experimental filmmaker, made a seven-minute art film about it, which showed her in black clothes and white shoes, chain-smoking on her fire escape, helplessly watching *The Rose* being touched as if it were just an object.

Jay DeFeo passed into relative obscurity, painting and teaching. *The Rose* was shown publicly only after the art world had begun to lose interest in Abstract Expressionism, when Minimalism and Pop Art became the norm. It was housed for in the conference room of the San Francisco Art Institute, a mute witness to meetings and culture wars, a sometimes ashtray for careless students. *The Rose* was decomposing in public. Finally, it was mummified with plaster to preserve it for future restoration.

Jay Defeo died at the age of sixty from lung cancer, an artist with an outdated vision. We love our geniuses to suffer, to die young, to let us watch. An exhibit was put together within a year that traveled to four venues, and her first major catalogue was published soon after.

Then, in 2003, the Whitney Museum decided Defeo was important. Their board approved funding for the restoration of her masterpiece. With that decision, a woman who had been deemed a minor artist became a member of the artistic canon.

Paying the Full Fare

They just raised the bus fare in San Francisco, from $1.25 to $1.50, which doesn't sound awful except that they raised it a year or two ago and this time the increase comes immediately after a dramatic decrease in service on some of the busiest bus lines in the country. Sometimes the busses get so crowded now that you literally have to push in order to get inside. It's like they're working New York City subway realness or something, but the real story is the same old tragedy that's happening everywhere: subsidize downtown business and charge the poor for worsening services.

San Francisco has a long history of bus drivers letting people ride for free, ignoring expired transfers and generally not

worrying too much about who isn't paying. The drivers get their paychecks either way, right? Of course, certain bus drivers have always shown suspicious amounts of loyalty to their masters, but lately this pattern has escalated. The transit authority has hired teenagers during peak hours to kick people off the busiest busses if they attempt to enter without paying. There are now permanent signs warning people not to enter through the back doors, and drivers now refuse to hand over a transfer until you've paid the full $1.50. Some of the most aggressive drivers have taken to writing signs by hand that warn: EVERYONE MUST PAY.

Unfortunately, the people most often targeted by fascistic bus drivers and teenaged cops-in-training are poor black people, youth of color, and homeless people. And the drivers and minimum wage rent-a-cops most often responsible for such petty shows of militarism are, unfortunately, black men and youth of color. Just the other day I had a run-in with a driver who apparently doesn't like flaming faggots either, because he's always ready to rip the transfer out of my hands. In this case, my transfer was expired by barely a half hour, but sure enough this driver said, "You need to pay the full fare." I was so angry that I couldn't even say anything. I just got off the bus, even though the driver had taken my transfer so I would have to pay on the next bus. I had $1.50 in my pocket, but it was just too demeaning to hand it over.

Then the other day, I saw something on the bus that I'd never seen before. Several people were about to get off the bus, through the back door the way you're supposed to, and they saw a bunch of kids getting ready to jump on, and they literally turned around and walked to the front, causing a back-up because of all the people entering in the front. The back doors in San Francisco busses won't open unless you step down, so of course I got up to let people on, but witnessing the self-policing of the exiting bus passengers was enough to break my heart.

Of course I'm aware that much worse things are happening, but they all trace back to the willingness of US inhabitants—bus drivers, bus riders and everyone else—to police the borders of "decency." Decency means that the US can overthrow the only democratically elected government in the history of Haiti, and watch as United Nations "peacekeeping" troops massacre civilians who might possibly oppose a US-installed president who commanded Haiti's notorious death squads. Decency means that British troops can knock down the walls of a prison run by the US-and-British-installed Iraqi government, in order to rescue two British soldiers found dressed as Iraqis while driving a truck full of explosives (hmm… terrorism?). From Palestine to the Philippines, Colombia to Kazakhstan, decency means that US colonial interests go unchecked.

And here in our blood-drenched star-spangled "homeland," decency means that a hurricane leads to ethnic cleansing on a public scale usually reserved for US client states. Everyone by now knows the horrifying story of how purposeful neglect of protective levees in New Orleans flooded most of the city (but especially the poorer parts), and left those too poor, weak or dependent to leave stranded in a sea of sewage, toxic chemicals, oil spills, dead bodies and drowning animals. The media immediately began blaming poor black people for being too stupid to get out, and the Coast Guard prevented hundreds of boats from entering the area to rescue people while a huge military ship sat idle nearby.

Those most vulnerable died first—old people, disabled people and babies fell victim not just to the flooding but to the indifference of federal agencies who left people stranded for days on the roofs of buildings in the sweltering heat without food or water. Let's just make this clear: people were left to die of dehydration. When the government began to act, they herded people into detention centers and then proceeded to divide families, separating men from women, children from parents, pets from caretakers and shipping people hundreds of miles away with no central database or tracking system. President Bush issued a call for private donors to help offset the costs of rescue and rebuilding—*private donors*, in the richest country in the world. What is the US government for? The Governor of Louisiana issued a shoot-to-kill order to protect private property from those desperate or ingenious enough to liberate insured goods from shuttered businesses. Racist white vigilantes took matters into their own hands, forcing thousands of fleeing residents back into a flooded city when they heeded government calls to head over to the freeway through Algiers, one of the few neighborhoods not flooded by the storm.

I need to pause here for a second, just to think about these racist crackers pointing shotguns at fleeing poor people, in order to protect their sacred property. Food rotting inside protected grocery stores in a city with no refrigeration. Bottled water sitting just inside glass walls, in a city with no running water. Store owners should have left signs saying "Take what you want, it's all insured." Instead, New Orleans became a free-for-all for racist gun-toting thugs, as cops from all over the region, hired mercenaries and military personnel imposed a lockdown and arrested "looters" even as people were still desperately trying to escape flooded homes. In the Superdome, where thousands of people crowded awaiting busses out of the city, soldiers threw boxes of food on the ground and declared "every man for himself," then stood and watched starving people tear each other apart for food. Of course, the media reported the supposed "savagery" of traumatized, dehydrated, devastated hurricane survivors. A 65-year-old Vietnamese woman who didn't speak enough English to ask for directions, stranded because all of her children and grandchildren are fighting in Iraq, hitchhiked all the way to Houston to find help.

When the Federal Emergency Management Association (FEMA) finally arrived, they promptly shut out the media and declared that dead bodies not be shown on camera (think Iraq). FEMA offered evacuees the paltry amount of $2000, *if* they could prove citizenship and legal status. The Red Cross made a few hundred dollars available for each evacuee, if you could stay on the phone for eight hours straight in order to get through to an operator.

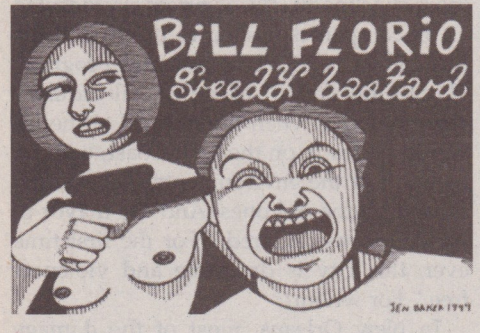
Visiting a militarized New Orleans just as the floodwaters were going down, an NPR reporter asked, "Why aren't there more checkpoints?" Gas prices skyrocketed as oil companies rushed to profit, and the host of an NPR environmental program, "Living on Earth," asked an oil industry representative when the new oil refineries would be ready on the Gulf Coast, with no mention of the environmental devastation caused by the old ones. And the mayor of New Orleans declared, "For the first time ever, this city is drug-free and violence-free." For whom?

In New Orleans, most of the damage was caused by the flooding, but along the coastal cities in Alabama and Mississippi the hurricane itself turned entire city blocks into rubble. Almost a month later, the smell of dead fish and bodies and mold coats the air, and people camp out under freeways, in the middle of roads, and in the front lawns of destroyed houses. As the gambling industry prepares for a land grab, the government constructs an intern-

ment camp in Greene County, Alabama, to consist of 10,000 one-room metal trailers with no heat or air conditioning, and Porta-Potties instead of bathrooms. This will more than double the population in the county, with no plans to increase services—except, of course those in charge of surveillance and policing of evacuees. That's right—I said internment camp—people will be "housed" for an indefinite amount of time. A smaller camp of 500 trailers is also planned for Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Real estate profiteers, multinational corporations and other "city planners" now stand poised to turn New Orleans into a gentrified, Disney-fied theme park for wealthy tourists and business elites. With several hundred thousand black people shipped out of the city, this is the big chance for big money in the Big Easy. Will parts of the city such as the Ninth Ward, home to more black property owners than any other place in Louisiana, be razed to make way for industrial parks and free trade zones? Will the US military immediately target desperate evacuees warehoused hundreds of miles from destroyed homes as fresh cannon fodder for the war on Iraq? It's all part of paying the full fare.

Mattilda, a.k.a. Matt Bernstein Sycamore, is the editor, most recently, of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation* (Soft Skull, 2004) and the author of *Pulling Taffy* (Suspect Thoughts, 2003). Mattilda lives for feedback, so send her love letters and delicious threats via www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com, resistingassimilation@hotmail.com, PO Box 640047, San Francisco, CA 94164-0047.



I was watching MDC last week. I yelled something out like, "Isn't it great? It only took 25 years for your songs to be relevant." I also complimented Dave on successfully attempting the Gary Busey look. The thing is, there aren't any new MDCs, really. In 1988 — before you were born — yelling "dead cops" was pretty freaking extreme. If you look at the so-called political bands nowadays, they have no balls and nothing to actually say. Most of 'em play a sloppy variation of pop punk that suburban kids who don't like to bathe seem to love, or they play some sorta grindy hardcore that you can't understand the words or sing along to or, even worse, ska punk, which is sort of like the soundtrack for the remedial bus.

This is why ya'll suck: There are only eight songs on a political punk record. Here's what they are about, without fail (usually they repeat one of 'em two or three times to make it a full-length):

- Police harassment.
- Some sort of punk unity crap — stop fighting, stop violence (whatever, like violence is something we can easily get rid of or understand).
- Basic alienation. Jocks vs. Punks, etc. Punks are so oppressed, it's such a crime.
- Some recent event like 9/11, or say, some country the US is currently invading. War is bad, big surprise.
- Vegetarianism and how it will solve all the world's problems somehow. See the violence topic.
- Drinking and drugging, or not drinking and drugging. Equally boring topics.
- Corporate indulgence. Class war.
- Evils of religion. Wooo. All those born-agains are lining up at your show right now.

Minus the threat of nuclear devastation that used to plague '80s political punk rock, it's exactly the same *safe* topics that are acceptable to sing about and not too confusing for the typical dyed-haired pothead moron and frankly won't alienate anyone that would bother to listen to their crap music anyhow.

Here are topics that are *not* safe and probably hit a little too close to home.

- Obesity.
- Ignored domestic abuse among one's friends.
- There's only one Black kid at any given show (well, I thought there was one).
- Hard drug use is encouraged; addictions are accepted if not praised in songs.
- The hypocritical morality that's as part of the whole punk culture (a kid aggressively dancing a certain show will be kicked out while another sneaking in without paying will be overlooked.)
- Homelessness/panhandling has degenerated from a topic to some sort of rite of passage for the feigning impoverished.

The lyrics about government oppression or police brutality or harassment somehow only pertains to not being able to drink in the street and getting parking tickets. Ya end up with cliché boring songs that idiots may sing along to, but nothing that forces anyone to think.

This is pretty profound:

Yer sick, I hate you ya stupid motherfucker
Yer so fuckin blind, ya have no fuckin mind
Yer Nazi white trash, yer words come out like shit
Yer so fuckin sick, yer such a fuckin prick."
—Leftover Crack

Well, it's a song, at least. Then there's the horrible opposite:

Authority is based on nothing but intimidation
They live to instill fear to compensate for the courage that they lack
Their power is an illusion kept alive by those it abuses
And by those who sit back and watch while others suffer the subjugation.
—Indecision

Lyrics like these aren't catchy. No one's gonna sing along to this. Singing along is fun, and really, we are into music and going to see bands play to have fun, aren't we? So what's the answer? For starters, the problem is the same problem people in the US have as a whole. There's an acceptance of mediocrity. Sure, let's start a band — we'll practice two or three times, write three generic songs and do four covers of generic songs and then we'll be cool because we'll be able to say we're in a band. I have a feeling a band such as TENNGENERATE did not start this way. I would say a band like SCREECHING WEASEL did. This is why a band like the ERGS are gonna be listened to in ten years and why a bands like JOHN HENRY WEST or NATION OF ULYSSES (who?) aren't blasting on your headphones at the moment.

I think the reason punk is so boring is because the number of actual music fans involved has greatly declined. I'm not talking about the amount of people that walk around saying they're into it. I'm talking about people actually putting in effort to find good music. This is really deplorable considering anyone can download almost any song ever recorded for free nowadays. In fact, it's easy to spot these types at a show — fashionless, actually watching the bands, buying CDs from them, talking about music amongst themselves. They didn't come with their big group of friends.

They may have even come alone in hopes that one of the five probably terrible bands will actually have some good songs. It does pay off sometimes.

All punk bands are political. If you're in a band and you're spending hours and hours a week making music, traveling great distances, setting up shows for your friends' bands you met from out of town, maxing out your credit card to put out a CD not very many people will buy, and you're doing it because you like music, not because you think you deserve a living off of it, that's a pretty bold statement. Even if all your songs happen to be about Clint Eastwood movies.

Some band that sounds like fourth generation Dead Boys, is on a major label, tours until it's not fun anymore, and finds themselves grumbling about not getting royalties on that first album they put out on that crappy punk rock label, is really so far from punk rock if you think about it. It makes you sick that so many losers find it fashionable to wear the band's T-shirts.

Some spiked-up punk kid with a Hot Topic wardrobe has gotta feel pretty dumb complaining that your songs aren't political and the t-shirt he's wearing is. Some brat who never did a zine, never made a flyer, sits outside shows spare-changing because the Gap ain't hiring people who have obscenities permanently burned into their appendages. Yeah that's really political, that's really positive. Activism, holy shit, you got it down! Hey ya know what, fuck that. Clint Eastwood won a mayoral campaign. Jello lost!

Write me: bill@candids.com

I was hesitating whether or not to write about the following topic in this column. It's about personal stuff but it's also something that affects all of us. That's the insane cost of health care and how I'd be completely fucked if I was uninsured. I'm *very* fortunate that I have insurance coverage, through my wife Ellen's work. I have a few conditions for which I've been taking daily medication—one for about ten years and one for a bit over a year now. The first one costs me $10 a month. Without the insurance, it'd be $52.39 a month, according to the receipt from my pharmacist. As an aside, much respect to that pharmacy, Sheldon-Chamberlin in Lynn, where I've been going since the early 80s. It's still independent and it's the type of place where, even if my doctor is a little slow in getting in the refill order, they'll take care of it. I feel like a person there, not a number. There are other pharmacies closer to where I live but I'd rather make the 15 minute drive over there. Anyway, the second prescription runs me $35 a month, only about $12 off the full price but that's because they don't have a generic for that particular dosage.

Earlier this year, I developed another problem. I started having episodes where I'd feel disoriented for about 15-20 seconds. I wouldn't lose consciousness but would lose track of what time/day it was and I'd focus on whatever clock was in front of me to get my bearings. After "coming out of it," I tend to feel okay pretty quickly. These episodes generally happened after I'd been sleeping awhile, usually in the morning. They never followed any pattern. They never happened outside the house, either. I was having them about 4-5 times a week and, in the spring, I mentioned them to the nurse practitioner at my doctor's office. She got me an appointment with a neurologist and, after a month or so wait, I finally saw him. As an aside, once again, I catch a real break with my insurance. I've had to see the nurse frequently the past year because of one of those problems, which is high blood pressure. My co-payment for an appointment is $15. It's not cheap but I don't want to think what it would cost without it.

So I saw the neurologist, explained my symptoms and he scheduled an MRI and EEG test right away. The MRI test was a trip and a half. I'm sure some of you have had one, but they put you in a long open-ended tube and it sounds like something is hammering on the outside. It actually sounded kind of like a hip industrial album. The nurse wanted to know if it bothered me and I told her I liked loud music and was picking up on the rhythm a bit.

The EEG test was less fun because I had to stay awake the entire night before and that's not something that's easy for me to do. You're supposed to doze off during the test itself and they measure your brain waves. I don't think I fell asleep for a long enough period to get a good reading.

After the tests, I went back the neurologist the following week and he said it was possible I was having low-level seizures. He put me on medication for it and I've been taking it ever since. It had to be adjusted after a few weeks because it wasn't working as well as he wanted. Since then it's worked fairly well. The frequency of the episodes has decreased but I'm still not perfect. The medication has side-effects. Sometimes I feel groggy or sleepy or irritable. This is a normal occurrence, apparently.

Anyway, last month I had to pick up this particular prescription, which cost $40 for a two month supply, with my insurance. I picked it up, got in the car, and I'm glad I wasn't driving when I saw what it would have cost without the insurance: $249.83. For 120 pills. Yikes! Let's see... that's over $2 per pill. A pill I have to take twice a day. My cost is about 33 cents per pill with the insurance.

I really pity anyone who doesn't have insurance. If I didn't have insurance, could I afford over $200 a month for those three prescriptions? I know someone who lives in Boston and fucked up his shoulder in a biking accident and didn't have insurance. He had to opt for a less-expensive procedure that ran a risk of not healing as well, and he's probably in debt regardless. I can't remember the specific details but that's the basic situation for this guy. He works, too. Just doesn't have insurance.

I had to go back to the neurologist for a followup appointment last week and, since I'm still not completely "cured," he had me do a 48 hour EEG test, which definitely wasn't fun. It was an ambulatory test, at least, so I could go about my business, but I had a bunch of electrodes glued to my head and then wrapped in gauze and all that crap was hooked up to a portable monitor I wore on a strap around my waist. It real fun trying to get a night's sleep with all that crap on. The line about "electrodes in my head" from GBH's "Sick Boy" was on my lips more than a few times over that 48 hour time frame. I don't know what was worse, having all that stuff wrapped up around my head or having to get all the glue out of my hair afterward. I was never more happy to take a shower. I don't know how you crusties go so long without bathing. Not my thing. I did have a few episodes during the test, since I was off the meds. I'm hoping we can get to the bottom of whatever it is.

So that's what's going on. I tell this story not to garner sympathy. It's more to observe that I can't imagine being able to do this without insurance. I probably wouldn't have been able to get the level of

medical help I need for this problem and the other ones I'm dealing with or it would have put me in serious debt. I imagine that people in worse economic circumstances, living without insurance, often choose to put off seeing the doctor or live with these kinds of ailments. Or don't know they have them, such as with high blood pressure. Their lives are probably shortened as a result. I don't know what the answer is except to say we need some kind of national health insurance. 45 million Americans are uninsured. The number keeps going up. Something's not right about that...

Something's also not right about having to hear what comes out of people's mouths sometimes. We're having the outside of our house renovated at the moment. Ellen and I have been here for eight years and it's become a bit shabby looking, so we hired a contractor to re-side the house and replace the front entrance and garage door. First of all, I'm sure that renowned punk rock construction worker Felix Von Havoc would heartily disapprove of having the house re-sided with insulated vinyl siding but I don't want to have to paint it every few years. And doing it DIY is out of the question. I get dizzy when I'm five feet up on a ladder. If Felix lived closer, I would have hired him. But I hired these guys. One of the men working on my house bears an unsettling resemblance to Ebro Virumbrales from PUNCH IN THE FACE, CHARLES BRONSON, etc., or someone who could be Ebro's older brother.

More unsettling is what comes out of this guy's mouth. Hearing him refer to his wife as a "bitch" yesterday when we were talking about how long we've been with our partners. The worst, though, is when we were involved in a discussion about sports. I'll own up to being a sports fan—love the games, mainly baseball and football, although I also watch basketball from time to time. Can't stand the fans for the most part, though. When I mentioned I occasionally watched the Boston Celtics, this worker expressed disapproval and made some comment about the NBA being "too black" and the word "monkey" also came out of his mouth in the next few sentences. I didn't start yelling at him but did express my disapproval in no uncertain terms. I did the same thing with the "bitch" comment: my approach was "come on, that's not right—you know that." Thing is, I don't think this guy *does* know that.

I know the punk rock world isn't any sort of utopia—there are the same prejudices and phobias there as anywhere else. But one reason I did latch onto the so-called punk mentality in the early 80s and still stick with it is because I don't *want* to be like the so-called normals, the mainstream people. I know that not all construction workers are bigoted or sexist, but that's the guy I'm dealing with. The sooner they finish the job and get the fuck out of here, the better I'll like it.

That guy would probably approve of what so-called moral paragon Bill Bennett had to say on his radio talk show recently. Bennett, who served as education secretary and drug czar and is a long time morality scold/virtuecrat, got into quite a bit of hot water when he said, "If you wanted to reduce crime, you could—if that were your sole purpose—you could abort every black baby in this country and your crime rate would go down. That would be an impossible, ridiculous, and morally reprehensible thing to do, but your crime rate would go down." Condemnation was swift and one result of his ill-advised comment is that he resigned from the board of directors of K12 Inc., the education company he co-founded. He did claim his comments were misinterpreted.

According to ABC News, "Bennett said his comments had been mischaracterized and that his point was that the idea of supporting abortion to reduce crime was 'morally reprehensible.'" Of course Bennett is opposed to abortion but the fact that he specified it would be the aborting of *black* babies that would reduce crime speaks volumes about his mindset. It's not just the people working on my house that think that way. It also includes our so-called "moral leaders." Ugh...

The workers are hammering on the side of the house. I have the stereo turned up loud to drown them out a bit with some hammering music. It's always more enjoyable to write about music rather than my health problems or what racist contractors have on their minds. Here's what I've been liking lately...

BONES BRIGADE – *Endless Bummer* (Still Holding On, 10" EP) / *Older Than Shit, Heavier Than Time* (Coalition, CD)

Bones Brigade is a prolific band. *Endless Bummer* is an all new 13-song effort following up two previous albums, a few 7"s, and a split. Hardcore/thrash metal skatecore—did I get that all in? Flailing riffage and leads, with a crossover vibe that rocks hard and furiously, and has a hell-raising looseness. "We Will Destroy You"? Yeah, they just might with speed and adrenalin that fierce. The wildness of the Brigade's skating passion informs the music quite a bit—it's played with little caution but still tight. *Older Than Shit, Heavier Than Time* is a compilation of the 7"s and split, plus some unreleased tracks. It features both the earlier five-piece lineup, with Andrew on vocals, and the current band with Brian manning the microphone. Brian's a bit gruffer but both have the same attitude in delivery: just as wailing and you can hear the band make progress along the way. Includes a number of cover versions: the expected homage to the Faction, Suicidal and the Adolescents, but also a cover of the Dead Boys' "Ain't Nothing To Do," and "Leavin' Here," a Holland-Dozier-Holland song given same treatment Motörhead did for it in the 70s. Throttle city. (Still Holding On: stillholdingon.free.fr / Coalition: Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS, www.coalition-records.com)

BURY THE LIVING - *All the News That's Fit to Scream* (Prank, LP)

Scream they do—I have a test pressing of the LP here, without a lyric sheet, but a perusal of the titles clearly indicates BURY THE LIVING have plenty on their minds and Pat howls out the words with agitation and fury. "Of God and Country"(another version of which appeared on their anthology CD), "Outsourcing Torture," and, most obviously, "Mr. Bush." The latter has a brief acappella/spoken part where Pat talks about how this so-called leader doesn't know shit about what it's like to work to support a family. Musically, it's the most focused this Memphis hardcore band have sounded. To me, it sounds like a cross between Articles of Faith and Devoid of Faith (!)—fast hardcore punk not fitting any easy pigeonhole. A mix of tempos—less reliant on the hyper speed than in the past—and as a result the songs have more impact. (PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141, www.prankrecords.com)

CELEBRITY MURDERS - *Time to Kill Space* (Chainsaw Safety, CD)

Murders? Murderous! I don't want to overuse terminology dealing with the end of life, involuntary or not, but this is some killer hardcore: raw, jagged and explosive. The sleeve notes brag that everything was recorded analog, and it does have that non-sterile production quality. Guitar tones occasionally bring Die Kreuzen or Voivod to mind. There's also crushing heaviness at times, without turning into metalcore, screamy without the techno-core elements. Just hard, heavy, usually fast, and Artie

Philie braying with murder (sorry) in his throat. Quite different from Artie's other band, the garage rock Shemps... this is the Hyde to Jeckyl, I suppose. Judicious use of samples—pretty sure that's Vice President Spiro Agnew just before "Learning to Love Capitalism," while the montage of shyster injury ads precedes the cautionary lyrics of "Victim Culture." Unstoppable aggression. (PO Box 260318, Bellerose, NY 11426, www.chainsawsafetyrecords.com)

DESOLATION (Prank, LP)

Another test press and it's missing a song, but it's a ripper. Desolation broke up at about the time this album was released, and just before they were supposed to tour—talk about shitty timing. Crusty hardcore punk from the Bay Area that was a side-band for people from Scurvy Dogs, Born/Dead and Strung Up. A mix of scalding riffage, boil-over speed, and dramatic heavier passages reminiscent of the late-80s crossover bands from the UK. (PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141, www.prankrecords.com)

DETESTATION (Profane Existence, CD)

Reissue of the Portland crust-core band's album and EP, plus a few bonus songs: 22 ragers in all. Saira's piercing siren of a voice hovers above, dropping ideas that take swipes at personal and societal deficiencies while also affirming the path of the true individual, the defiant. Blistering hardcore played hard and fast with sweeping, powerful riffs. Raw but also clean in execution. (PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

NO THANKS - *Are You Ready to Die / Live CBGB's 1983 / Demo 1982* (Mr. Modoreefer, CD-R)

No Thanks was around the NYHC scene in the early- to mid-80s but aren't always as well-remembered as other bands from that time period. I don't really remember them from "back in the day." Anyway, that's about to change with these reissues—three of 'em in a short stretch. (They'd easily fit on one disc, actually.) "Are You Ready to Die" was originally released as a 7" in '83. Straight-ahead, kickass hardcore punk featuring angry-as-fuck vocals by Donna Damage. They also include an unreleased song, "Melt Away the Fear," a mid-tempo, lengthy exercise with a moodier hard rock sound recorded live, not quite packing the immediacy of the hardcore songs. The live CD has adequate sound and includes live versions of all the songs from the 7", except the title track, plus some otherwise unreleased material. It starts with the instrumental "Surfin' Ave. A" before kicking into the rage of "Horror." Jimi's guitar playing has a frayed edge along with the power chords—and that adds to the overall effect—but the main focus of attention is the band's power and intensity. Mainly loud and fast, although "Little Minds" takes a slower turn. The demo is just as raging, and the hyper-paced "Fuck the Past" may be as fast as anything from that year. The song also intersperses some slower passages with sputtering guitar lines. All different songs from the 7" except for "Are You Ready to Die." The packaging for the releases is minimal but made up for by its musical contents. (www.mrmodoreeferrecords.com)

RINGERS - *Curses* (1-2-3-4 Go, CD)

I reviewed this band's four song demo a few months back and those songs are all here, along with seven other tracks for the band's debut album. They're based out of Boston, although only two of 'em live here (one is in Brooklyn, one in Maine—practicing must be a pain!). Loud as fuck melodic punk with irresistible hooks and heart-on-sleeve lyrics. The early-20's coming-of-age theme runs through a lot of these songs: evaluating ones place in the world, as well as people, places and things that provide love/hate feelings—punk rock, for instance. The production isn't too polished and the instruments crash out of the speakers. They slow it down a bit for "Not Many," "Hope St." and "Grind Your Teeth" (the latter with non-cheesy sounding "whooahs") but the songs otherwise are played at a boisterous clip. (www.1234records.com)

WASTED TIME (CD-R demo)

Four well-produced songs from this hard-hitting band out of Virginia Beach. "Shameless" starts with a stomping intro before getting down to raging business. Tight hardcore punk with a speedy modern flavor. Reminds me of Boston's late A-Team—similar punch and vocal delivery. (wastedtimesucks@yahoo.com)

Hurricane Katrina has prompted Americans to donate more than $700 million to charity, reports the Chronicle of Philanthropy. So many suckers, so little foresight.

Government has been shirking its basic responsibilities since the '80s, when Ronald Reagan sold us his belief that the sick, poor, and unlucky should no longer count on "big government" to help them, but should rather live and die at the whim of contributors to private charities. The Katrina disaster, whose total damage estimate has risen from $100 to $125 billion, marks the culmination of Reagan's privatization of despair.

The American Red Cross leads the post-Katrina sweepstakes, quickly closing in on the $534 million it took in just after 9/11. But Red Cross spokeswoman Sheila Graham told the AP it needs *another* half billion "to provide emergency relief over the coming weeks for thousands of evacuees who have scattered among 675 of its shelters in 23 states."

Shelley Borysiewicz of Catholic Charities USA, which has raised $7 million thus far, also continues to solicit donations: "We don't want people to lose sight of the fact that this is going to take years of recovery, and we're going to be there to help the people who fall through the cracks."

What "cracks?" Why should New Orleans' dispossessed have to live in private shelters? We live in the United States, not Mali. There's only one reason flood victims aren't getting help from the government: because the government refuses to help them. The Red Cross and its cohorts are letting lazy, incompetent and corrupt politicians off the hook, and so are their donors.

It's ridiculous, but people evidently need to be reminded that the United States is not only the world's wealthiest nation but the wealthiest society that has existed anywhere, ever. The U.S. government can easily pick up the tab for people inconvenienced by bad weather — if helping them is a priority. That goes double for Katrina, a disaster caused by the government's conscious decision to eliminate the $50 million pittance needed to improve New Orleans' levees.

For our leaders the optional war against Iraq is a priority, which the Congressional Budget Office expects to cost $600 billion by 2010. That's four or five Katrinas right there. (That's also where the levee money went.) Because rich people are always a political priority, their taxes have been slashed by $4 trillion over a decade — the equivalent of 32 Katrinas. So worried are our public servants about the tax burden

placed on the rich that they're looking out for rich dead people. This is why they've gutted the estate tax that, at a cost of $75 billion annually, will run half a Katrina a year. Trickle-down economists beginning with Milton Friedman shout "starve the beast," but while the social programs are put on a diet, the mean and powerful pig out more than ever.

Disaster relief is too important to be left to private fundraisers, with their self-sustaining fundraising expenses, administrative overhead (nine percent for the Red Cross) and their parochial, often religious, agendas. It's also way too expensive. In the final analysis, after the floodwaters have receded and the poor neighborhoods of New Orleans have been razed under eminent domain, major charities will be lucky if they've managed to raise one percent of the total cost of Katrina. Congress, recognizing the reality that only the federal government possesses the means to deal with the calamity, has already allocated $58 billion — over 70 times the amount raised by charities — to flood relief along the Gulf of Mexico. As Bush says, that's only a "down payment."

Cutting a check to the Red Cross isn't just a vote for irresponsible government. It's a drop in the bucket compared to what you'll end up paying for Katrina in increased taxes.

Granted, in terms of popularity of likelihood of success, trying to make a case against giving money to charities compares to lobbying against puppies. The impulse to donate, after all, is rooted in our best human traits. As we watched New Orleanians die of thirst, disease, and anarchic violence in the face of Bush Administration disinterest and local government incompetence, millions of us did the only thing we thought we could to do to help: cut a check or click a PayPal button. Tragically, that generosity feeds into the mindset of the sinister ideologues who argue that government shouldn't help people — the very mindset that caused the levee break that turned Katrina into a holocaust and led to official unresponsiveness. And it is already setting the stage for the next avoidable disaster.

It's time to "starve the beast": private charities used by the government to justify the abdication of its duties to its citizens.

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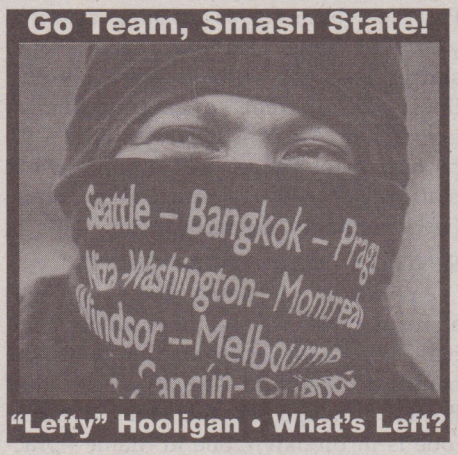
Current books: *Wake Up, You're Liberal!: How We Can Take America Back from the Right* (Soft Skull Press, 336 pp., price $14.95), is out now, available everywhere. *Generalissimo El Busho: Essays and Cartoons on the Bush Years* (NBM Publishing, 208 pp., $19.95 hardback/$15.95 paperback) is also out. The speaking tour is over but if you're at a high school or college with a budget for bringing in speakers, I'd be happy to come to your city.



I have three books entitled *1968* on my bookshelves. There's *1968: Magnum throughout the world*, a stunning black-and-white photo book from the Magnum photographic co-operative agency with texts by Eric Hobsbawm and Marc Weitzmann. Then there's *1968: Marching in the Streets* by Tariq Ali and Susan Watkins, a month-by-month history chock full of photos and graphics from the era. Finally, I'm still trying to slog through *1968: The Year That Rocked the World* by Mark Kurlansky, a turgid history unrelieved by a scattering of illustrations. In addition, Jules Witcover's *The Year the Dream Died: Revisiting 1968 in America* and Charles Kaiser's *1968 In America: Music, Politics, Chaos, Counterculture and the Shaping of a Generation* are two histories that employ the year in their titles.

"Four historic factors merged to create 1968." Mark Kurlansky writes in the introduction to his book. "[T]he example of the civil rights movement, which at the time was so new and original; a generation that felt so different and so alienated that it rejected all forms of authority; a war that was hated so universally around the world that it provided a cause for all the rebels seeking one; and all of this occurring at the moment that television was coming of age but was still new enough not to have yet become controlled, distilled, and packaged the way it is today. In 1968 the phenomenon of a same-day broadcast from another part of the world was in itself a gripping new technological wonder."

Kurlansky's final point is one I often take for granted. I've mentioned before that 1968 was crucial for my political development. The tumultuous events around the world of that year were so heady and inspiring and immediate thanks to television that humanity seemed on the verge of a global revolution, with youth acting as its international vanguard. I wasn't just swept away by the revolutionary torrents of that year though; I was beginning to feel mounting pressure from the military draft and the very real prospect of being sent to Vietnam. That did more to radicalize me than anything else. Yet seeing revolt spread like a prairie fire so to speak across the planet on the evening news, albeit with commentary by Walter Cronkite or Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, was exhilarating. It appeared as if we were all riding the massive crest of history's breaking wave. Gil Scott-Heron prefigured rap in 1970 by proclaiming "the revolution will not be televised," but if I'm reading Kurlansky right it was television and how it functioned in 1968 that gave an amazingly vast array of often quite disparate events, movements, actions, and struggles the false semblance of being a world-wide revolution.

I pretty much stopped watching television in 1972, when I transferred from my junior college to UC Santa Cruz. Looking back though, I'm surprised at how many of my abiding visual memories of historic events from that period come from TV screens. And it pains me to admit how influential television was during my formative childhood and teenaged years.

Take 1966 to 68 for instance. That was when ABC broadcast sessions four, five and six of the British series *The Avengers*. I was a year this side of puberty, my hormones raging, and I had the biggest hard-on for Diana Rigg's Emma Peel. I've had it ever since for kick ass women, which has been satisfied cinematically by some of the roles played by Sigourney Weaver (Ripley in *Alien*; Paulina Escobar in *Death and the Maiden*).

I remember watching the old Dick Van Dyke Show from 1961 to 1966 on black-and-white television when the CBS logo was that stylized Big Brother eyeball. The suburban wackiness of TV comedy writer Rob Petrie's life, and not that tired cliché of the suffering writer starving in some garret, was what inspired me to be a writer when it turned out at twelve I had a facility for putting words on paper. Little did I know that Dick van Dyke the actor was a

stone alcoholic and thoroughly smashed when he did those episodes. I have my own issues with drugs, which seems a common theme among writers generally.

If my drug-addled memory serves me, in one episode Rob Petrie gets jealous when an old friend publishes a book, so he isolates himself in a mountain cabin on vacation to write the great American novel he's had in mind for years. The joke of the episode is that he never actually starts writing. First he fiddles around with his writing supplies, then he becomes distracted by various things he finds around the cabin, and finally he starts getting to know the one or two neighbors in the area. By the end of the episode Rob is still staring at a blank page.

After I graduated from UCSC in 1974 I accompanied my girlfriend of the time to Bodega Bay in California. She was still a student, studying to be a marine biologist and was attending the UC Berkeley Bodega Marine Laboratory for a quarter. Distinguished as the location for Alfred Hitchcock's movie *The Birds*, Bodega Bay in those days was a sleepy backwater town on a scenic rural stretch of the state's coast highway. It was certainly cheap enough to live there. I figured the bucolic peace and quiet would be ideal for getting a lot of writing done. I was climbing the walls at the end of a month. I noticed my writing was coming in bursts, always after I returned from visiting friends in the Bay Area.

That's when I first realized that an active urban environment—preferably a city of some size—was absolutely essential for my writing. In *The Real Work* Gary Snyder comments "The city is just as natural as the country, let's not forget it. There's nothing in the universe that's not natural by definition. One of the poems I like best in *Turtle Island* is 'Night Herons,' which is about the naturalness of San Francisco." The city is my natural environment. My writing thrives in the hustle-and-bustle, the constant social and cultural stimulation, the kaleidoscopic changes in sight and sound that come with urban living. I'd go stir crazy on one of those peace-and-quiet writing retreats prominently advertised in magazines pandering to writers, a decidedly superstitious, insecure and vain lot. My writing always gets a boost from visiting New York or Paris, two of the world's great cities. Undoubtedly vacationing in Paris the first two weeks of October will reenergize me as well. (I finished this column prior to my vacation so I could have something to go when I laid out the columns in the middle of October.) As for the mythology of writing, retreating to a cottage on Walden Pond has no allure compared to becoming an expatriate writer in Paris.

Concerns of a pointy-headed intellectual you say. I think its quite possible for an intellectual also to be a worker, though I have my doubts that the distinction between manual and intellectual labor will magically disappear come the revolution as Karl Marx maintained. Whether working class or not though, intellectuals are almost universally regarded with suspicion. Leninism, whose leadership is drawn predominantly from middle and upper class intellectuals, is far harsher on the intelligentsia than capitalism, which operates on the assumption that everyone has their price.

During the Khmer Rouge's extreme social engineering experiment in Cambodia after 1975 the Paris educated regime of Pol Pot/Ieng Sary made the attempt to eradicate reactionary ideas and practices by physically eliminating the people who held or engaged in them. This was a nightmarish effort to forcibly level society into a brutal communal agrarian sameness that began when the Khmer Rouge forcibly evacuated Phnom Penh and other Cambodian cities. The wholesale deportation of urban residents to vast rural work camps, coerced population segregation and ethnic relocation, mass purges and massacres, slave labor and intentional starvation resulted in the murder of one out of every five Cambodians—perhaps as many as two million people. Anybody who had marks on their nose from wearing glasses or a writing callous on their finger was assumed to be an intellectual and summarily executed.

I had a prodigious writing callous on the middle finger of my right hand up until the late 1980's. Apple came out with the first Mac in 1984. I bought a modified Mac plus and a crude word processing program soon thereafter, and I haven't gone back since. My writing callous is vestigial. Recently, I had to fill hundreds of five by eight index cards with closely written notes. That remnant callous hurt like hell from the effort.

I self-published my first book using the Mac plus. I've done several periodicals and untold pieces of propaganda on that and other Macintosh computers I've owned. Most word processing programs are so sophisticated, with such advanced editing features built in, I wouldn't dream of going back to writing with paper and pen except in an emergency. In turn computers have changed not just the way people write, but every social equation.

"It will never be new again," writes Kurlansky. "'Global village' is a sixties term invented by Marshall McLuhan. The shrinking of the globe will never be so shocking in the same way that we will never again feel the thrill of the first moon shots or the first broadcasts from outer space. We now live in a world in which we await a new breakthrough every day. If another 1968 generation is ever produced, its movements will all have Web sites, carefully monitored by law enforcement, while they are e-mailing one another for updates. And no doubt other tools will be invented. But even the idea of new inventions has become banal."

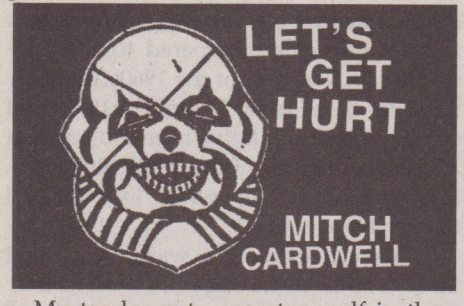
Oddly enough Kurlansky, who finished writing *1968* in 2004, doesn't seem to be aware of how the internet has been combined with pirate radio, bike messengering, cell phones, even text messaging in mass protests ever since Seattle 1999. Instead of a single influential form of media covering a movement that strove to be unified and powerful, today we have diverse and dispersed media for varied and scattered movements. Not that the current generation of political activists amount to "another 1968 generation" however. The diffuse new social movements championed by the current generation are largely ineffectual compared to the anti-war based New Left of the 1960s, let alone the labor based older Left of the 1950s and earlier. I don't think I've been too harsh at all in my criticisms of the multicultural-pc-identity politics of what I've labeled today's leftover Left.

"Nineteen-sixty-eight was a year that those who lived through it, on either side of the political divide, will never forget." Tariq Ali comments in his book *1968*. "It was a year that marked an entire generation on every continent. Long before 'globalization' became a buzz-word in the culture of free-market politics, the events of 1968 had globalized political radicalism as part of a struggle to change the human condition for ever. It was a year of hope, when those who accepted the world as it was were the ones who felt disinherited, while the wretched of the earth, the dispossessed, began to recover their inheritance."

As 1917 was to an older generation of revolutionaries, so 1968 was to mine. Much as I praised Seattle in 1999, all the anti-globalization protests since haven't cumulatively amounted to anything as significant as 1968. This isn't some exercise in nostalgia. I'm not talking about catching

late night Nickelodeon reruns or some DVD reissue of the best of the 60s. I'm simply interested in a little perspective. Ali comments that "[i]t is now common practice by some of the participants of those days to characterize the movements that rose in the sixties as wide-eyed, if wild, attempts to build utopias; to mock them gently (decent, nostalgic liberals) or viciously (unpleasant foot-soldiers of the late Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher or careerists desperate to climb the ladder of influence) and to dismiss the whole period as a spasm." Such folks often become media pundits, that is, status quo apologists and mouthpieces who also disparage and dismiss current protests by comparison to the 60s. I for one don't regret the 60s or my miniscule part in them. Nor am I willing to countenance the ugly rightwing falsification of my history, a despicable revisionism lead by the neoconservatives discussed last column.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



My tendency to repeat myself in these columns is shocking, but I must again tell you that France has really been churning out some fantastic punk records in recent years. I sort of took a break from this country's output after the great "Happy Family" shake-up that saw STEVE AND THE JERKS, SPLASH FOUR, and NO-TALENTS disintegrate. I was immediately jerked awake when all these folks regrouped and started releasing new records, most notably with LILI Z's solo work, VOLT, ANTEENAGERS M.C. and OPERATION S (you could also throw in THE FATALS and their Nasty Product brethren in as well!). Not only is this new breed is far superior to the first wave, but there is yet another new "related" band to add to the list. The *Artists Suck* 12"EP is the debut release by FRUSTRATION. I was first tipped off to this band during Anteenagers M.C.'s visit to California a while back. While I was chatting up one of the members (The French One…duh) who said he had just formed a new "Cold Wave" band. Naturally, I had no idea what the fuck he was talking about. One listen to Frustration erased my ignorance, as that seems to pinpoint the band's sound perfectly. Immediately recalling the finest moments of WARSAW and related post-punk rumblings, FRUSTRATION's debut release freezes you with its bleak drive. This is an incredibly intelligent record, yet it reeks of deviance and post-apocalyptic trash. In a word: French. Contact Born Bad Records for a copy and pray that my late write-up of this great record hasn't left you in the cold.

The confusion has already begun between FRUSTRATION and THE FRUSTRATIONS. Sure, the former was dished above, but the latter is a new band from Detroit that has just released their great debut 7" on X! Records. "Nerves Are Fried" b/w "Summer" immediately brings to mind the great releases on Italy and Tom Perkins from years previous. Think of the garbage-as-clothing school that brought us CLONE DEFECTS and THE PIRANHAS and you'll begin to see where The Frustrations are coming from. This is a very promising debut and a shoe-in for my year-end Top 10 singles list.

Chicago's BUSY SIGNALS, along with Douche Master Records, have just released the most infectious 7"EP of the year. Carve that in stone…it won't get any better than this in 2005. Since its arrival on my doorstep a couple weeks back, the *Love And Dust* 7"EP has induced nothing but late-night binge pogoing. The tunes are as vicious as they are catchy, recalling a comparison to some of the finest of the early 90s Japanese punk scene (the copious bouncing bass lines bring this to mind as well) as well as the more punk REZILLOS moments. Featuring current and/or former members of notable acts like CARBONAS, TYRADES, and KRUNCHIES (not to mention *Terminal Boredom*'s love guru, Eric Lastname!), this band seems poised to be on everyone's turntable in no time. The Busy Signals are the real fucking deal. You'd be crazy to pass on this one.

On top of the excellent new SUBSONICS album (reviewed last issue), Slovenly Recordings started a new singles club. The first four installments feature some big names in THE INSOMNIACS, REIGNING SOUND and BLACK LIPS! The two Black Lips singles are of particular interest in that four tunes featured are from the band's very first recording session in 2000. Although slightly straighter than what they are doing now, it was clear even then that these guys were special. As is commonplace with singles clubs, these puppies are limited. You know what to do.

Plastic Idol Records has quickly developed into a label to look to when you're in need of a good single. Although the label has been dud-free thus far, I must say that the best of the lot is their latest 45 by Arizona's DIGITAL LEATHER, "Simulator" b/w "Dance 'Til Dead". Label honcho Mario Solis proclaims the two tunes to be of the UNITS and NORMAL school and who am I to disagree? Both tracks represent some of the best dark and driving synth punk around today. Although the members and co-conspirators of Digital Leather are some of today's most talented punkers, the band remains criminally underrated. I'm sure this fine single will change all that in no time.

What time is it? Why, it's JAY REATARD update time! Item 1: Empty Records has released *Not Fucked Enough*, the LP version of an insanely limited CD released earlier this year on Jay's own Shattered label! Yes, this is another LP's worth of REATARDS rarities from their well-documented self-destructive years! Item 2: Shattered has released the debut LP by TOKYO ELECTRON and the *Blackout* 7"EP by THE CARBONAS! Both fucking rule! Item 3: Jay still hates you wants to scream in your face. Well, I suppose that's not really news, but a little reminder never hurt anyone.

After that train-wreck Dionysus Japanese punk comp released a few months back, the last thing I wanted to hear was another American document of Japanese punk/power-pop. Well, Hideo from SWEET J.A.P and Nice & Neat Records has made a sucker outta me by releasing a great new CD compilation of new Japanese punk, *Secret Recipe From The Far East*. There six bands featured: familiar faces like PSYCHOTIC REACTION, PRAMBATH, and TEENAGE CONFIDENTIAL, and newbies like NYLON, DON FLAMES, and THE NAILCLIPPERS. While focusing a tad too heavily on the pop side of things, I was still pleased a punch to be acquainted (and reacquainted) with these new Japanese bands. Any fan of the recent Needle and Mangrove releases should make a bee line for Nice & Neat's website and snatch one of these up pronto.

Alicja Trout's RIVER CITY TANLINES have already proven to be quite a prolific band. Less than a year after their first sin-

gle is released and they already have a singles comp CD! Dirtnap's *All The 7 Inches Plus 2 More* CD compiles the great singles released by Misprint, Goodbye Boozy, Contaminated and (the just-released) Ken Rock. Although I snatched up all the singles immediately upon release, I was struck by how well this collection works as an album, strengthening my overall opinion of the band. The two bonus songs don't hurt the package either. As far as I'm concerned, anything Alicja is affiliated with is pure gold and this is no exception.

Kryptonite Records, fine purveyors of the trashiest vinyl imaginable, has resurfaced yet again with a drug-themed platter from Wisconsin's favorite ass-shakers, THE MYSTERY GIRLS. The *Under My Tongue* 7"EP has been in the planning stages for quite some time and it's great that it has finally been released. As much as I love the recent offering from Mystery Girls, their early material (this is an old session) simply bursts with soulful enthusiasm. These tunes no doubt owe their life to a fog of weed smoke and hallucinogen haze, but that is precisely what makes this so great.

During my recent trip to Vancouver, I formed the opinion that this city was ripe to explode in terms of developing a great scene with lots of cool bands. La-Ti-Da's *Vancouver 4 Way* 7"EP confirms this suspicion. LADIES NIGHT, VANCOUGER, THE BELADEANS, and RAISED BY WOLVES all check in with great (and very different) tracks, the first two being the standouts

M.O.T.O. has balls. Who else would call their LP *Raw Power* in 2005 other than these Chicago pop Neanderthals? Strange as it may seem, the title isn't that strange of a choice (well, ignoring the obvious). *Raw Power* features The Masters' on 11, offering up a decidedly more *rock* vibe than *Kill M.O.T.O.* Still, tunes like "Deliver Deliver Deliver" and "2-4-6-8 Rock'N'Roll" will definitely make their way on to your next M.O.T.O. mix tape. If you are on of the many obsessive followers of Caporino's gospel, you will find your thirst quenched by this LP. I'm sure there are another 2000 tunes around the corner.

While In The Red might be today's best heavy hitter (at least by the standards of this column), S-S Records has to be my favorite "little" label. The projects that Scott and Sakura choose to release are always excellent and unlike anything you're likely to hear anywhere else. Their latest release, a BABY 63 7", might just be their most "out-there" release yet. Originally released on cassette, "Quiver" b/w "Shark Watch Maker" offers a glimpse into the nearly-extinct world of cassette releases. The music of Baby 63 (and principal member Karin Fletcher) sounds like the sort of thing that would've fallen through the reissue cracks had it not been for the dedicated ear of the S-S brain trust. While this may be the sort of thing that would appeal to only the adventurous, anyone interested in American DIY from the mid 1980s ought to give this wicked mish mash of primitive strum and tape loop tomfoolery a go.

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Notes from the Pirate Punk's Black Book

October 4. Bremen, Germany

Smoking another rolled cigarette, listening to German voices in the hallway, FLUX OF PINK INDIANS on the record player. "I don't want your progress it tries to kill me/ me you we/ I don't want your progress it tries to kill me..."

Watch the smoke curl around my fingers.

Thinking of where to begin. Flipping through my black journal with the pirate skeleton taped to the front, reviewing scribbles and random thoughts from the last month.

October 3. Monday.

I breathe deep and grin with full teeth, happy and content in the moment.

Everything goes by in a rush, but the days pass slow and easy. Smoke drifts and fall begins. There are already red, rust-colored leaves on the sidewalk here.

Summer is over and I am bundled up in my favorite jacket. "BITCH CREW" is sewn on the back, a testament to the strength of my Boston sisters. Below that a beautiful old Re-Sisters patch, a drawing of dancing naked ladies, bodies curled celt-knot like around a lovely open cunt.

Here I am, living in my boots again. Traveling in Europe for October.

Walking along the brick streets in the Steintor district in Bremen, a mid-sized city in northern Deutschland.

The air smells heavy of malt from the Becks brewery, and the climate is much colder than when I left Boston's last hot summer days. The clouds are low and grey, rolling past to reveal sharp blue patches of sky. I pull my jacket closer and watch the urban conglomeration of crowds of bikes, pedestrians, and swoosh of trains passing by, taking it all in through curious, American eyes.

Today is a national holiday, the anniversary of the "reunification" of Germany. All of the stores are closed. Even the big grocery store chains and the corporate drug stores on the main street. In the states, the chain stores never close. Holidays are even a bigger excuse for shopping and sales. It is refreshing to see all of the stores dark and shuttered, all the shiny products sealed behind glass, even if just for a pause. Fuck the consumer culture.

Usually I am always on the move when traveling. Catching everything I can before I need to return home. But this trip, I was able to pause and spend two weeks here in Bremen before meeting up with Signal Lost to join them for the Scandanavian part of their European tour.

September 19. Boston. Monday.

Sitting on a bench in the Boston Commons, listening to a group of bagpipe players near Beacon Hill. From the look of the line of cars on the street, the four players, men dressed in kelts, are warming up the pipes for a funeral procession.

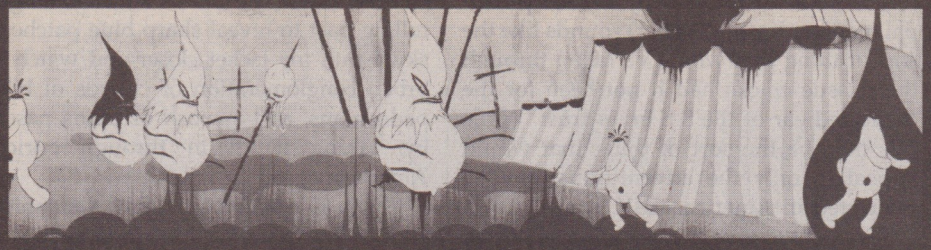
Back downtown, about 10 am, another day at work. A rookie bike messenger since July. The morning has started off slow. I've only delivered a couple of packages since I checked in at 8:30, slightly blearry eyed from lack of sleep. Typical downtown short trips so far. A quick ride from 50 Rowes Wharf by the harbor to bustling State Street. Then from the loading dock of the evil looking skyscraper at 100 Federal Street to the more quaint Ten Post Office Square. Now, just waiting.

I'd rather be biking than sitting here, but the weather is perfect so I can't complain. The edges of the tall buildings cut against the sharp blue sky and I write for a moment in my journal.

The sound from the bagpipes is beautiful, eerie, and clear in the fall morning.

I listen with half an ear to the sometimes funny chatter on the radio strapped to my bike courier bag, waiting for the dispatcher Pete to send me somewhere. Bored, I take out my battered map of Boston and review again the twisted mess of streets that I've just recently been able to navigate and remember by heart. The best part of the job is being outside biking all day, and seeing so much of the city. The crowded back streets

SIEG HOWDY, PARDNERS!



For those of you still reeling in the wake of ***Never Breathe What You Can't See***, here's some more! Further off the deep end and more Melvinoid this time, **Jello and the Melvins** serve up six more studio tracks (including a cover of **Alice Cooper**'s "Halo of Flies"), remixes by **Al Jourgensen**, **Dälek**, and the **Deaf Nephews**, and to top it off: an all-new live version of the DKlassic "Kalifórnia Über Alles" – this time about the gübernator, Schwarzenegger himself-and not a moment too soon!' Featuring killer artwork by Camille RoseGarcia! Say it loud, say it proud – "Sieg Howdy!"

JELLO BIAFRA WITH THE MELVINS — SIEG HOWDY!

F-MINUS
WONT BLEED ME / FAILED SOCIETY

Two EPs and unreleased cover songs comprise this essential album of no-bullshit Hardcore from scene veterans F-Minus. 20 songs of in-your-face, to-the-point, straightforward HC blasts! Featuring Brad from Leftöver Crack, the band employs a killer two-pronged, male/female vocal assault that gets their point across loud and clear!

REPORT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY

Vic Bondi of Articles of Faith and ex-Jawbox member and producer extraordinaire J. Robbins join forces to forge RSA from unadulterated anger and politically-charged venom. Punishing grooves, a few post-Hardcore elements, and raw, honest, energy coalesce into a massive album that demands to be heard.

Tarantella
Esqueletos

From the fertile breeding ground of Denver, Colorado, comes Tarantella. A heady mix of spaghetti western twang, south American mystique, gritty Americana and lush, seductive female vocals, Tarantella sounds like the soundtrack to a movie that would be fucking awesome. Featuring former and current members of 16 Horsepower, Slim Cessna's Auto Club, Woven Hand, Lillium, and Blood Axis.

16HORSEPOWER

From the Rocky Mountain state of Colorado comes "the best band my home state ever produced," according to Jello Biafra. Finally available again, these two albums are essential listening. Somewhere between alt-country, dark Americana, blues, and... a lot of other stuff, 16 HP may no longer be a band, but their music survives them via these mandatory reissues.

turn me on dead man
god bless the electric freak

TMODM meld mind-altering psych and mind-numbing heaviness into a musical cocktail of extreme rock that combines everything that kicks ass and leaves out anything that doesn't. "God Bless the Electric Freak" is a lysergic spectacle of feedback-drenched aural decadence!

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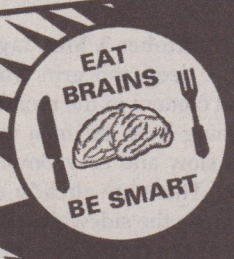

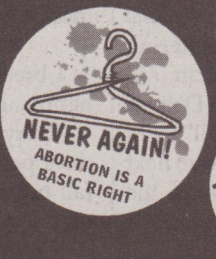

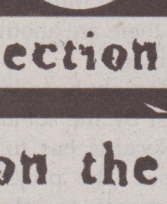

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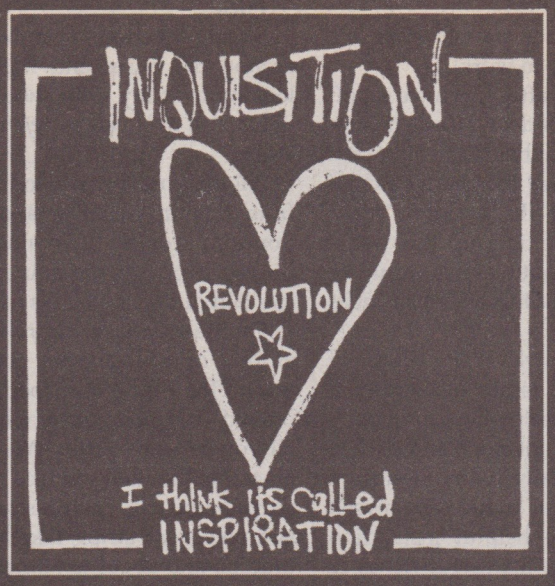

INQUISITION

"Revolution... I think its called Inspiration"
(featuring members of Strike Anywhere, Ann Beretta, and River City High)

A band like Inquisition made a dent in the underground punk community in their heyday, when they should have been a full blown car crash. *-Tim Barry (AVAIL)*

Very few things will leave as lasting an impression on me as the first chord of the first song I heard by them. *-Jason Black (HOT WATER MUSIC)*

Inquisition had it all, the energy, the desperation, political lyrics, it was all there and it got me so psyched. *-Tim (ENSIGN)*

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RINGERS

of Chinatown, to the Italian North End with garlands crossing over Hannover Street, to the yuppie Back Bay old brownstones, towards south Boston looking over the harbor, and the old colonial one-way streets of downtown now filled with skyscrapers.

I sit next to my bike and watch the suits and tourists swarm in and out from underground at the Park Street station stop. A man sets up his T-shirt wagon, selling a variety of Boston logos, and a woman sells lemonade and funnel cakes. Four homeless men lay on blankets on the hill behind me, and two cops sit on big cop horses.

A drunk man makes some joke and reaches for a horse's nose, and the cop screams at him to "Get the fuck away from the horse," and the man mutters and stumbles away.

There is a man yelling to himself on the sidewalk at everyone who comes out from the station. It is hard to tell if he wants money or is just pissed off at the world. I think both.

Only two more days before Europe.

I'm tired and sore. I roll back my long black shorts past the knee and look again at the enormous black and purple bruises on my legs. Last Thursday it was raining hard, and lightening crackled over the Charles River as I made my way past the Science Museum to deliver a package in Cambridge. Almost at the building, the rain coming in sheets, a cab didn't see me.

Honestly, I didn't see the cab either until the yellow hood connected with my front wheel.

I was lucky. Only bruises.

And a funny story.

Laying in the street, I watched the cab run over my bike. An old black Randor with only two days until retirement, its tire now bent in like a taco. Pissed off, and thinking even worse—that could have been my leg. With angry Bostonian reflexes, I instinctively jumped up from the street and went up to the cab driver. The cabbie apologized, and I demanded $100 on the spot.

And I waited, dripping water into his window, until he put the crumpled cash in my hand. Fucking asshole. It took me hours to get home, walking in the rain with my crashed bike.

Today I spin my new front tire, and watch it sparkle in the sun.

September 22. Thursday. London.

My eyes open from a dead sleep, and the first thing I see is the London skyline from the 19th floor of a towerblock in Hackney. The first morning on the other side of the Atlantic.

Jon is already up, and quickly out the door, doing errands.

I go back to sleep for another hour, the joy of not having to go to work!

Jon came back, and after lunch we set off to the Rio, an independent movie theater where in the basement, there is an old printing machine. He needed to print a batch of pamplets in time for the London Vegan Festival, which was coming up this weekend. The Active Distribution table would be there, once again peddling anarchist ideas to the general public.

At the moment, Jon was in the middle of printing hundreds of copies of *Grime and Nurishment*, a vegan recipe book originally published by the 56@ infoshop in London. The recipe book is really funny, besides a genuine help for vegan punks like myself who could use some helpful instruction making anything more than sandwiches or my usual "vegetable of the day" with seitan or midnight inspired "toast with toppings" with Gretchen. (The fanzine is also a benefit for this very cool infoshop, so get a copy already! Go to www.activedistribution.org, punk!)

Since the recipe book is 124 pages, that's a lot of fucking paper to print. Really. It's ridiculous. Crazy anarchist vegan book distributors!

After a couple of hours of the old cranky machine wizzing away, and the old cranky anarchist continually feeding it paper, the supply of ink was almost gone. Problem was, the only store that sells this type of ink is in the south London suburb of Bromley. As Jon described it, "the middle of fucking nowhere."

Some punks will also recall Bromley as home of Siouxie and the Banshees and the "Bromley contingent," back the in the Sex Pistols days. All I knew is that it looked pretty fucking far away on the map.

The store was about an hour and a half away by bike, one way. Some 20 miles from the Rio.

So, as the pamplets needed to be finished, nothing to do but a bike ride through London to Bromley. Off we went!

Since I had been biking about six hours a day at the bike messenger job, the distance wasn't a problem for my legs. It did, however, take a bit to get used to riding on the *left* side of the road while following Jon.

London has a lot of bike lanes, which is helpful, but problematic in that enormous buses use the same space. The famous red double decker buses may look quaint and cool in post cards, but riding a bike next to one of those monsters pulling over to the sidewalk to pick up passengers is a scary pain in the ass.

Fuck!

Slowly, I started to get the hang of riding around the buses and traffic and always looking over my right shoulder. The traffic lights also turn yellow *before* turning green. Weird.

All the time, I was also in a bit of a daze from the time change and taking in the London scenery. Crossing the London Bridge, I took in the amazing view of the city laid out on the banks of the Thames.

On the way back, our reward was dinner at one of my favorite resturants in the world, Joi. I love Thai food, and this place offered Thai food with a twist. An all-vegan, all-you-can-eat buffet. Yes, it is fucking amazing. I stuffed my face with fake chicken yellow curry, rice rolls with plum sauce and fake steak strips, fake beef with spicey broccoli and about ten other choices I can't even remember.

While we were there, Ed from *Rancid News*, now called *Last Hour*, met up with us to drop off more copies of the magazine. (Check out the latest issue, as it has an interview with me rambling on about La Rivolta, The Profits, and other boring punk and feminist topics. Besides the choice interviews, it's a good solid fanzine, similar to an English *MRR*, but with a color cover! You can get it from Active Distribution.)

Ed was the first of many people to ask me, "What are you doing back here in Europe?"

A simple, "Really glad to see you again!" would have sufficed.

I stopped eating for a minute to explain, "Well, I had amazing luck on my way back to Boston from London, going back home after the BEHIND ENEMY LINES tour in June. The flight was full, and the airlines asked for volunteers to take a later flight. Of course I volunteered! Along with two buddist monks and an old lady I waited for five hours more in the airport, and got a travel voucher worth 280 British pounds. With the plummeting US economy, that's worth about 560 dollars, pretty much a free flight back to Europe."

Ending my tale of good luck, I added between bites of seseame noodles, "I want to get out of the US any chance I can get. So, obviously, here I am!"

Stuffed with good food, Jon and I went back to the Rio to print more pamplets until about midnight (crazy anarchist vegan book distributors), then Goz came and picked up the boxes in her converted and very cool old ambulance van to take them back to Active headquarters.

September 23. Friday. Hamburg.

Falling asleep on the bus to Hamburg.

Almost repeatedly nodding my head into the shoulder of the man in the next seat to mine. Keep waking up and remembering where the fuck I am going, with only about eight hours sleep in the last three days catching up with me.

After coming back from the Rio making pamplets, I checked my travel times on the Internet and made sandwiches for the bus rides. Listened to music and tried to stay awake, as I needed to catch a 3 am late night bus to Victoria Station in a couple of hours.

Finally, the red double decker bus pulled up to the stop not far from the flat, I gave Jon a big hug, jumped on with all my gear, and we waved goodbye as the bus took off.

Sitting on the bus, thinking about the terrorist attacks that happened this summer, carrying my black backpack, bike courier bag and video box. Watching the Londoners coming and going from the bar or wherever people need to go at that time of night. People from around the world, speaking different languages, the reminding me of the incredible diversity of the city.

At Victoria Station I ran to catch the bus to Stansted. By 5:30 waiting in line at the Ryanair counter, surrounded by businessmen and people going on cheap holidays.

Herded like cattle onto the plane, it is a short hour-long flight to Germany, costing about $40 dollars. It feels more like a Greyhound bus than an airplane, with everything plastic, yellow and green. No frills, emergency exit instructions lamenated to the back of the seats. Tea costs a pound fifty, about two dollars-so be sure to bring your own snacks!

From the airport, through the immigration line. "Non-EU." The officer looks at my blurry eyes, stamps my passport, and I collect my luggage and off to the bus.

Finally, sitting outside the main train station in Hamburg, about 10 am. Sitting on the sidewalk, smoking a cigarrette, enjoying the sun and the fact that I'm not moving or waiting or in line anymore. Took the space and the place and the moment in. I was in Germany again.

Bought a ticket for the subway, this time finding the S31 without trouble and rode to Altona watching Hamburg go by the window. Waited outside by the museum steps, sunglasses shielding my tired eyes. Ten minutes later, watching the crowd and all the people on bikes, Andi rode up and said "Hello!"

Hell ya!

We spent a good part of the afternoon on the rooftop of her pirate punk ship of a house, sitting on a blanket drinking tea and looking over Hamburg. I told her how in the US public opinion is finally getting tired of the war and occupation in Iraq, and Bush's popularity was plummeting after New Orleans was left in ruins.

Andi told me about the time her jaw was broken in San Francisco, and she couldn't afford to go to the hospital. She still went to work for four days afterward, and couldn't move her mouth to even talk.

In Germany, a queer-bashing asshole broke her nose after work one night, and she needed several visits to the doctor to have it fixed. Here, her healthcare was basically free.

September 24. Saturday. Bremen.

The flyer for tonight says, "RRIOT TRASH verkleiduugsparty: COME AS YOU ARE DYKE." (*Verkleiduugsparty* is an amazing example of very long German words. This one means "dress up party.")

About 11PM I got a text message from Andi. She had just finished her shift at Rum Bumpers and was in Bremen.

My phone read, "Can you get a bike and be ready in ten minutes? I will come by and pick you up."

I typed back, "Yes. Give me twelve minutes" and pressed SEND.

This is Germany. Twelve minutes later, Stivie's doorbell rings.

I went outside with a borrowed black mountainbike that looks like Mad Maxx's weekend ride and meet Andi on the sidewalk. She's traveling with about six other women on bikes, who all say hello before and we take off en masse down the street. I'm already having a good time.

We were off to an all-women queer party, a benefit for a radical women's group. Through the German translation, I understood that the feminist group needed help paying their rent for their collective space, worked against militarization and sexism, and fought for women's rights, but I didn't catch where they were from. Maybe Afganistan. But, it was a fun event, and clearly for a good cause.

There was a "kissing both" and Andi gave me a Euro to pay for a kiss. The woman in the booth was beauiful, so the dare wasn't really all that difficult. I tried to act cool and not blush!

I also had a few Harry Wallbangers at the DIY bar which were delicious. Again, anything to help the feminist movement along!

There was an interesting group of woman-identified people there. Including women in party dresses, or just jeans, and a few ladies in drag with mustaches painted on, reminding me of heroes from black and white silent movies, saving a damsel in distress from an oncoming train. There was also a DJ and a dance floor, which I tried to avoid.

Andi told me she was "going to get smokes across the street, I'll be right back."

Not able to speak German, not knowing anyone, I felt a little lost. But, I naturally gravitated towards the information table and started asking questions.

I soon found myself sitting behind the table, talking to the women from Gender Killers, who luckily for me, spoke English. The group is from Berlin, and members had come to the event to perform with the hip-hop act, run an information table and help with the benefit. (Wer mit Wem? Check out their site at www.gender-killer.de for more information!) One of the main organizers, in her early twenties, told me about how it is not enough to struggle against gender roles and queer issues, but how the problems in society are all connected, capitalism and patriarcy and class issues as well.

Damn right!

Two hours later, the info booth was all packed up, I was on my third Harry Wallbanger, and Andi finally returned. She grabbed me, Toni, and Kylie and made us all dance to the DJ inside. Argh!

By then enough people had been drinking so the dancefloor was full, and the cheap beer at the bar made the music sound not so terrible. Andi is a good dancer so she made it more fun, as she is cool, tough, and charming all at once. The night ended with all of us escaping outside, and making our way back to the Steintor district.

September 29. Thursday.

Once again catching up in my black book. STRATFORD MERCENARIES plays on the record player, and I have another cup of coffee. Life is very, very, good. And surprises me with an unexpected turn.

The Wallanlage is a thin snake of water that goes through the city center, once a moat defending Bremen from intruding medieval armies.

Walking on the brick path by its tree-lined edge at night, only a few bikes rattle by us in the growing darkness. It is quiet, and I have the instinctive city-feeling that this place isn't totally safe at night, except that I'm not alone.

Our conversation goes alongside the canal, talking of life experiences and dreams and our lives. Open time is rare for both of us, time to just hang out and relax. Usually we are both so busy with all the tasks we set for ourselves that time escapes us. It feels unusual and freeing to just talk and walk, and not worry for a moment about work, websites, bands, tour, organizing, events, rent, whatever it is that usually steals our

days.

We stop talking, and pause. I find myself in my good friend's arms, looking into his eyes now as a lover, and lose myself in his kiss.

In the past few days we have walked all over the city, enjoying each other and life. Laughing at ourselves and the gender clichés.

But sometimes, even angry anarcha-feminist women are allowed to be completely happy in the moment. And it is especially beautiful to find someone I connect with, and the surprise that a friendship leads to something more. Navigating life after a long monogamous relationship, it has been interesting trying to find myself and how I relate to others. It is refreshing to find those rare people who understand open relationships and the deep respect and care that is needed to sustain them.

Life is good, and I smile into his eyes and laugh, happy.

October 1. Saturday

At the moment, waiting for the concert to start at the Friesenstrasse, an autonmous run youth center in Bremen. This place has hosted many bands over the last ten years from around the world, and a collective keeps the place running.

The graffti-covered building now has a concert room, an Internet room, a video editing room, offices, practice spaces for bands, a kitchen and a room to hang out, have cafés or whatever. I also fondly remember it as the first place the Profits played on our European tour!

Today is the second day of the annual "Friesentage," an open house of sorts meant to invite neighbors and the community into the youth center.

I was already at the Friesenstrasse this afternoon, drinking coffee at the flea market they had set up outside, looking through the odd collection of things being sold, laid out on small tables on the patio.

Elianna had brought a big box of clothes along with other things to sell. I loved watching two older German women from the neighborhood looking through the items, laughing and talking together. One of the women held up a fake fur leopard print bra to her chest, four sizes too small, while the other woman dug out from the box a striking red rubber dress, two holes cut out for the breasts.

Ah, community outreach!

I bought a sweater of Elianna's for the cold days ahead in Finland (with a women's symbol knitted into the hole in the back, where she ripped out the alarm tag when she stole the sweater from a store), and a pair of weird Swedish army sun glasses-googles. Awesome.

I helped Stivie with the badge-making table (if you can call standing around making silly pins helping) where you could cut out a pre-printed design and then make the badge yourself with the machine, or draw your own design onto a piece of paper. One man came by and made a CRASS pin for his young son, which was cool, along with a cookie monster pin.

Stivie made the same cookie monster pin, but with "ACAB" written on the edge. "All Cookies Are Bastards!" Funny!

Telling this joke, an anti-German guy at the cafe thought it wasn't very funny. He told Stivie, "You can't say *bastard*. It's racist." Ah, German left-wing politics.

Then there was a vegetarian brunch, a more varied and larger version of the typical German breakfast that I've seen. Warm bread rolls, *Brötchen*, with a large assortment of spreads, cheese, and vegetables to put on top. Basically, everyone gets a plate, a knife, a roll and digs in. I had about three rolls, each with vegan butter, fake ground breakfast sausage, tomato, cucumber, and red pepper. There was also cakes and vegan desserts.

Ah, now I am daydreaming about breakfast! All of this was open to everyone, and the asking donation was 1.50 Euros. In the States, you could maybe buy a cup of coffee for that much. Once again the Friesenstrasse volunteers, and especially today, Nicole and Katia's cooking, was quite a feast.

October 5. Wednesday.

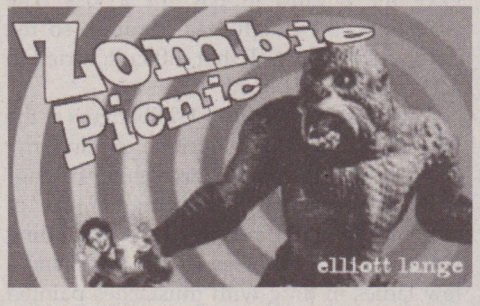
3 am in Bremen. This column has rambled on for far too long, while mentioning only half of what I wanted to write about. Like my notebook, only simple crude scribbles that barely break the surface.

Now it is time to stop and go to sleep. I close my black book, and take off my boots.

One more smoke, one more song, and soon I will close my eyes.

See what tomorrow brings.

Solidarity, love and blazing guitars, Erika



Greetings good citizens. I feel particularly metal this month, as I am word-for-word, letter-for-letter, typing this at this very moment in the UCSF medical center emergency room. And CARCASS, if nothing else, taught us that hospitals and lab coats are the epitome of metal chic. Hopefully I won't be seeing anything too overtly gore-metal, as the reason for the change in writing locale is the sudden and violent food poisoning that my mother is currently experiencing—of course during the one weekend in four years that my parents visit me from the East Coast. She's looking pretty green at the moment but she fits right in here on Friday night with the screaming babies and myriad of human misery waiting endlessly. Perhaps I could suggest a new track for horror-themed imagery in metal: the hospital waiting room aesthetic.

So perhaps it's fitting that I start things off with a 7" that surely gets the stamp of mother-approval: MEAT SLICER's *All Will Be Revealed*, featuring such Mother's Day hits as "Face Fuck the Amputee," and "Freezer Burnt Fetus." The six tracks on the blood red vinyl are classic examples of drum-machine-led death/grind with subhuman gurgling vocals and detuned metal riffing for fans of MORTICIAN, AGORAPHOBIC and WADGE. I'd actually had this 7" sitting around my house for months, being typically absent-minded about reviewing it until I received a copy of the lead-off issue of the half-sized zine *Smash Music* put out by Mikeal of Columbus Ohio's VOMITROCITY, who also, coincidentally, put out the MEAT SLICER EP.

Smash Music is a 24-page tribute to all things noise—straight noise, noise-core, noise-grind, and noise some more. The lengthiest feature is a release-by-release survey of Sounds of Betrayal Records, who, oddly enough, don't really fit in with a lot of the pure noise covered here. I have to say I heartily disagree with a lot of his reviews, in particular the alleged mediocrity of SAYYADINA on their split with BRUCE BANNER (one of my personal favorites of theirs or anyone else's period), but still, it's quite amusing reading his borderline stream-of-consciousness reviews which read more like diary entries on a record-buying trip. Concerning ULCERRHOEA from their split with SEWN SHUT: "I really like this stuff, but the band put out so many records that I never bothered to track anything else down other than the LP. I wish I had though." Also included are interviews with Bay Area purveyors of true grind BRUTAL DEATH and a ton of people I've never heard of like Australia's BOWEL FETUS, NIKUDOREI and SETE STAR SEPT from Japan, and Finland's NIHILIST

COMMANDO. Noise freaks look no further for all the latest noisy news—get in touch and get your own copy, and check in on the latest happenings from MEAT SLICER and VOMITROCITY while you're at it (capitalpossession@hotmail.com).

I've also been neglecting to mention the new, second demo CD from my pal Green's band, LAMANT—without doubt, the fastest angriest mob outta Belarus—for too many months. The new output, entitled *Snezhinka* (which translates to "Snowflake" in Russian) crams fourteen songs into nine minutes and features still more of Green's bizarrely idiosyncratic worldview, which he explains in the included English translations: "Yes, I consider punk to be political, and I consider LAMANT to be a political DIY band, and we stand by it, but I don't feel like screaming common slogans, there are enough people who do just that, so what is included with this release is not lyrics, but flashes of emotions, sometimes bright, sometimes not...they differ..." which results in such gems as "Cat," the entire lyrics to which are: "A cat nibbling a *Profane Existence* issue / is also part of political punk rock," and "Farewell Song" in its entirety: "Frankly speaking...I'm not very glad that my basic emotion concerning the two-legged and their activities is disgust...and it doesn't change much." Or how bout the contents of "Midnight": "At midnight went out for a piss, tripped over a hedgehog, fell and froze / remembered how I ran barefoot on some crap / how a screaming Santa ran after me / holding a paranoia the size of myself in each hand." The tunes are fast, furious, short and to the point; the sound's noisy and distorted and the energy never failing. Drop these guys a line at xerotika@bk.ru, and ask them to send along the latest installments of Green's ever-original art zine *Xerotika*, the contents of which are every bit as oddball, original, and interesting as his lyrics.

Also sending their second demo along is THE COMMUNION from Long Island, New York, entitled *Well Played, Illuminati* and sporting a wicked Hunter S. Thompson, uh, "homage" on the cover. They're incorporating no small SOILENT GREEN influence this time out, speeding things up substantially from their heavy, and heavily CELTIC FROST sounding, debut demo, *Legitimate Underground*. There's still plenty of Tom G. Warrior-inspired plod this time too, but the songs are more sprawling and intricate, utilizing several riffs and styles—everything from black and death metal to grind, to doom and stoner rock, to straight-ahead hardcore—and totally crushing all the while. With a little more refinement these guys could be a powerful force in the scene in not too long (metalgenerallee@aol.com).

And perhaps most bizarre of all—they're showing *A Nightmare on Elm Street* on the TV in the emergency room waiting room.

When I'm not watching horror movies in hospitals, I also enjoy checking out hardcore bands from unlikely areas—LAMANT is one, BLACK MARKET FETUS from Iowa another, and DOMESTIK DOKTRIN, the premiere Indonesian hardcore band, one who's just gotten the discography treatment with the "South East Asian Tour Edition" of *Phundamentalphun*, an expanded version of their latest release with the same name. This special edition tour CD, limited to 300 copies, includes the *Manufakturing Karma* 7" on 625 as well as an earlier demo, *Die of the First Diet*, from 2001, and comp tracks including a MINOR THREAT cover from an all-Indonesian MINOR THREAT tribute album. Their sound is a pretty tough one to pigeonhole; the band's got a solid thrash sense to them but the guitar sound is way heavier than usual, being borderline straight-up metal most of the time, but the riffs are kept at a furious fastcore pace and the unusually low-pitched gruff vocals are broken up by back-up choruses and odd melodic touches, if not by blast beats and breakdowns. I thought of a heavier I SHOT CYRUS with growled versus screamed vocals. Plus there are really great, insightful political lyrics in English and both Bahasa Indonesian and Basa Sundanese, with intermittent translations, so the sincerity is obvious. This is really quite a unique band and there's quite a bit of material spanning the last few years here. So if you, like most everyone else, are new to the band, this is a great introduction, if you can track it down. It's a three-way split label release via Riang Ria DIY Party People Collective in Malaysia (riangriadiy@gmail.com), Asas Distro in Malaysia (asas@excite.com), and Homegrown in Singapore (lioncitymotherfukker@yahoo.com).

The nurse just changed channels over to CNN—apparently the little boy impaling Freddy's extended tongue to the furnace floor during the climax was too much for the bereaved families anxiously biting their nails and sweating cold sweat.

So then there's the new PELICAN: *The Fire in Our Throats Will Beckon the Thaw*, the long-anticipated follow-up to 2003's stellar *Australasia*. Overall, a seemingly mellower, more sedated and understated affair, there's still much to hear here. Each of the seven songs included is a mini-epic unto itself, with "Autumn into Summer" being a particular highlight. It's a little anticlimactic to see the re-appearance of a truncated version of "March into the Sea" from the *Marching into the Sea* EP that preceded this release by a few months, but I guess that's just the instrumental doom metal equivalent of a pre-released single. I know this Chicago band gets more popular, and therefore inevitably trendier, by the day, whether it be through the application of the dreaded "post-rock" tag or just the general wider acceptance that metal is "enjoying" in the mainstream at the moment, but no amount of high-waters, Chuck Taylors, and hundred-dollar haircuts in the audience changes the fact that these guys write amazing songs and have an impeccable sense of dynamics, mood and tension (www.hydrahead.com/pelican).

On the other end of the spectrum in terms of anticipation and disappointment is the abysmal new full-length from MESHUGGAH, *Catch Thirtythree*—as much of a failure in the single album-length song phenomenon as the incredible *I* from last year was a success. The lame pun of the title gives an indication of MESHUGGAH making one ill-advised decision after another in the making of the record. Gone are the multiple changes, blazing speed and great riffs found on *I*, replaced instead by minute after minute (47 actually) of the same plodding, uncomfortably uninteresting off-time riff executed under the guise of being avant-garde, or esoteric, or jazz-inflected, or whatever. It's just a shitty riff. And perhaps most inexcusable, they've wasted their advantage of one of the finest drummers in modern metal by using a drum machine on *the entire record*. Really, what were they thinking...?

Well, I had a few more things I was planning on mentioning, including the bone-breaking heaviness of THE DYING LIGHT's *The Killing Plan* (Willowtip, www.willowtip.com). What do you get when you mix the guy from CATTLEPRESS with the drummer of RIPPING CORPSE? Surprise, surprise: CATTLEPRESS riffs at death metal speed with quirky off-time tempo shifts and some of the most vicious vocals in the genre. This is easily one of the best death metal releases of the year—the production (by Eric Rutan not coincidentally) is hellishly dark and sounds not a little like HATE ETERNAL and MORBID ANGEL. Everything about this is done with deadly precision, in par-

ticular the very Rutan-like leads and the flawless drumming of Brandon Thomas—the guy is a machine. Really, don't miss this for one of the most uncompromising, unmelodic, brutal releases of the year. I guess I went ahead and mentioned 'em anyway…

OK, that's really it for now. My mom's been properly rehydrated after having gone through three IV bags worth of saline and we're heading out of town like we meant to six hours ago. I suppose it's not very metal to write about your mother in a grind column, but she did manage some pretty impressive projectile vomiting all over my bathroom today, so we're all real proud of her. See ya next month.

Elliott Lange, 1320 Fulton St., San Francisco, CA 94117, USA, cromlaughs@hotmail.com

No.

(*ahem*)

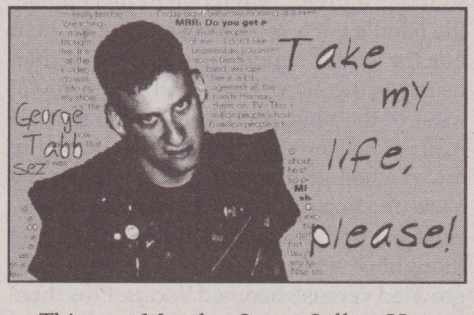
Why is it ok for many women in the "underground" HC/punk/activist/etc. scenes to fetishize men with protruding hip bones? If the images of anorexic female supermodels our media bombards us with are considered by our independent-minded comrades to be regressive and damaging to women's health and self-esteem, why is it acceptable for some of the same progressive critics to place similar pressures on men? What's so sexy about malnourishment? Living off of ramen sucks and is basically a form of starving, and people who are starving are usually lousy lays. Why are so many enlightened, modern women encouraging dudes to spend the little money they have on bad tattoos and amphetamine instead of a good, healthy meal? When's this Sid Vicious bullshit gonna die, already?

...and in response to your all-knowing smirk, no, I am not fat. I'm not even "Rubenesque." I get a beer gut when staying in one place for months on end, but I occasionally do, in fact, have protruding hip bones. This is generally after being on tour for a while, starving and on amphetamine. It kind of sucks, especially when I start getting sick really easily, and it never fails that I get hit on more often when I am sickly, wired, and starving. Of course, all I really want at that point is a cheeseburger, but if I get treated to anything it's usually a drink (which just makes me feel worse). Sheesh.

Anyway, if you are helping in some way to perpetuate the ever-increasing public fetishization of unhealthy skinniness, cut that shit out. Go grab a cute, underweight homeless kid and feed them a big meal of baked tofu and collard greens over quinoa. Or a cheeseburger. Or something. Just cut it out with the protruding hip bone thing. For real.

Can you tell we got nagged to actually turn in our columns on deadline this month? Holy shit, it's late. I gotta go to bed.

Johnny Thunder Thighs, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609. johngeek@hotmail.com. To check out old "NO" columns in my horrible, horrible archive, just go to www.myspace.com/noarchive and shlaboogle.



This past Monday, I gave Jeffrey Hyman the Lifetime Achievement Award from *Heeb* Magazine at The Jewish Museum here in New York City. While I thought the the place didn't feel right, seeing as it was also a holocaust museum, and right across the street from Ground Zero, I kept sorta tight lipped, for me, and gave Jeff's mom the award.

As she and I walked off the stage to lots of applause, she said, "George, I can feel Joey here!"

I looked at her face and her smile was so big I almost cried. I missed him as well, so I told her "I miss Jeff, too!"

"Joey," she told me as she put her soft hand on my shoulder, "he liked to be called Joey."

I corrected myself and started to tell her how happy he and his band had made me over the years. Then I felt him there, too.

So I told her this tiny vignette involving her son's band. While it didn't directly involve him, it had that over all feeling of fun, carelessness, and everything great that was and will always be Joey Ramone.

*

"Play *THE SONG*, man," my high school pal, Scott Peterson, says to me as I gun the motor of my Datsun 510 station wagon. As I do, the orange car with the blue Batman logo on the hood begins to shake.

"George," Scott says, "if you ain't gonna play it, I'm gonna pop in a different tape. Maybe Billy Joel."

I ease off the gas and push the fast-forward button on the Archer tape deck to find *THE SONG*. As I do, the eject button falls off. Cheap Radio Shack piece of shit. But at least The Ramones tape of *Road To Ruin* is in the deck, with The Dead Boys' *Young, Loud, & Snotty* on the other side. If I was gonna have to listen to the same songs over and over, this was the right cassette.

As I search for *THE SONG*, I notice that Mike Gibson's 1967 Mustang is pulling way ahead of us as we are making our way about thirty miles south of Tallahassee to a sink hole that Scott promises will have naked chicks sunbathing around it.

Actually, it may have been west of Tallahassee. Or East. I don't know. Or care.

Fucking Florida.

Finally, I find *THE SONG*, and crank it up. The Ramones "Bad Brain" begins: "I used to be an A student/I never used to complain/I used to be a truant/But I'm still the same/Bad bad brain."

As we sing along, banging our heads on the windshield, Scott takes out a joint and lights it up.

"Dude," he says to me from behind his wire-frame glasses and seventies mustache, "we are gonna get *so* laid."

I nod my head, singing along with The Ramones, knowing damn well that none of us were gonna get any pussy. The only pussy that *any* of us got lately was the one that Mike Gibson ran over with his wicked 'Stang.

"It went like 'meow,' than made this splashing sound," Mike had told me a few days earlier, while doing bong hits during my break at Publix Supermarket as a bag boy.

After taking a couple of drags of the joint, I noticed that Mike Gibson had pulled way ahead of us. And since he, or his passenger, David Williams, didn't know exactly where the sinkhole was, I realized I'd better catch up. Only Scott knew where it was for sure.

So, as "Bad Brain" cranks out, I gun the motor again, and when I hit about ninety miles per hour or so, I catch up to the White 'Stang.

"Pull up next to them," Scott tells me as we make our way down the deserted high-

way. It's about three in the afternoon and only about a hundred and ten degrees. I do.

"Hey dudes," yells Scott to Mike and David through his passenger window to Mike's driver's window.

Mike raises his hand up and waves. Then smiles from behind his mirrored sunglasses. I turn down my Radio Shack piece of shit and hear The Dead Boys blasting from the 'Stang. The guy has good taste. I also see that the car is so filled with pot smoke that David is hard to see in the passenger's seat.

"The sink hole is about ten miles ahead," Scott yells to the guys as my car struggles to keep up with them.

"Uh huh," says Mike, as David passes him a huge bong, and then takes a big hit.

"Try this," says Scott, as he holds his joint out the window to give to Mike. At ninety miles an hour.

Of course the thing flies away.

"Fuck," says Scott, "that was some good shit. Hawaiian Gold!"

"We must have more pot," I yell at Scott as the wicked 'Stang pulls head of my Datsun 510 station wagon.

"Sorry dude," says Scott.

I tell him I'm gonna pull up next to those guys again, and for him to ask for the bong.

As I do, my car begins to get the shakes again. I clutch the steering wheel tightly, and listen as Scott yells to Mike and David.

"Dudes," says Scott, "pass the bong!"

"Okay," says David.

"Fuck that," says Mike, "first ya gotta catch us!"

With that Mike Gibson guns the motor of his wicked 'Stang, and the next thing I knew they were about a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

"Catch-up," says Scott.

"Duh," I say.

I gun the motor of my Batmobile as Scott fiddles with the rewind button. Finally he finds the beginning of "Bad Brain" and we sing along once more as we try to catch up to Mike and David.

First we get to about a hundred miles per hour.

Then a hundred and five.

"I don't think she's gonna make it, Captain," I say to Scott in my best Scottish voice as the steering wheel begins to shake violently.

"Go faster," was his reply.

So I gunned it harder. Now we're going a hundred and ten and the car feels like one of those machines fat people used to to shake off those excess pounds.

"We're almost there," yells Scott. He has to yell because the wind is so loud.

Finally the Datsun 510 Wagon hits its peak at one hundred twenty, and we pull up next to Mike and David.

Mike looks down at his speedometer, then at me.

"Pretty slick, Tabb," he says, as he pulls so close to my car that suddenly the wind stops howling outside of my passenger side.

The next thing I know he passes Scott the bong. Scott lights up the bowl and takes a hit. He then tells me to take one. At a hundred and twenty miles an hour.

"Are you fucking nuts," I ask him as I clutch the steering wheel for dear life. But as I do, I notice it's not shaking anymore.

"It's not shaking anymore," I exclaim.

"You've reached Warp Speed," yells David from the other car.

"Cool," I say.

"So you gonna do a hit?" Scott asks as he holds the bong in his lap.

"Sure," I say, and tell Scott to hold the wheel as I take the bong from him, light it up, and take a puff.

"This tastes like shit!" I yell as I exhale some of the worst stank weed I've ever had.

"I harvested it this morning from my cowfield," says David.

"Give it back," says Mike as we continue down the deserted highway at a hundred and twenty.

"First ya gotta catch me," I say, then hit the gas pedal as hard as I can with my right foot.

Then we heard a "whumping" sound.

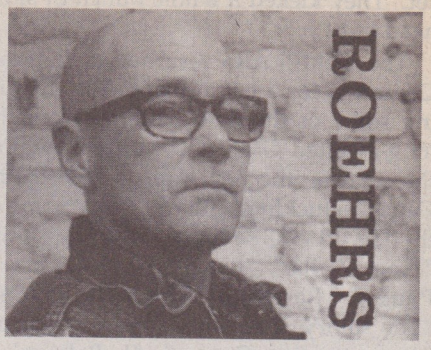
An hour and a half later, while waiting for the tow truck in the hot Florida sun, Scott asked to hear "Bad Brain" again. And I played it for him. Again.

And again.

And again.

Take My Life, Please.

1. My new book, *Surfing Armageddon* should be out by now, and this story takes place during the book's time period. See if you can tell where I changed the names!
2. www.georgetabb.com
3. I miss Joey. Also Dee Dee and John. A lot.
4. This month I got some cool stuff including a new CD from The Kaiser Cartel that features my pal, Ben! The CD is so cool it even comes with crayons to color it the cover! Talk about DIY! And the music? It rocks! Check them out at www.kaisercartel.com. I also got issue number twelve of *Grumpus*, a zine put out by my friend Chris. Good stuff. Punk Rock, Knoxville stylee, boyee! Also got Chris's CD of his band, The Dirty Works. Way Rad!
5. Does the PSP rock or what?



War on the Streets

You skins and punks already know that the Anti-Wasted Show in Pomona was a huge success! Mark, from TKO, and Gonzo, from London Calling and San Gabriel Unity Skins busted their ass to make this event happen. Many thanks to Mark and Gonzo.

Oakland's skinhead heroes, NUTS + BOLTS, played a great meet and greet show on Friday night at the Zen Sushi Bar in the Silverlake neighborhood. Strong Arm Bullies and Wednesday Night Heroes were there to win the crowd's respect. Skinheads from all over the United States took the trip to Los Angeles for this major punk and skinhead event!

Playing at the Tiki Room in Pomona on Saturday were some of the most respected punk and skinhead bands on this planet. THE BOILS turned in some passionate journeyman punk rock. TOMMY AND THE TERRORS demonstrated why the kids in Boston go berserk when these wild cretins hit the stage!

RAT CITY RIOT continues to take the California punk and skin scene by storm!! Noah and his band mates are gaining momentum with every show!

THE EFFIGIES are back from the dead! Chicago's hardcore geniuses played a spirited set of punk-fucking-rock. Father Time has etched his name on the faces of these fucks, but they know how to play punk rock with authority! The band was well received by punks and skins alike. Chet from ADOLPH AND THE PISS ARTISTS asserts that THE EFFIGIES were one of the most influential bands in hardcore circles.

THE REDUCERS SF have a bunch of new material written for a forth-coming album. THE REDUCERS SF played a brilliant set! They remain one of the cornerstones of California skinhead music. During the Pomona show NUTS + BOLTS felt thoroughly comfortable- profiting from their Friday night warm-up

set. They kicked a whole bunch of skinhead butt!

The TEMPLARS returned to Pomona, California for a triumphant show featuring some of the new material from the long-awaited GMM CD. A high point of the set was the new song, "True to the Cause"—fucking brilliant! Read some of the TEMPLARS set list—every song a hit! "Four Walls," "New York," "Skins & Punks," " Revenge," "War in the Streets," "The Glory that Once Was," "Victim," "True to the Cause," "I Believe in Myself," "Street Fight," and "Runnin' Riot." Excellent!!

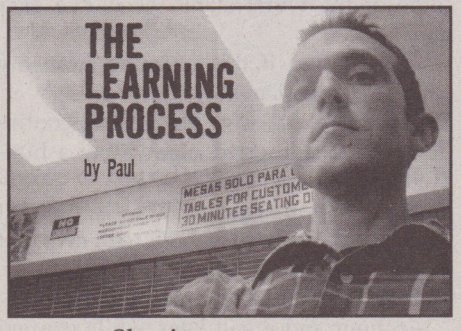
Those vicious punks from Edison, New Jersey, THE RITES, have a fucking amazing seven-inch EP out now! The popular Gloom Records, based in Albany, New York, has dropped the motherfucking hammer on you with the *Death of the Party* seven-song EP. By now you are familiar with THE RITES output on DeadAlive Records from Philadelphia. DeadAlive put out THE RITES 12" 45 RPM masterpiece that contained instant hardcore classics such as "It Gets Worse," "Go Out and Die," "Asshole City," "Self-Defeated," and "Your Last Rites." THE RITES continued the onslaught with the *Wish You Never Knew* 12" on Even Worse/Way Back Records. This rough fuck of a record contains "Sharp Tongues," "Slit Wrists," "Paid for in Blood," "No More I'm Sorrys," and "Pissing on Your Grave" among other gems.

THE RITES songs on the new Gloom Records EP include: "Nothing To Show For It," "Come Get It," "I'll Sleep When I'm Dead," "Overthought It," "Picked Clean," "Just Try," and a cover of "High Time" by Indiana punk legends ZERO BOYS. Read some of these lyrics on "Come Get It." "Take from me what you think you should / To see just what I'd do / It's not that easy and you're not that tough / You'll have to pry my dead hands / To see it through / Come and get it / If you want it from me You can't take what I won't let you see / Come and get it if you want it from me / But you won't take my time / Tell the truth or become better liars / It's all transparent before it transpires / Either way just keep it consistent / I'm just using you for my entertainment / You won't get anything at all to finish anything / It never pleases you / All for you / It never pleases you."

Fuckin' A! Another song that captures some of THE RITES quest for vengeance is "Just Try It." Read this bitter rant: "I won't try and keep it a secret from you / I'll just stab you in the front / You blame me cause you started slipping / You know damn well that I'm not the guilty one / You think you're crazy / That I should be worried / I stole everything from you / I want blood and I want it from you / You know you feel it / You don't need an excuse / Just give it a try / Get to me / Make me suffer, please / You said it / I know what you're thinking / It's what you feel / I laugh at your pain / Cause you're just so pathetic / Don't mull it over / Just make your move / You think you're crazy / That I should be worried / I stole everything from you / You know you feel it / You don't need an excuse / I want blood and I want it from you / Get to me / Make me plead."

Fuck yes! THE RITES are clearly one of the best bands playing this type of music at the moment. Great punk rock with solid rock 'n' roll underpinnings. Get the new RITES product from Gloom Records, PO Box 14256, Albany, NY 12212, USA.

Till next month, see you at the bar!



Shaping your carreer

I named the column "The Learning Process" because I was hoping to share my experiences becoming a coordinator at MRR after all these years of just hanging out on the sidelines. But the job itself has kept me from being able put a lot of effort into my column. As time goes by I get more and more entrenched in the day-to-day operations here. It's hard to remember where I was at a few months ago, or even a few days ago. Every day is basically a long list of things to do, and it seems like each time I start something I realize that something else needs to be done first. So the more work that gets done, the more work gets created.

I guess I'm sort of a workaholic by nature. A lazy workaholic. Like, I'll flake on a million things, but once I start on a project, I can't stop. A lot of the time I get bogged down in the tiniest details because I want everything to be done thoroughly. I'm learning, slowly but surely, to try to think about the bigger picture. For example, I just spent a shitload of time fixing the Iowa scene report so that url's and email addresses didn't break with a hyphen at the end of a line when I really should've been writing this column (so that I could sleep, so that I could get up and call our distributor tomorrow morning, so that we can get paid, so that we can pay our printer, etc.).

But somewhere in the midst of it all, we have to keep in mind that we're making a magazine that we want people to read, and that we believe in. We have to be thinking constantly about What It's All About. You might've already read in the letters section one reader's criticism of our printing an ad for the (since cancelled) Wasted Fest in a recent issue. There are so many grey area decisions like that that we make here almost every day. Do we take ad from a place that makes hats and hoodies for bands and labels? Sounds pretty cheesy to me. I don't think mesh hats have anything to do with what this magazine stands for, and yet am I going to make that my fight?

It may sound corny, but the first thing I ask myself when confronted with a judgment call is, "What would Tim do?" ("WWTD?" mesh hats, anyone?) It's usually a good place to start, but it's hard to answer when it comes to things like, oh, the whole Mike Thorn debacle. I think Tim Yo would've nailed that fucker to a cross, but me, I'm a quite a bit more mild mannered and reasonable than that. Some may argue that this position requires someone a lot less mild mannered and reasonable than myself. That may prove to be true, but I can only work with what I've got. Still, I'd like to think that I'm not a total milquetoast. We're taking stands here every day for the cause of the punx. Some asshole from *Rolling Stone* called today and wanted some kind of quote for a "sidebar" they're doing about Gilman Street, and I told him to fuck off. I can't take credited for that, though. An actual, little-know fact is that it is MRR's official policy to tell anyone that calls from a major label, or mainstream media, to "fuck off." So, sorry *Rolling Stone* guy. Wait. No. Fuck you, *Rolling Stone* guy. Anyway...

Right now we're in the middle of a major crisis with our distributor. It's a situation that requires a lot of negotiating, a lot of acting like an actual businessperson. The most dreadful part of this job (next to column writing) is having to deal with the non-punks, like the printer, the landlord, the bank, etc. The coordinators

are basically the CEOs and CFOs of a corporation (yes, MRR is a fucking corporation!). So it's like a "normal" job here, but it's also something we care deeply about. We can't just go home at the end of the day and forget about it. So times of stress at MRR are equally stressful for us personally.

Alas, that is where I'm at right now. Stressed as fuck, worried about the future of the magazine and wishing I was in bed next to my awesome girlfriend. I'm not complaining, though—I knew what I was getting into when I took this job. Or did I? I'm learning way more than I ever wanted to know about running a business, thinking way more than I ever wanted to about what it means to be a punk, sleeping way too little, and loving it.

I was about to get into the part where I talk about how rad Golnar and Martin are, and how lucky I feel to have them as co-coordinators, but never mind. I don't wanna get all mushy on ya.

***

"The Learning Process" has other significance as well. You may be familiar with the song of that name by Pariah on the *Not So Quiet on the Western Front* LP. That was MRR's first project and the insert for that record was later to be known as issue "#0" of *MRR* magazine. But more significantly (for me), Pariah was the very first punk band I ever saw. It was at the Keystone Berkeley with the Pop-O-Pies and the Dead Kennedys in late 1983. If anyone knows the exact date of that show, please let me know! I want to know my official anniversary.

And how cool is it that Pariah's Ray Lujan is also still here at MRR after all these years? Up the old folx!

Write! Paul, PO Box 190054, SF, CA 94119. paul@maximumrocknroll.com

Then.

I was thirteen years old and a high school freshman when I first declared myself to be a punk. This pronouncement could not have come at a better time for me. I was awkward and shy, and not at all comfortable in my own skin. Punk gave me the tools to start seeing my differences as badges of honor instead of vulnerabilities in my very thin protective armor. Of course, I wasn't invincible overnight, but at least I was *something*, even if that something was just a young girl feeling a little less lost, and a little less exposed. There weren't ever many punks in the high school I went to, though when I started out there were a number of intimidating hessian types (boys, of course) with Type O Negative and Metallica T-shirts whose denim jackets revealed them to also be marginally into the Misfits and Black Flag. I never made any real inroads with those kids, as dirty and cool as they seemed, because I was too self conscious, or maybe just too much of a nerd.

It was a couple of weeks into my sophomore year that I spotted someone down the end of the main hallway of the school, hunched over the hall attendants' station, leaning ever so precariously on the too-small desk in front of her, mid-conversation with the person behind the desk. The whole picture came to me in bits and pieces: the patchwork pants, the spiked bracelets, the fucked up haircut, and most of all the one fire-engine red tuft of hair, towards the front and slightly off centered. Oh my god, I thought. A punk! It took me the entire week to find out who she was—a junior named Emily, and new to the school—and still another week to actually talk to her. A mutual friend (a goth girl, who else?) introduced us, and the three of us spent that afternoon hanging out in front of the local comic book store (a popular spot for the local goths and heshers) talking about our favorite bands (mine were the Germs and uh…the Germs), our favorite books (Emily's was *The Castle* by Kafka, which I started reading only days later), along with the other requisite teenaged hate-this-town-and-our-school-and-our-parents fare. The next day I spotted her walking by my afternoon English class. I excused myself to use the bathroom and caught up with her down the hall. My heart was thumping loudly. I was fearful that the afternoon before had been a fluke, and that she would call me out on being a poser, or worse yet, tell me either in words or with some look in her eyes that she just didn't find me all that interesting. Instead, she grinned when she saw me and invited me to her house after school. Finally, it was official: we were friends.

Emily was much bolder than I was, and in my estimation a great deal more sophisticated. She laughed loudly and distinctly, she cut her own hair (most people made fun, but I thought she looked beautiful), she knew lewd jokes, she had kissed lots of boys, and she went to punk shows in Manhattan. And she did her own fanzine! She also knew a lot more about music than I did, so I started to spend afternoons at her house, listening to her tapes, eagerly soaking in what I could. She played me everything she knew: lots of local stuff, older British stuff like Sham 69, X-Ray Spex, Crass, and the Buzzcocks, and the then-current riot grrrl fare of Bikini Kill and Huggy Bear, which seemed the most immediate, and somehow, the most fun. Really, our knowledge of punk was pretty minimal, but this made it so there were fewer rules. It seemed to me then that there wasn't anything that she didn't know, so I took her word about most things as law. She taught me how to mail order records, chastised me for not owning a record player, showed me how to sew a patch on my bag, and took me to the local punk record store (located in the upstairs of a nearby punk café, where nervous teenagers all attempted to make the scene). Just as importantly, though, she let me try her parents' bourbon, helped me the first time I put on eyeliner, and impressed me with a string of stories about sneaking out of her house and getting drunk with older boys from nearby towns, all of whom—of course—were hopelessly in love with her. These were wild, overindulgent stories that I knew even then had at least an element of fiction, but in truth I was happy to buy into the myth of my new friend as well as her reality. One morning, she arrived at school and proudly presented me with two Germs armbands, both of which she had sewn the night before—one for me and one for her. The familiar blue circle was crudely cut out of cloth and very imprecise, but we both proudly wore the armbands for weeks. In those first few of months of friendship, not only did Emily seem tough and unafraid, but savvy in ways I had not ever before experienced. We spent hours sitting in her room talking, inventing ourselves as punks and as women, drowning in our own romantic notions of things but still able to laugh and joke and have fun. My confidence was bolstered by my new friend; we were the punks, and we were gonna fuck shit up.

It was around this time that we began to integrate ourselves into the local punk scene. There were two boys at my school, Peter and Mike, who both lived around the corner from me and had become punks somewhere in the midst of that year. They were just regular kids in my class the year before, but there they were all of a sudden wearing Dead Kennedys and Circle Jerks T-shirts and skateboarding in the school parking lot. I befriended them right away, though Emily immediately found them suspicious. Neither Peter nor Mike was nearly as smart or self-aware as Em, but they were goofy and charming nonetheless, and I enjoyed their easy company. We even started a band, the two boys and I, though Emily feigned disinterest from the first time I mentioned the idea. We also started going to local punk and hardcore shows together, finally completing my slow march forward from being a punker only in my own head to being connected—however tenuously—to the punk scene at large. I watched every band, took note of every T-shirt and back patch, and gratefully thanked every person who gave me their zine as I tried to make sense of it all.

The Long Island punk and hardcore scene in those days was fairly young, and it was absolutely dominated by boys and men. The attention that young punk girls like Emily and myself got in this scene rarely came from other girls, especially those who were already more established. In truth, girls were a too-rare commodity in hardcore where I grew up, so most of the attention that we received was from the boys, often a bit older (or honestly, a lot older) and all too happy to flex their muscles as movers and shakers in the scene. Of course, I was nervous about how green behind the ears I was, and eager to prove myself, but it was shocking to see that Emily was too. She laughed too loudly at boys in bands' jokes, deferred to the tedious monotony of their personalities, and accepted their sense of superiority as a matter of course. I found so many of these older boys to be so boring and *normal*, especially in comparison to my friend, but there was not much I could do. I mean, it's not like those guys wanted to *talk* to us. I knew neither how to support nor protect Emily, and I didn't have the tools to call those scene dudes out on shit that I would never let fly now; I was barely fifteen years old, after all. So I just tried to turn a blind eye to their most egregious affronts to her autonomy as a person, and I also tried to ignore how she handled them.

It didn't take long for cracks to begin to show in the relationship between me and my closest friend. Emily, for all her brazenness and intelligence was in many ways far more isolated than I was. She barely had a relationship with her family, and was perpetually on the verge of failing out of school. The energy that made her so intoxicating in the first place came to be too much at times even for me, her most loyal adherent. Our first really big fight came one evening when the two of us and Mike were at Peter's house. His parents were out of town, so we took the opportunity to go swimming, listen to music loudly, and steal their beer without fear of reprisal. The evening was tense, with Emily barely able to control her disdain for my relationship with the boys. Finally, some time into the night, I pulled her aside, essentially to tell her to chill the fuck out. We are all friends, I told her, so there is no reason to be so catty.

"Golnar," she said, "I am sick of watching you flirt with those boys like their attention is all that matters in the world." And it went on from there, with her telling me I was just less interesting with them around, and worse yet, seemingly happy about that fact.

I was angry, so I didn't hold back. I told her that at least those boys were my friends and not some fucking random assholes I met at a show. I don't recall exactly what else I said, but I do remember not quite being able to get out the words that would explain how bad she made me feel when older punk boys were around. What we both said was brutal and cold, and full of the epithets that exist mostly just to cut young girls apart. We both stormed out of Peter's house without a word. The next day Emily apologized and we were friends again, though only barely, and only briefly. Some time later we had a final falling out in the stairway at our school not even a year after we had first met. I don't remember what that last fight was about, but I do remember that when I told her we couldn't be friends any more, Emily cried. I kept going to shows and so did she for a while, but she stopped going to school and eventually stopped going to shows, and thus drifted totally out of my life. The last I heard from her, she was dating some punk guy in his twenties, with rumors of a pregnancy and an abortion floating around the scene.

Now.

Over tea and vegan Chinese food in Chinatown last month, C. and I had a long conversation about gender and punk, one of so many that I've had over the years that I have long lost count. Specifically, we talked about how many punk women we both knew who first kissed, made out with, or slept with sleazy older punk guys early on in their introductions to the scene. We both acknowledged how hard it can be for a young girl to gain access to information or acceptance in punk, especially with how disorienting and difficult to navigate those teenage years are. This is not to say that teenage punk boys have it easy. Most of us, regardless of gender, turn to punk rock as an outlet for our aggression and as a common space to battle our inner and outer demons. Too often, however, these battles are waged on a woman's *body*, not to mention her mind, with not even close to enough margin for error.

I have a heard a story, and I'm quoting Arwen here, that Tim Yo is known to have said that he'd prefer for women to coordinate Maximum because for a punk girl to have gotten to the point where they can run MRR, they would have had to deal with so much more shit than the average punk boy. I am not sure if this story is apocryphal or not, but it is telling; I have faced some of the most brutally misogynistic experiences of my life in the punk scene, and the punk women I know in their 20s and 30s (and beyond) are some of the strongest, most self-possessed, and most accomplished people I know.

I wish now, with over a decade of hindsight at my disposal, that I had better known in my teens how to take care of my friend. Instead, I had too many of my own battles to face to be strong enough for the both of us. It was in this magazine's columns section not two or three issues ago that my fellow columnist Kat implored punk girls to take care of each other. I have learned that lesson again and again over the years, and so I try to. If we don't take care of each other, it remains possible that nobody else will.

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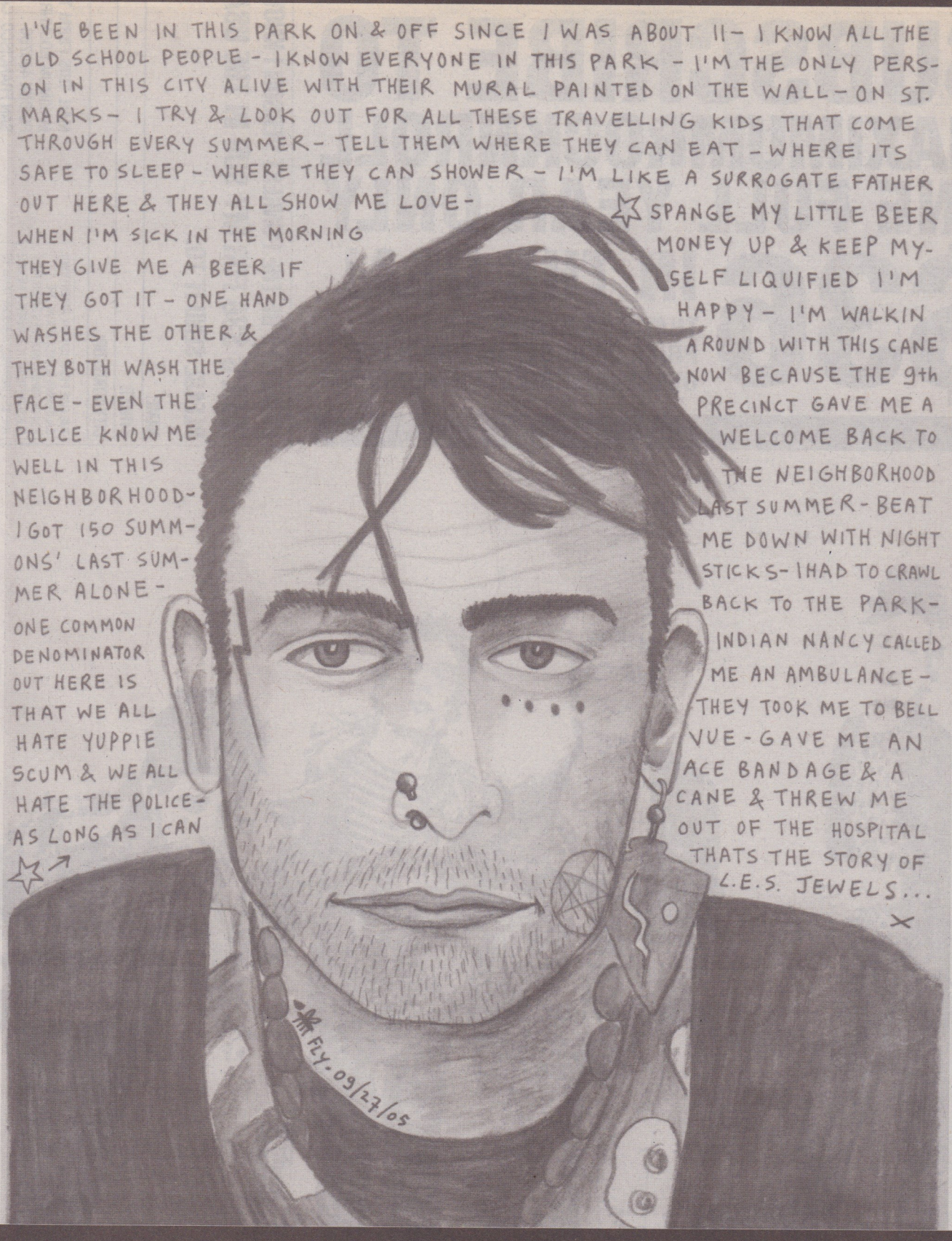

L.E.S. Jewels — 09/27/05 — Tompkins Square Park NYC

I can't remember when I first met Jewels — he has been around for a long time — as he says he is the surrogate father of the "gutter pirates" — the punks of Tompkins Square Park — Jewels recently had a birthday — there he was with his cane diving from the stage at the Choking Victim show!! Punk rock!! — Jewels is trying to get a band together — you can find him on crusty row in Tompkins.

to contact Fly - email: fly@bway.net (put MRR in the subject so I know its not spam) - website: www.bway.net/~fly

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MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #271 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE & CLARA JEFFERS

BUSHMEN VILLAGES NEARLY EMPTIED: BOTSWANA ACCUSED OF FORCED REMOVAL

—from Washington Post Foreign Service by Craig Timburg

All but a few of the Bushmen living in Botswana's Central Kalahari Game Reserve have been forcibly removed from their homes in recent days in what spokesmen for the affected communities said is a final push by the government to end human habitation there after tens of thousands of years.

The First People of the Kalahari, an activist group in Botswana, said that Bushmen villages had been cut off from their main sources of food and water and that outsiders had been prohibited from entering to provide relief for the past six weeks.

The group said a heavy contingent of police, military and park rangers trucked out about 40 people—most of the remaining residents—at gunpoint on Friday and Saturday. The stragglers face constant harassment, it said.

Botswana officials gave a strikingly different account, saying the police activity was prompted by a quarantine because of a disease affecting the goats many Bushmen keep. The officials also said that all those who had left had done so voluntarily.

But Jumanda Gakeredone of the First People of the Kalahari said that such basic activities as hunting game and gathering water-filled roots had been prohibited and that officials had seized goats, sheep and other livestock the Bushmen use for food.

"The situation is really, really bad," he said from Gaborone, the capital of Botswana. "Every day, they are there with guns." Officials acknowledged that one of the game reserve's two main villages, Malapo, had been deserted since 25 residents were trucked out recently. The other substantial settlement, Metsiamanong, lost nearly half its remaining residents when 14 left on government trucks about the same time.

They are not permitted to return as long as the quarantine remains in force, the government said. No date has been set for the end of the quarantine, and activists said it was just a pretext for removing the Bushmen while their right to stay is being argued in a major court battle.

Government officials have long sought to drive the Bushmen from the game reserve, saying their increasingly sedentary lifestyle—which includes keeping domestic animals and using motorized vehicles—makes them incompatible with a park for wild animals. The Kalahari reserve is a major tourist attraction for the southern African nation of 1.6 million.

The total number of Bushmen remaining in the reserve, which is larger than Switzerland, is now 27 people in three villages, said Ruth Maphorisa, the top government official for the district, speaking from Gaborone.

"There was no harassment whatsoever," Maphorisa said. "We didn't force anybody to leave." She added that a government videotape of the removals shows the villagers leaving freely. She said police and military troops were there only to help load household belongings onto waiting trucks.

Told of her comments, Gakeredone responded angrily. "It's a lie. No one has left Malapo by choice," he said. "Every day, the police are there and threatening with guns." He also said he could not verify the number of Bushmen left inside the reserve because he and other activists had been barred during the quarantine. His account of incidents there, he said, was based on conversations with those who had been removed.

Bushmen once roamed most of southern Africa, before the encroachment of white settlers moving north from Cape Town and African Bantu farmers migrating south squeezed them nearly out of existence.

Among the final places where Bushmen have maintained traditional ways is the Central Kalahari Game Reserve. But the government has gradually cut off water deliveries and medical services, while forcing children to study outside the reserve in classrooms dominated by speakers of Setswana, the national language.

An estimated 2,000 Bushmen lived in the reserve before the government undertook forced removal campaigns in 1997 and 2002. Most were relocated to New Xade, a settlement outside the reserve. Some Bushmen said they grew despondent in New Xade, separated from their homes and the graves of their ancestors.

Last month, the First People of the Kalahari loaded five trucks full of cornmeal, water and tobacco and attempted to defy the quarantine. There was a confrontation, which grew violent, and police fired rubber bullets to disperse the crowd, injuring one, the government has said. Twenty-one people were arrested.

SPAIN ISSUES WARRANT FOR 3 US SOLDIERS

By CNN Madrid Bureau Chief Al Goodman; CNN Pentagon Correspondent Jamie McIntyre contributed to this report

National Court investigating magistrate Santiago Pedraz issued the warrant Wednesday for the arrests of the soldiers and will seek their extradition to Spain, a National Court spokeswoman told CNN.

They are wanted for "murder" and "a crime against the international community," according to the warrant.

Couso, who worked for Spain's Telecinco network, died at the Hotel Palestine on April 8, 2003, where he was on duty as a TV cameraman to shoot images of war-torn Baghdad. The arrest warrant named the three soldiers as Sgt. Thomas Gibson, commander of the tank that allegedly fired a projectile at the hotel where Couso was filming; Capt. Philip Wolford, Gibson's superior, and Lt. Colonel Philip D. Camp, the captain's superior. The arrest warrant said they were assigned to the US Army's Third Infantry Division.

The arrest warrant says the US provided "no judicial cooperation" in trying to resolve the death of the cameraman. The judge previously had sought to question the three soldiers but received no response from US authorities.

Couso's family has waged a campaign calling for an independent investigation into his death. A lawyer for Couso's family told CNN+ that she doubted the arrest warrant would have much practical effect. She said she understood that the United States would not extradite the men and that they stood little chance of arrest unless they left the United States.

The Pentagon did not immediately respond to requests for reaction to the warrant. In the past, European courts have issued indictments for war crimes for US officials including Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, Gen. Wesley Clark, and other military officers. The United States does not turn over its soldiers.

Couso was one of three journalists killed in two different buildings that day in Baghdad. Also killed at the Palestine Hotel was Reuters cameraman Taras Protsyuk, 35, a Ukrainian national based in Warsaw, Poland, the news agency said. It also said three other employees were wounded in the attack.

Separately, *Al Jazeera* television reporter Tariq Ayoub was killed at the Arab language network's facilities on the other side of the Tigris River from the Palestine Hotel, near Iraq's Ministry of Information. Three other *Al Jazeera* employees were wounded in the strikes, the network reported.

Telecinco says Couso died during surgery following the attack. Al Jazeera charged that its facilities were deliberately targeted, an allegation denied by US Central Command.

"... we don't target journalists deliberately—not now, not ever," said Central Command spokesman Brig. Gen. Vince Brooks.

The US Central Command said US forces came under "significant enemy fire" from both buildings and responded "consistent with the inherent right of self-defense."

Journalists from three Western television networks told CNN they were in the Palestine Hotel when the tank fired and saw no outgoing fire from the hotel.

"These tragic incidents appear to be the latest example of the Iraqi regime's continued strategy of using civilian facilities for regime military purposes," Central Command said in a written statement. The reference to regime was to the government of Saddam Hussein.

"The coalition regrets the loss of innocent life and will continue its effort to protect the innocent from harm."

Then-Pentagon spokeswoman Victoria Clarke said, "I'd like to express again the department's condolences to the families and friends of the journalists who have been killed in this war. They have been doing very, very important work, and we're saddened by their deaths."

MOVING PICTURES IN MRR?!

from Media Guardian UK Katy Duke

Cheap, paper-thin TV screens that can be used in newspapers and magazines have been unveiled by German electronics giant Siemens. The firm says the low production costs could see the magazine shelves in newsagents come alive with moving images vying for the customers' attention as they move along the aisle.

The new technology caused a sensation when it was first made public this week at the Plastics Electronics trade fair in Frankfurt.Siemens spokesman Norbert Aschenbrenner claimed the new screens, which are literally paper thin, can do everything a regular TV screen or computer monitor can do, but cost a fraction of the price.

"The technology makes it possible to put moving images directly onto paper ...at a cost that would make it economical to use on everything from magazines to cigarette packets...where the moving images would give more detailed instructions than any photo could ever do," he said. He said that the technology will be used for Harry Potter-style dynamic pictures in newspapers but will probably take a little while to get cheap enough.

"We think that at the moment the screens will appear first in more expensive magazines in the form of high-impact adverts. But as the price sinks we expect them to appear in papers as well, possibly as a really attention-grabbing front page."

"The images are in colour, and can broadcast anything that can be shown on a regular flat screen monitor or TV, although with a slightly lower quality. These could be short film clips or flash animations like those found on the Internet."

The company believes there will also be a market for using them for simple computer games which could be printed on the side of a package or given away free in magazines.

The Siemens spokesman said that one square meter of the material costs around £30, and scientists working on the screens said they should be available by 2007.

ARCTIC SUMMER SEA ICE SHRINKING FAST

The extent of Arctic sea ice this summer is smaller than it has been since 2002, and federal government scientists say if current rates of decline in sea ice continue, the summertime Arctic could be completely free of ice before the end of this century.

Scientists from NASA and the National Snow and Ice Data Center today called this summer's ice reduction "stunning," and concluded that Arctic sea ice is likely on "an accelerating, long-term decline."

"Considering the record low amounts of sea ice this year leading up to the month of September, 2005 will almost certainly surpass 2002 as the lowest amount of ice cover in more than a century," said Julienne Stroeve of the National Snow and Ice Data Center (NSIDC) based in Boulder.

This decline in sea ice amounts to about 500,000 square miles, an area roughly equivalent to twice the size of Texas. Arctic sea ice extent, or the area of ocean that is covered by at least 15 percent ice, typically reaches its minimum in September, at the end of the summer melt season. On September 21, the five-day running mean sea ice extent dropped to 5.32 million square kilometers (2.05 million square miles), the lowest extent ever observed since the satellite record began in 1978.

The current decline also exceeds past low ice periods in the 1930s and 1940s, the research team said. For the period 1979 through 2001, before the recent series of low extents, the rate of September decline was slightly more than 6.5 percent per decade.

After the September 2002 minimum, the record low before this year, the trend steepened to 7.3 percent. Incorporating the 2005 minimum, with a projection for ice growth in the last few days of September, the estimated decline in Arctic sea ice at the end of summer is now eight percent per decade.

All four years have ice extents about 20 percent less than the 1978 through 2000 average. These findings confirm a report last month from University of Arizona geoscientist Jonathan Overpeck indicating that current warming trends in the Arctic may result in a seasonally ice free state not seen for more than one million years.

The entire Arctic is affected, not the North American Arctic alone.

In mid-September, NSIDC Director Roger Barry spent time in Russia's Laptev Sea on an Arctic icebreaker. The ship entered only one area of continuous ice to the east of Severniya Zemvya, one of the most northern island chains of Russia. Barry said that by comparison, "That whole area was covered in thick multiyear ice last year, in September of 2004."

The impact on Arctic animals will be a matter of life and death, Barry said. "We saw several polar bears quite close to the ship," he said. "Polar bears must wait out the summer melt season on land, using their stored fat until they can return to the ice. But if winter recovery and sea ice extent continue to decline, how will these beasts survive?"

With four consecutive years of low summer ice extent, scientists are more confident than ever that a long-term decline is underway. Walt Meier of NSIDC said, "Having four years in a row with such low ice extents has never been seen before in the satellite record. It clearly indicates a downward trend, not just a short-term anomaly."

Cooler winter temperatures allow the sea ice to "rebound" after summer melting. But last winter, the scientists documented the recovery of sea ice extent was the smallest in the satellite record. With the exception of May 2005, every month since December 2004 has set a new record low ice extent for that month.

Explained NSIDC scientist Florence Fetterer, "Even if sea ice retreated a lot one summer, it would make a comeback the following winter, when temperatures fall well below freezing. But in the winter of 2004-2005, sea ice didn't approach the previous wintertime level."

Satellite records also reveal that since 2002 springtime melting is beginning unusually early in the areas north of Alaska and Siberia. The 2005 melt season arrived even earlier, beating the mean melt onset date by approximately 17 days, this time throughout the Arctic.

In addition, Arctic temperatures are rising. Compared to the past 50 years, average surface air temperatures from January through August, 2005, were two to three degrees Celsius (3.6 to 5.4 degrees Fahrenheit) warmer than average across most of the Arctic Ocean.

"The year 2005 puts an exclamation point on the pattern of Arctic warming we've seen in recent years," said Mark Serreze of NSIDC. "The sea ice cover seems to be rapidly changing and the best explanation for this is rising temperatures," Serreze said.

In earlier centuries, whole expeditions were lost as their crews tried to beat through thick ice and bitter cold of the legendary Northwest Passage through the Canadian Arctic from Europe to Asia.

This summer the Northwest Passage was completely open except for a 60 mile swath of scattered ice floes. The Northeast Passage, north of the Siberian coast, was completely ice free from August 15 through September 28.

The trend in sea ice decline, lack of winter recovery, early onset of spring melting, and warmer-than-average temperatures suggest a system that is trapped in a loop of positive feedbacks, in which responses to inputs into the system cause it to shift even further away from normal. One of these positive feedbacks centers on increasingly warm temperatures.

Serreze explained that as sea ice declines because of warmer temperatures, the loss of ice is likely to lead to further ice losses.

Sea ice reflects much of the Sun's radiation back into space, while dark ice-free ocean absorbs more of the Sun's energy. As sea ice melts, Earth's overall albedo, the fraction of energy reflected away from the planet, decreases. The increased absorption of energy further warms the planet.

"Feedbacks in the system are starting to take hold," says NSIDC Lead Scientist Ted Scambos. Moreover, these feedbacks could change our estimate of the rate of decline of sea ice. "Right now, our projections for the future use a steady linear decline, but when feedbacks are involved the decline is not necessarily steady - it could pick up speed."

The Arctic system is large and complex, and there are many factors driving change in the region. For example, scientists believe that the Arctic Oscillation, a major atmospheric circulation pattern that can push sea ice out of the Arctic, may have contributed to the sea-ice reduction in the mid-1990s. However, the pattern has become less of an influence in the region since the late 1990s, and yet sea ice has continued to decline.

On his cruise north of Siberia, Barry saw another example of a factor that contributes to changes in the Arctic. "Warm water flowing from the Atlantic is persisting in the Siberian Arctic in a layer 100 to 400 meters (109 to 437 yards) below the surface," Barry said.

Heat is probably transferring upward from this layer, helping to maintain open water conditions, he theorizes. Scientists point out that a longer record of data will continue to help them better examine, piece apart, and understand both the influences and the remarkable changes that they are now seeing.

Scientists who collaborated on this study work at the NASA Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Maryland; the NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California; NSIDC at the University of Colorado in Boulder, Colorado; and the University of Washington in Seattle, Washington.

Studies of arctic sea ice extent are funded by NASA and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA). In assessing present-day Arctic sea ice extent, researchers used data from NASA, NOAA, US Department of Defense, and Canadian satellites and weather observing stations.

FLARE UP OVER FAMILY MAKEUP: OPPOSING SIDES WAGE BATTLE OF IDEALS

from www.dailybulletin.com — By Kenneth Todd

The family of a student expelled from Ontario Christian High School because her parents are lesbians protested in front of the campus Monday and said they are considering legal action. About 20 people, including lesbian couple Tina Clark and Mitzi Gray, and two of their three daughters, waved signs from 7:30 am to 4 pm challenging the school's expulsion of their 14-year-old daughter Shay Clark.

"We want to get the policy changed and bring awareness that there is a school in this community that discriminates," said Shay, who is not seeking a reversal of the decision. "The whole purpose of Christianity is to bring people into the church, not turn them away." School officials did not respond to inquiries but released a statement saying the "family does not meet admissions criteria" because of the parents' participation in a homosexual relationship.

The statement, from the office of Superintendent Len Stob's office, also said the parents did not disclose their status at the time of admission, which would have precluded their daughter from enrolling. Clark said her 22-year partnership with Gray was never a secret and that Shay's school application listed both women as her parents. Gray and Clark said the family was talking with lawyers about filing a civil suit against the school.

"Her civil rights have been violated," Gray said. "People shouldn't stand by and allow it. This is 2005, they shouldn't be doing this." A number of parents said they supported the school's decision.

Georgina Reyes, of Chino Hills, said it would be hypocritical of the school to allow a child from a homosexual home to attend because such lifestyles fly in the face of the school's teachings. "Some private Christian schools do not stand up for what they say their value system is," she said. "These are people (school administrators) who are actually living what they say their value system is."

Richard Gonzales, of Ontario, said he pays a lot of money to keep his son out of public schools, which he said are plagued by drugs and gangs. "That's why we pay the big bucks, so we can keep them away from this contamination," he said, gesturing toward the protesters.

Reyes said the protesters should have more respect for the school's freedom to accept or reject students as it sees fit. "You have a right to your choices, we have a right to our choices," she said. "They (protesters) want to impose their beliefs on us."

Although some protesters said it was hypocritical for the school to allow children of \divorced parents to attend, Gonzales, who said he is divorced, said the school only requires parents to live "a moral life." In response to the protesters' chant of "God doesn't hate people, people hate people," Reyes said: "We don't hate people. It's the sin we hate, not the people."

Freshman Shay Clark was expelled Wednesday afternoon, after Gray represented the family at a parent meeting. Her nineteen-year-old sister Jayme Clark, who had attended Ontario Christian for several years, said people at the school were openly aware of her parents' sexuality.

"My friends and the staff knew," she said. "It was never an issue."

Several students exited school and joined the protesters along the sidewalk.

"I support her," said Brooke Peterson, 14, of Shay. "She's not lesbian, her parents are. They're a normal family." Brooke said students had been threatened with expulsion by their teachers if they participated in the protest.

Just after 3 pm, Reyes and three other women gathered at the school and said they would pray for those protesting. The women said they were uncomfortable with any possible influence on their children from a student with homosexual parents. "We're not judging, but we're calling sin what it is. It's sin," said Shirley Rodriguez, of Chino.

STREET BATTLES IN CHILE CELEBRATE COUP ANNIVERSARY

www.anarchistnews.org

In the Fall of 1973, General Augusto Pinochet installed himself as dictator after leading the US-supported military coup that overthrew the government of Chile.

As the 32nd anniversary of the coup approached, masked rebels have took to the streets around the universities of Santiago, disrupting the capitalist order, just as they have done year after year. Combatants raised burning barricades and threw fire and paint bombs at armored police vehicles and officers in riot gear, while the authorities responded with their water cannons and tear gas. The rebels also spray-painted slogans in the area, including words in memory of Claudia López Benaiges, a young anarchist woman who died after she was shot by police while fighting on the barricades in Santiago during the raucous 1998 commemoration of the coup.

The universities are used as a staging ground for confrontations because, according to social custom, they are sanctuaries from police intrusion.

Whether they call themselves democratic, nationalist, or socialist, capitalist states always claim to be based on the ideal of freedom. Chile, founded as a Spanish colony after hundreds of years of warfare and genocide against the indigenous Mapuche Nation, has been graced by governments using all three names. But the history of Chile indicates that no matter what code words are used, capitalism is always a system of rule by police control, the exploitation of labor, and the plunder of land through imperialist warfare.

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ART WORLD GOES WILD FOR CHIMPANZEE'S PAINTINGS

By Nigel Reynolds, Arts Correspondent
from *The UK Telegraph*

The art world, confusing at the best of times, took another right-angled lurch at Bonhams auction house yesterday. Amid wild scenes, three paintings by a chimpanzee were sold for £14,400, more than 20 times their estimate. The paintings are the first non-human artworks to be auctioned

In the same sale an Andy Warhol painting and a small Renoir sculpture attracted so little interest that they had to be withdrawn.

The chimp daubings are believed to be the first works of art by a non-human to go under the hammer. But they were executed by no ordinary chimp. They were painted in the late 1950s by Congo, a celebrity chimp resident in London Zoo who was hailed as the Cezanne of the ape world.

Picasso acquired one of Congo's 400 works, Miro swapped two of his paintings for one of Congo's, and Salvador Dali was so smitten with the ape's canvases that he declared: "The hand of the chimpanzee is quasihuman; the hand of Jackson Pollock is totally animal!"

Bidding for Congo's three works together started at £1,000—they had originally been given an estimated sale price of £600-£800 separately—and ended with two telephone bidders slogging it out.

Victory went to Howard Hong, a private collector in Los Angeles who described himself as an enthusiast of modern and contemporary painting. He immediately issued a statement that could have come from the Dali phrasebook, saying that Congo's painting "represents the complete evolution of mankind."

A Bonham's spokesman said: "It was quite an historic moment and it was fantastically exciting. People seem to see these paintings as the truest form of creativity."

Howard Rutkowski, a Bonhams director, said: "I don't think anybody else has been crazy enough to do this. I'm sure other auction houses think this is completely mad."

Congo became a television celebrity in the late 1950s as the star of Zootime, an animal programme presented from London Zoo by Desmond Morris, the zoologist and anthropologist. He became even more of a cause célèbre when the Institute of Contemporary Arts mounted a large exhibition of his work in 1957. Critics had a field day and debate about the meaning of art raged furiously.

Morris's experiments with Congo, an exceptionally intelligent chimp, began when the zoologist offered him a pencil. He explained recently: "He took it [the pencil] and I placed a piece of card in front of him. This is how I recorded it at the time, 'Something strange was coming out of the end of the pencil. It was Congo's first line. It wandered a short way and then stopped. Would it happen again? Yes, it did, and again and again.'"

The zoologist soon noticed that Congo could draw a circle and had a basic sense of composition: when Morris drew a shape on one half of a piece of paper Congo would make marks on the other half to balance the structure. Later, the chimp took to paints. He never managed to make a recognizable pictorial image but his favorite design was a sort of radiating fan pattern.

Morris recorded: "It was truly art for art's sake. Congo became increasingly obsessed with his regular painting sessions. If I tried to stop him before he had finished a painting, he would have a screaming fit. And if I tried to persuade him to go on painting after he considered that he had finished a picture, he would stubbornly refuse."

Congo died in 1964 of tuberculosis at the age of ten.

ONE-FIFTH OF HUMAN GENES HAVE BEEN PATENTED, STUDY REVEALS

Stefan Lovgren for National Geographic News

A new study shows that 20 percent of human genes have been patented in the United States, primarily by private firms and universities. The study, which is reported this week in the journal Science, is the first time that a detailed map has been created to match patents to specific physical locations on the human genome.

Researchers can patent genes because they are potentially valuable research tools, useful in diagnostic tests or to discover and produce new drugs. "It might come as a surprise to many people that in the US patent system human DNA is treated like other natural chemical products," said Fiona Murray, a business and science professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, and a co-author of the study.

"An isolated DNA sequence can be patented in the same manner that a new medicine, purified from a plant, could be patented if an inventor identifies a [new] application."

Gene patents were central to the biotech boom of the 1980s and 1990s. The earliest gene patents were obtained around 1978 on the gene for human growth hormone. The human genome project and the introduction of rapid sequencing techniques brought a deluge of new genetic information and many new patents. Yet there has been little comprehensive research about the extent of gene patenting.

The new study reveals that more than 4,000 genes, or 20 percent of the almost 24,000 human genes, have been claimed in US patents. Of the patented genes, about 63 percent are assigned to private firms and 28 percent are assigned to universities. The top patent assignee is Incyte, a Palo Alto, California-based drug company whose patents cover 2,000 human genes.

"Gene patents give their owners property rights over gene sequences—for example in a diagnostic test, as a test for the efficacy of a new drug, or in the production of therapeutic proteins," Murray said. "While this does not quite boil down to [the patent holders] owning our genes … these rights exclude us from using our genes for those purposes that are covered in the patent," she said.

Specific regions of the human genome are "hot spots" of patent activity. Some genes have up to 20 patents asserting rights to how those genes can be used.

"Basically those genes that people think are relevant in disease, such as Alzheimer's or cancer, are more likely to be patented than genes which are something of a mystery," Murray said.

The effect of gene patenting on research and investment has been the subject of great debate. Advocates argue that gene patents, like all patents, promote the disclosure and dissemination of ideas by making important uses of gene sequences publicly known.

Patents also provide important incentives to investors who would otherwise be reluctant to invest in ideas that could be copied by competitors. But critics caution that patents that are very broad can obstruct future innovations by preventing researchers from looking for alternative uses for a patented gene.

"You can find dozens of ways to heat a room besides the Franklin stove, but there's only one gene to make human growth hormone," said Robert Cook-Deegan, director of Duke University's Center for Genome Ethics, Law, and Policy.

"If one institution owns all the rights, it may work well to introduce a new product, but it may also block other uses, including research," he said. In cases where there are a lot of patents surrounding one area of research, the scientific costs of gene patents—financial and otherwise—can be extremely high.

"Our data raise a number of concerns about gene patents, particularly for heavily patented genes," Murray said. "We worry about the costs to society if scientists—academic and industry—have to walk through a complex maze of patents in order to make more progress in their research."

SURVEILLANCE TECHNOLOGY MOVES CLOSER TO OUR LIVES

You need not be paranoid to fear RFID
www.boston.com — by Hiawatha Bray

It's one of the cutest of those cute IBM Corp. TV commercials, the ones that feature the ever-present help desk. This time, the desk appears smack in the middle of a highway, blocking the path of a big rig.

"'Why are you blocking the road?" the driver asks. '"Because you're going the wrong way," replies the cheerful Help Desk lady. '"Your cargo told me so." It seems the cartons inside the truck contained IBM technology that alerted the company when the driver made a wrong turn.

It's clever, all right—and creepy. Because the technology needn't be applied only to cases of beer. The trackers could be attached to every can of beer in the case, and allow marketers to track the boozing habits of the purchasers. Or if the cargo is clothing, those little trackers could have been stitched inside every last sweater. Then some high-tech busybody could keep those wearing them under surveillance.

If this sounds paranoid, take it up with IBM. The company filed a patent application in 2001 which contemplates using this wireless snooping technology to track people as they roam through "shopping malls, airports, train stations, bus stations, elevators, trains, airplanes, rest rooms, sports arenas, libraries, theaters, museums, etc." An IBM spokeswoman insisted the company isn't really prepared to go this far. Patent applications are routinely written to include every possible use of a technology, even some the company doesn't intend to pursue. Still, it's clear somebody at IBM has a pretty creepy imagination.

And it's not just IBM. A host of other companies are looking at ways to embed surveillance chips into practically everything we purchase—and even into our bodies. It's a prospect that infuriates Harvard graduate student Katherine Albrecht.

"'I think the shocking part is they've spent the past three years saying, oh no, we'd never do this," Albrecht said. But instead of taking their word for it, Albrecht and her colleague, former bank examiner Liz McIntyre, began reading everything they could find on the subject. Now they're serving up the scary results of their research in a scathing new book, *Spychips*.

That's Albrecht's preferred name for a technology called radio frequency identification technology, or RFID. If you use a Mobil Speedpass to pay for gasoline, you're already using RFID. Your Speedpass contains a microchip and a small antenna that allows it to broadcast information to a receiver. The chip has no power source of its own. Instead, it picks up radio signals from an RFID chip reader, turns these radio waves into electricity, and uses the power to broadcast data to the reader.

Because they need no batteries, RFID chips can be made small enough to attach invisibly to practically anything. One company is even working on a way to print RFID chips onto newspapers, using electrically conductive ink.

Why is this so scary? Because so many of us pay for our purchases with credit or debit cards, which contain our names, addresses, and other sensitive information. Now imagine a store with RFID chips embedded in every product. At checkout time, the digital code in each item is associated with our credit card data. From now on, that particular pair of shoes or carton of cigarettes is associated with you. Even if you throw them away, the RFID chips will survive. Indeed, Albrecht and McIntyre learned that the phone company BellSouth Corp. had applied for a patent on a system for scanning RFID tags in trash, and using the data to study the shopping patterns of individual consumers.

Spychips reveals a US government plan to order RFID chips embedded in all cars sold in America. No big deal—until you realize the police could then track your comings and goings by putting inexpensive RFID readers at key intersections.

Then there are the RFID pajamas from a California maker of children's clothing. It's a clever way to prevent kidnapping: Just put RFID readers in your home, to alert you if Junior's taking an unauthorized trip. It's easy to imagine parents buying into this idea, but they'll now have to install RFID readers in their homes. "There's the nose in the camel's tent," said Albrecht. At first, companies will just scan your kids' jammies. But later they'll ask permission to scan the tags on your groceries and your clothes. The consulting company Accenture has patented a design that builds an RFID reader into a household medicine cabinet, to make sure you're taking all your medications.

There are countless applications for RFID, and viewed in isolation, some are downright appealing. It would be nice for the medicine cabinet to send you an email—"Time to buy more Viagra." But what if it's also sending that data to consumer marketing companies, eager to bombard you with unwanted advertising? Worse yet, what if they're sending the data to government investigators, or to hackers who've figured out how to break into the system?

Not to worry, said Jack Grasso, spokesman for EPC Global of Lawrenceville, NJ—the nonprofit organization that sets technical standards for RFID systems. His organization has a code of ethics that requires notifying consumers about the presence of RFID tags. The group also recognizes the right of consumers to deactivate RFID tags, and is working to develop systems to make this easy.

So how about putting these principles into law? No thanks, said Grasso. "We believe it is far too early." Because the RFID industry is so young, any regulation "would have a chilling effect that would put us back years."

Somebody needs to sit down and think this through. Dozens of companies and government agencies are planning to use RFID to track nearly every move we make. And although many of the individual applications make sense, what would happen if they were all implemented, without oversight or restraint? We'd then live in a world in which everything we own gossips about us behind our backs.

And it would be too late to call the IBM Help Desk to ask for our privacy back.

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Crimes Against Humanity Records / Distribution

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Despite "No Promise of Tomorrow" Cd / Lp Gut wrenching Hardcore / Grind / Punk from the deepest bowels of WI. w/ Spanish Translations.
Urban Head Raw "Human Instinct" Cd Japanese Crust Metal influences that will blow you away.
Agathocles "Alive And Mincing" Cd Brutal Grindcore from Belgium. We all know them by now. This is almost sold out and gone forever.
Words That Burn "Spawning Ground For Hatred" Cd / Lp (Mailorder gets Ltd to 100 Red Vinyl) Surly, gurgling mid-paced "crusty" hXc that proves what E.N.T. SHOULD have sounded like as a death metal band... (Ex Remission) (Violence Zine)

To What End? "The Purpose Beyond" Cd / Lp Burly and melodic hardcore / punk from Sweden featuring current members of Wolfpack
Remains of the Day "Hanging on Rebellion" Cd / Lp Melodic and heavy crust with a violin.
Asschapel "Fire And Destruction" Cd / Lp Asschapel lays down 12 tracks of sheer metalized head banging destruction.

Disgust "The Horror Of It All" Cd / Lp Brutal UK D-beat crust from a founding E.N.T. member. (Formerly on Earache and Nuclear Blast Recs)
Facedowninshit "Shit Bloody Shit" Cd Early discography, think stoner rock, grind / crust, hardcore / punk, doom / sludge = FDIS.
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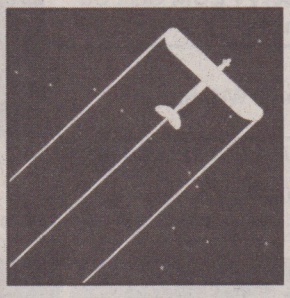

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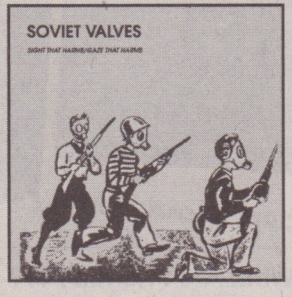

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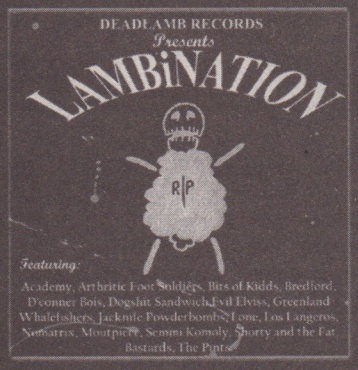

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IOWA

This is a compilation of information of bands, record labels, record stores, and venues in (for the most part) eastern Iowa. There is talk of some things going on in the Quad Cities area of Illinios and also heading out more west into Iowa, but it's all relevant to the area. I have never seen a scene report written on this area and thought it was way past due for someone to put forth the effort. Please take the time to check out some of the amazing things happening here! Please feel free to post this anywhere and everywhere that people may be interested in hearing about it. Huge thanks to everyone who helped make this possible.

Bands

A IS JUMP is a Midwest psych group with some electronic shadings. They have been around since 1998 in various forms and began as with drone-y installation pieces, and gradually became a lo-fi, mathy, pop band. They are now a fully functioning recording and touring machine. (aisjump@hotmail.com, www.aisjump.com)

ANTHROFUGE has death metal vocals, heavy riffs, a single kick drum and refuse to play 4/4 timing. ANTHROFUGE blends the various styles of music they listen to into something they enjoy playing. Their first CD, *Impaled in Comparison*, was independently released in the fall of 2004. ANTHROFUGE is currently working on new material that reflects their evolution as a band. They take the music seriously but not themselves and enjoy playing shows with bands of all styles. (djcoachies-mooth@hotmail.com, www.anthrofuge.com)

BEAT STRINGS is glamy, sexy, rock 'n' roll. Their full length CD *Love, Lust, Wonder* will be out this summer on Xoxo Records. (beat_strings@hotmail.com, www.myspace.com/beatstrings)

BLACK MARKET FETUS has been around for almost eight years and has released a slew of records. Look for them in the near future as they will be doing some touring, a two-week tour of Europe next February-March, and releasing a split LP/CD with Lincoln's WASTEOID. Also, BLACK MARKET FETUS books many grind/crust/punk/metal shows in Des Moines at places like Hairy Mary's and Vaudeville Mews so look for those places if you roll through Des Moines! (fetusface@blackmarketfetus.com, www.blackmarketfetus.com)

BREAKDANCE I don't know much about except they have been around for a really long time. It's kind of weird, the first time I saw them was like a year ago and they were playing dirty southern rock sounding jams, but last night I saw them again and it was like heavy ass speed metal shit. And, the mp3s I heard a while back on the net were like power-violence tunes. So yeah, I'm confused. Well, whatever they play, they are good. They just released a full-length album not too long ago. (breakdance666@hotmail.com, www.breakdance666.com)

BURY THE SURVIVORS is a five-piece political thrash band pulling influence from old school punk, hardcore, crossover, thrash, and about every other sub-genre of metal. Their sound comes from a wide range of influences; they contrast between one vocalist's death metal style vocals and the other's punk style vocals and they use three guitars. Among their list of goals is getting people to think about world and social issues. Plans for the near future include releasing a full-length album and tour. (burythesurvivors@yahoo.com, www.burythesurvivors.com)

THE CACTUS RATS are a bass, guitar, and saxophone, rock band with a raw, garage-y, indie-aesthetic, dorky sense of humor, and a mix of original songs and covers that range from ultra-cool indie/underground to cheesy classic rock. (nothinghappens@mchsi.com, www.myspace.com/thecactusrats)

LZR MTN

DISGRUNTLED NOISEBOX

CONVERSE THE DEAD has half of the band live in Des Moines and the other half lives in Sioux Falls. I was hesitant to add them to the report…but what the hell? They play old school style screamo influenced by the likes of: JEROME'S DREAM, LOVE LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN, NEIL PERRY, SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES, and EARTH CRISIS. (www.myspace.com/conversethedead)

CRANIAL DECAY is three high school students playing Relapse style death metal/gore grind; technical, lots of time changes, and brutal. Their influences include NILE, CRYPTOPSY, DECAPITATED, and INCANTATION and they just released a split seven-inch with TRENDY BASTARD with plans to record a full-length CD soon. (dead_skater420@hotmail.com, http://cranial-decay.tripod.com)

CREEPY KIDS play thrashy, hardcore punk. Their influences include BLACK FLAG, MINOR THREAT, all NYHC bands, and anything thrash-metal. They don't really have a message; most of the songs are about action movies, beating people up, or making fun of posers. They're currently working on their first full-length, trying to plan a tour, and hopefully play their first show outside of freakin' Iowa. They encourage high-fives and stage dives. (c_man40@msn.com, www.myspace.com/thecreepykids)

DISGRUNTLED NOISEBOX started out as two high school friends messing around with a tape recorder, and eventually, began playing shows with both singing, one playing acoustic guitar, and the other playing kazoo. DxNxB then went through a short stage of using an electric guitar and drum machine before adding a bassist and a drummer to the line up. This only lasted for about five shows and they returned to the electric guitar/kazoo/drum machine/double vocals theme. They are the epitome of dance-y, noisy, fun as hell, kazoo rock 'n' roll. Their live show is *not* to be missed. I eagerly await a recording from these dudes. I can only (poorly) compare them to WEEN or maybe BECK…due to the total silliness. (mouseycore@yahoo.com)

THE EASTSIDE GUYS are a rambunctious strings-keys-drums trio. Their music is very spazzdance with certain new wave influences. They just finished up their first CD release (self-produced) *Is Pretty Tight*. (zachary-kmiec@uiowa.edu, www.eastsideguys.com)

THE GOD CREATORS is epic and emotional progressive instrumental rock using keys, guitars, bass, drums, violin, and samples. They are comparable to GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR and MURDER BY DEATH. (thatsafunnyparrot@hotmail.com, www.myspace.com/thegodcreators)

HAUNTED BY ENOK plays a brand of metalcore that reminds me of a lot of the bigger metal bands today. Their influences include LAMB OF GOD, BLACK DAHLIA MURDER, BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME and the others. (hauntedbyenok@gmail.com, www.hauntedbyenok.cjb.net)

HIT THE GROUND DEAD is straight edge mosh with a positive message. (www.myspace.com/hitthegrounddead)

HOLY SMOKES features ex-members of well-known, but now dead Quad Cities bands: ORGANZ! and FKS. HS plays slow, sludgy, stoner, metal stuff, that reminds me a bit of CORRUPTED or BONGZILLA with a bit of SABBATH riffage. From what I understand they are planning a CD (LP?) to be released on Take It Back Records. (flipthecasket@msn.com, www.myspace.com/holyfuckingsmokes)

HUMANS features ex-members of two defunct Quad Cities bands that were both pretty important to the area—ORGANZ! and FKS. Yet if you look to these bands for an example of the HUMANS sound you are out of luck. HUMANS plays a unique brand of indie rock that people compare to DAVID BOWIE, ELVIS COSTELLO, and most often, PRINCE. For the most part, high energy, sexy, dance-y, rock 'n' roll stuff. Two different members alternate singing, helping things stay refreshing. I don't know about

any tour plans for these guys, but I do know they are planning to release their full-length CD *Totally Cosmetic* on Take It Back Records in the near future. The LP version will be released on Burned Alive Records. (www.humanshumanshumans.com)

HUNGER PAINS is a four-piece that plays sludgy metal stuff. I don't really know much at all about these guys. (www.hungerpains.net)

IGNITE THE WILL is a hardcore band dedicated to promoting a positive and thoughtful message. The band released an EP entitled *Face Value* on June 21st via Acrylic Records. (ignitethewill@hotmail.com, www.myspace.com/ignitethewill)

IMAGINARY ENIMIES are extreme emotion-based music. They have included up to 3/5ths of fellow Iowa band, A IS JUMP at various points in their history. The music is anthemic, twisted, beautiful, and completely unlike any bands or genres around. Doom-laced dream pop is the best description. (aisjump@hotmail.com)

IMMINENT PERIL is a fairly new thrash-metal band with influences ranging from SLAYER, MEGADETH, IRON MAIDEN, & LAMB OF GOD to PROJECT PAT. They are planning to record for a full-length this summer. (lilboris@thebancheros.com, http://imminentperil.thebancheros.com/)

INFANDOUS plays death metal blended with tough guy hardcore. They're a four-piece, based in Cedar Falls. Pretty brutal stuff with vocals similar to DEAD TO FALL, with more death style lows added. They have independently put out a full-length CD and plan to tour most of the year to support it. If you like intense brutal metalcore, stay on the lookout. (idousmail@yahoo.com, www.infandous.com)

KILLER BEAR is three kids playing fast music with instruments. (killerbear69@hotmail.com, www.myspace.com/killrbear)

KING OF CLUBZ plays fast, angry hardcore in the vein of MADBALL and TERROR combined with slow brutal breakdowns like SHATTERED REALM and HATEBREED. (james@thornzrecords.com, www.thornzrecords.com/kingofclubz/)

LAW OF ALL ENDS is one of the most brutal metalcore bands in Iowa; they're not your typical "chugga chugga" band—they're very devastating and chaotic. Two lead screamers, their vocals are pretty easily picked out among other metal bands that sound the same, two guitars, drums, and with newly added bassist make then even more bone crushing than before. I've heard comparisons to CONVERGE and DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, but this is one band that I think has done a pretty good job at doing their own thing. They have made a slew of demos and self-released a seven-inch and full length. This band is touring a lot, so keep your eyes peeled if this is your kind of thing. (lawofallends@yahoo.com, www.lawofallends.com)

LZR MTN is a five-piece noisy, psychedelic, grind outfit. They have a one-sided twelve-inch entitled *Electric Piss* out on Take It Back records with the CD version on Nail in the Coffin records and a remix tape on Dementoid. A split seven-inch with Tower of Rome from Chicago is in the works. (lazermountain@hotmail.com, www.lazermountain.com)

LEG UP CUT UP is a four-piece dance-y punk band similar to PIXIES, SONIC YOUTH, or BORN AGAINST. Their future plans include touring as much as possible and recording for a full length or EP. (legupcutup@hotmail.com, www.legupcutup.com)

MARAH MAR is a four-piece instrumental group composed of cello, guitars, percussion, keys, and various electronics. The music focuses on layered instrumentation to create melodic songs that range from delicate fields of sparsely played notes to heavily textured walls of sound. MARAH MAR just released a full length CD on Scenester Credentials and plan to tour the US extensively in the coming months. This band will soon be moving to the North East region of the U.S. (info@marah-mar.org, www.marah-mar.org)

HUMANS

CRANIAL DECAY

MAUZER—SONIC YOUTH and LED ZEPPELIN have a baby that grows up and starts a militia. They have a demo out and are starting to play more shows around the area.
(ghandi81@aol.com, www.myspace.com/mauzer)

METH AND GOATS is a four-piece playing progressive noise-rock. M & G's four years of touring has taken them to both coasts and Canada. This summer will see the release of their debut full length CD/LP *Attack From Meth & Goats Mountain* on Electric Human Project. The release of this highly anticipated album will be followed by a tour this September that will take them all around the Midwest and out to the East Coast. (jon@methandgoats.com, www.methandgoats.com)

THE MITTENS play rock music—direct and disinfected. Their songs are dynamic, melodic, and powerful, yet not without vulnerability. (info@themittens.com, www.themittens.com)

MODERN LIFE IS WAR is hardcore punk stuff from Iowa that just signed to Deathwish Inc. and put out a full

length entitled *Witness*. They are touring all the time so check them out if that's your thing. (modernlifeiswar@yahoo.com, www.modernlifeiswar.net)

THE OLD SCRATCH REVIVAL SINGERS is a seven-piece ragtime, gospel, bluegrass influenced band with an overall dark and eerie feel and just released the full length record *Oh Didn't He Ramble* on Records of the Damned (vinyl) and Xoxo Records (CD). Sullen dirges of superstition and old time religion. Although the album contains the use of some electronic instruments, their live show does not. (oldscratchrs@yahoo.com, www.oldscratchrevival.com)

PASSAGE OF DEFORMED MAN SUPERMARKET is a three piece experimental, improv, rock/electronica band using bass, guitar, trumpet, guitar, melodica, tapes, percussion, steel guitars, electronics, effects loops, effects, and homemade invented instruments. (nothinghappens@mchsi.com, www.nothinghappens.net/podms.htm)

POISON CONTROL CENTER is a ten-piece, 60s-inspired psychedelic-girl-group-garage band. The group's incredible live show plays more like a theater production than a regular rock concert, with an array of instrumentation including musical saw, bassoon, violin, horns, and theremin.

QUIET BEARS is a music project from the imagination of Johnnie Cluney. The sounds of QUIET BEARS range can range from: punk, folk, psychedelic, and shoegazer with an overall lo-fi feel. (quietbears@hotmail.com, www.asaurus.org)

RACCOO-OO-OON is organic free folk/kraut/rock with slow burning songs and lots of electronics. They have great DIY ethics. New 42 minute tape and tour release on Time-Lag. (homosapiensapien@planet-save.com, www.raccoo-oo-oon.org)

RENAVERA is a five-piece combo playing technical brutal death/metalcore with triggered drums, harsh vocals, shredding guitars and some massive breakdowns. They have plans to release an EP in late September. (max@onelostmoment.com, www.renavera.net)

SUBURBAN SCUM is a female fronted street punk band with influences that include THE PARTISANS, ONE WAY SYSTEM, SEX PISTOLS, GBH, SPECIAL DUTIES, MINOR THREAT, EXTERNAL MENACE, ENGLISH DOGS, and THE RAMONES. They have toured the Midwest and east coast and have plans to release a full length CD, as well as a split seven-inch with VEXED from Kansas City. They wish to tour as much as possible in the future. "Politics and other people's bullshit are the least of our worries." (chaospunks515@mchsi.com, www.myspace.com/suburbanxscum)

SWING BY SEVEN is heavy, intense, screamy, and high-energy punk rock n' roll with several demos out. A split seven-inch with TORA! TORA! TORRENCE! is out now on Init Records. (therealjoeross@aol.com, www.geocities.com/swingbysevenband)

THE TANKS: Ingredients: 1 c. bass, 1 c. drums, 1 c. vocals, 2 tbsp. metal, 2 tbsp. indie rock, 1 tbsp. amp rap, 1 tsp. humor, 1 tsp. anger, 1 tsp. unpredictability…a pinch of showmanship…and a dash of theatrics. Instructions: Combine all elements into a room. Blast at 120 decibels for 28 minutes. Take on tour during the first three weeks of August in support of recently released EP, *Pull the Trigger, Bear*. Engage audience. Rock shows. Repeat. (the-tanks@excite.com, www.myspace.com/thetanks)

THISDIALOGUE is a scream-y hardcore/sludgy/electronic group in the vein of NEIL PERRY, ORCHID, ISIS, NEUROSIS, & WILSON PHILLIPS. If you book them they will come. Ex-members have played in bands such as EXAM and members of RUE MORGUE and ECLIPSE OF EDEN. (thisdialogue@aol.com, www.myspace.com/thisdialogue)

TORCH THE MORGUE is a six-piece Gothenburg style death metal band that formed in 2004 and has since undergone some member changes. They have songs about politics, war, disease, and other things that happen in the world. (torchthemorgue@yahoo.com, www.myspace.com/torchthemorgue)

TOTAL OUTRIGHT DISSENT is a three-piece fast, thrashy, crust band that has been around for about a year. A lot of D-beat and blast beats with higher pitched screamy vocals with deeper vocals…lots of guitar sounds and solos. Their influences include: DOOM, AUS-ROTTEN, NAUSEA, DISRUPT, and a lot of the greats like SABBATH, old METALLICA, PENTAGRAM…shit like that. They hope to be doing a smaller tour around some of the surrounding states and will be releasing a tape by the end of the summer. (DisasterInEvil@aol.com)

TRENDY BASTARD is a four-piece thrash/grind/hardcore/metal band consisting of two guitars, drums, and vocals with spastic, high screaming, low-end growls, blasts, thrash, old school influence. They just independently released a split seven-inch with CRANIAL DECAY. Currently they are finishing things up for a split seven-inch with Wisconsin's MILITIA OF LIAISON on Art Is Dead Records, and another seven-inch to be released on Germany's Vulgar Records. (corypeak@hellokitty.com, www.trendy-bastard.tripod.com)

THE TWELVE CANONS is half folk and half pop Iowa City group with fleshed out guitars, banjo vibes, violin, and Wurlizter. Somewhere between the HOLY MODAL ROUNDERS and SWANS lies the fun and drugged out musical headspace of the TWELVE CANONS. (www.secretmath.com/canons)

TYBORN JIG is a hard-hitting, noisy, rock 'n' roll band. Their similar to THE HELLACOPTERS or JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION. (skrockout@aol.com)

VIOLENT IMPACT plays tough, heavy, metal stuff. Influences range from MEGADETH and PANTERA to BLACK DAHLIA MURDER and DEAD TO FALL. They just finished up recording nine new songs and are playing throughout the Midwest as much as possible. (violentimpact1@mchsi.com, www.violentimpact.com)

WIN THE FIGHT plays fast, straight forward, positive hardcore. Influences include BANE, STRETCH ARMSTRONG, SHAI HULUD, and SICK OF IT ALL. (www.myspace.com/winthefight)

Record Labels

RECORDS OF THE DAMNED is a label out of Cedar Falls, Iowa that started out when HUGS (RIP), needed someone to release their stuff. The first release was HUGS second LP, *The Tarpit*. The second release for the label was from another Cedar Falls band, THE OLD

BLACK MARKET FETUS

SCRATCH REVIVAL SINGERS, *Oh Didn't He Ramble* LP. After these two releases Records of the Damned went on to release a slew of records for Japanese bands EEL, YMCK, and MUMMY THE PEEPSHOW. I'm not sure what any future plans are, but I'm certainly looking forward to it. (cam@recordsofthedamned.com)

SCENESTER CREDENTIALS: I'm not really sure when this label started, a few years ago I suppose, but they have put out some sweet records from the likes of: BURMESE, WILLIAM E. WHITMORE, FT THE SHADOW GOVERNMENT, 7,000 DYING RATS, SHOWERING ASHES (Matt, who runs the label's former band), and most recently MARAH-MAR—great variety. They also make awesome quality one-inch buttons for cheap, so bands, get in touch! (mapashow@yahoo.com, www.scenecred.com)

TAKE IT BACK is run by former FKS frontman and current LZR MTN drummer, Billy Harris. They just released LZR MTN's *Electric Piss*, a one-sided 12" record. Previous releases and collaborations include the CRISPUS ATTUCKS LP, ORGANZ *Guts Guts Guts* one sided seven-inch, and the FKS / HEWHOCORRUPTS split seven-inch. Near future releases include both the HUMANS *Totally Cosmetic* CD and the reissue of the FRIENDS FOREVER / ZOMBIE ZOMBIE split in collaboration with fellow QC label Nail in the Coffin. (takeitbackrecords@hotmail.com,www.takeitbackrecords.com)

BURNED ALIVE RECORDS has released several recordings from Quad Cities punk band THE AFTERDARKS as well as a Quad Cities compilation CD entitled *Terrible es Locus Iste*. A new double CD compilation out soon entitled *Terrible es Lucus Iste: Devour Your Brother*. I believe they are also releasing the LP version of HUMANS *Totally Cosmetic*. (blackhand@burnedaliverecords.com, www.burnedaliverecords.com) NAIL IN THE COFFIN has been around about three years with releases by TEN GRAND, GROWING, and DRIVER OF THE YEAR. The label is completely diverse in sound Jorge Tapia (labelhead) only puts out the jams he likes and is not classified by boxed sounds. More releases soon, by LAZER MOUNTAIN, XIUXIU, and FRIENDS FOREVER. (humanjerk@hotmail.com, www.humanshumanshumans.com)

Record Stores

REAL RECORDS, 203 North Linn Street, Iowa City, IA 52245, (319) 341-7800; RUSTY'S RECORDS, 114 1/2 College St Above Vitos, Iowa City, IA, (319)936-6556; RECORD COLLECTOR, 125 East Washington Street, Iowa City, IA 52240, (319) 337-5029, CDGB's, 1911 4th Street Southwest, Mason City, IA 50401, (641)423-2650; ZZZ RECORDS, 424 East Locust Street, Des Moines, IA 50309, Phone: (515) 284-1401, www.zzzrecords.com.

Venues

FUK Garage, fsugarage@yahoo.com, 109 N. Ellen Street Cedar Falls, IA 50613, (319)859-0157; Gabe's Oasis, 330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, IA, www.gabesoasis.com; Hairy Mary's, 2307 University Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa, www.harymarys.com; Hall mall, 114 1/2 College St Above Vitos, Iowa City, IA, (319)936-6556, House of bricks, 3839 Merle Hay Road, Des Moines, IA, www.thehouseofbricks.com; Lazer Mansion, 133 54th St., Moline, Illinois 61265, The Market Place, 1018 E. Market St., Iowa City, IA, Steve (563)249-5516 or Brian (319)400-7806; The Practice Space, 138 Main St., Ames, IA 50010, practicespace@gmail.com, QC Brew & View, 1611 2nd Ave., Rock Island, IL, www.qcbrewandview.com; The Reverb, 204 1/2 Main St., Cedar Falls, IA, www.thereverb.net; Vaudeville Mews, 212 4th Street, Des Moines, IA, www.vaudevillemews.com.

Scene report by Cory Peak. Photos by Pamela Alcorta.

MAINE, USA

Intro: Lewiston is a city of about 40,000 located in central Maine. It is a 45-minute drive north of Portland. At about 100,000 people Portland is the state's largest city. As a result the Portland bands and scene receive a majority of local press and attention. There are, however, quite a few Lewiston area bands that are working hard and making a name for themselves, which in turn is helping the local scene's growth and momentum. The path to bigger things may still lead through Portland but these bands are causing a stir locally.

Bands

There are three bands that I have been following closely during the past few months. Their styles are different but they compliment each other well. It is fun to go to a show and know that there is something there for everyone.

TAMING THE SHREW has been around for a couple of years. They play a hardcore/thrash style of punk rock. They are Ethan Chaffin on guitar, Mike Curtis on bass, Brandon Tardif on drums, and Kris Milo on vocals. In addition to playing local shows they played Boston last spring. To listen to some of their songs and get more information check out their website: www.tamingtheshrew.com.

SOMETIMES IT BURNS formed this past spring and plays in an art punk style with lots of "intelligent feedback." They are Devon Irish on guitar and vocals, Mike Bannister on guitar, Randy Silva on bass, and Jason St. Onge on drums and vocals—that's right, a singing drummer. In the few short months of the bands existence they have already created a buzz. For songs and more information their website is www.sometimesitburns.com.

DRIVEN TO OBLIVION is one of the newer bands of the scene. They play riff-oriented garage rock. They are Sam Holm on bass, Mark Ustach and Duke Holm on guitars, and "Maggs" Maggliozo on drums. Sam, Mark, and Duke share the vocal duties. These guys have only played a couple of gigs and blow me away every time. The crowd really responds to the sound that they have created. A website is still in the works.

Recent Shows

June 11, 2005, Unitarian Church: LUMINATI, SOMETIMES IT BURNS, TAMING THE SHREW. It was a nice change of pace to go to an all ages show. Plus, all proceeds went to the Abused Women's Advocacy Project. The high school kids came out to see their

DRIVEN TO OBLIVION

friends in LUMINATI. Keep up the good work, guys, maybe we will see you playing the clubs in a couple of years. TAMING THE SHREW and SOMETIMES IT BURNS both brought it tonight despite the heat. The sweat was pouring off of them. Highlight of the night was Kris Milo kicking over a cardboard cutout of David Bowie into the crowd during the SHREW's set.

July 9, 2005, Pub 33: DRIVEN TO OBLIVION, SOMETIMES IT BURNS, TAMING THE SHREW. There was something magical in the air on this night. The Pub was packed with people. This particular show has been the high water mark for the scene so far. Each band played a ripping set. It was DRIVEN TO OBLIVION's first official show and they came out with everything they had. Not wanting to be shown up, the other two bands rose to the challenge. During the SOMETIMES IT BURNS set there was some equipment trouble with one of the guitars. Without even missing a beat, local scenester Steve Darling grabbed a guitar and joined the rhythm section to treat the crowd to a MISFITS cover while Devon and Mike fixed the problem. People are going to be talking about this night for quite some time.

August 27, 2005, The Other Side: DRIVEN TO OBLIVION, SOMETIMES IT BURNS, and TAMING THE SHREW. After the great night these three bands had at the Pub a month ago I really was looking forward to this show and they did not disappoint. Proceeds from the show went to the *American Heart Association* and the local paper was there to take pictures. TAMING THE SHREW persevered tonight despite not many of their fans showing up. Their

SOMETIMES IT BURNS

SOMETIMES IT BURNS

sound doesn't appeal as much to the growing fan base of the other two bands. Come on people—get out and support your local bands early and often. DRIVEN TO OBLIVION closed out the night with a great set. The crowd was crazy and would not let them leave. They performed the crowd favorite "Brothers" a second time as an encore for the rowdy masses.

September 13, 2005, The Alehouse: DRIVEN TO OBLIVION. Tonight was their first gig in Portland. They were booked at an open mic night to let the people in charge check out their sound. They played a good set and got some girls up to dance during the bluesy part of the set. A lot of the folkies there for open mic night did not know what to make of them. Hopefully this will lead to future gigs.

September 17, 2005, Geno's: TAMING THE SHREW, VERTIGO MOON, COVERED IN BEES. We drove down late and missed the SHREW's set but we did catch VERTIGO MOON. They were not as aggressive as COVERED IN BEES but the people up front were digging it. This was a CD release party for COVERED IN BEES. They play hardcore and their fans are intense. Their singer really gets the crowd into it by being all over the stage. In addition to CDs they were selling T-shirts with one of the coolest band logos I have seen in a while. For more info check out their website: www.coveredinbees.net.

September 24, 2005 Pub 3: SOMETIMES IT BURNS and DRIVEN TO OBLIVION. Due to having only two bands on the bill the sets were extended tonight. I heard some new songs from both bands and had a great time. There were a lot of new faces in the crowd tonight due to Bates College being back in session. Hopefully the bands did some networking to set up some shows at the school.

That brings us to the present. The local bands are currently writing and recording. The future looks bright and it is exciting to be a part of the growing scene. To buy music we frequent Bull Moose Music in the Lewiston Mall. Liz helps us find what we are looking for. Bates College has a radio station and is 91.5 on the FM dial. I know they have had punk shows in the past but do not know if anyone is doing one currently. There are several local stores to buy gear and the people in the scene support each other. We may be a small city but there are big things happening here.

Scene report by Al Carpentier. Photos by Tania Nedik and Julia Ustach.

DRIVEN TO OBLIVION

ILLINOIS

So I'm sitting here in Milwaukee, on vacation, living on the couches and good graces of friends, trying to write about what's going on in my neck of Carbondale. It's a little weird, but I think I'll manage.

Summers over, and a few things have changed around town. For one, The Vehicle House is no more. After approximately ten years of band practices, shows, countless crashings, and one record label, the landlords muscled the kids out of there. Not without a fight, though. Anyone around town can tell you the tales of Brino Vagino Vs. The Landlord and construction company. The last shows at the house were amazingly fun. The very last show (which no one knew it was at the time) turned out to be a very last minute show thrown together for THE RUSHMORES, when they rolled into town unannounced, just to hang out. No other bands played, and there were about twelve people there. It fucking ruled and eventually turned into an all-request pop punk sing-a-long! One less show house in town is going to put a damper on the all ages shows, but lets just hope someone moves back into that house next year and starts it up again...or maybe...hold on...*start a new house!* That would be just as good! Ska House also ended its two-year run. And although they never had shows, they were great neighbors of Lost Cross who put bands up whenever the need arose. Not to mention gave The Cross a new drum set, bass amp, and electric guitar, just to be nice. It's sad to see those kids leave the block.

Somewhat making up for the lack of house shows have been the occasional crossover Hip Hop Night shows, that have been happening sporadically this summer. The PBR STREET GANG, PANIC DISORDER, and IT BURNS were all asked by the local DJs and MCs to play a couple of the hip hop bar shows. The set up is generally one punk band, a couple of DJs, and an MC or two. And surprisingly enough, all the shows all went over really well. Both with the crowd, and between musicians. Its great to see this kind of co-operation within the small underground music scenes here in town. After all, its kids doing the same things, throwing shows at houses, putting graffiti up around town, and just trying to get by and have a good time. It makes perfect sense for the two scenes to work together, and I do hope it happens more often once the university is in session. This kind of thing can only help out everyone.

As with all Carbondale summers, bands were born and bands called it quits. HANG 'EM HIGH broke up a little while back. Greg and Tilley are both still in THE BOURBON KNIGHTS, but I'm not sure what the other guys in the band are up to now. PANIC DISORDER put out a recording, and them painfully disintegrated as a band. (We're not the most un-dramatic of people, I'll admit.) You can still pick up a copy of the recording if you want. www.myspace.com/panicxdisorder —just drop a line about it. And it's worth it, if just for the sweet-ass Cristy Road artwork alone. THE CLERGY also broke up after playing some of the most explosive shows of the summer. But that's what happens in this town, a drummer moves away and at least two bands are over with. There was an OPERATION IVY cover band, BANKSHOT!, that I was in with Nicky Hangaround and Adam Beaver. We played a few shows, had tons of fun, and that was it. I mean, it was a fucking OP IVY cover band, how long could (and should) it last?!

FERTILITY CULT is a new female fronted (something we don't have enough of in town) band. Mort, from every Carbondale band ever, is behind the drums, while the Jessicas play the guitars. They play a pretty straightforward style of punk rock that will only get better the longer they're together. They have a couple of songs to listen to at www.myspace.com/fertilitycult. Two other new bands are SHAME SHOWER and HIMALAYAS. SHAME SHOWER is another female lead band that plays stompy garage style of punk. Himalayas is Jef from THE PLUS'S new project. They're pretty solid indie rock. Not exactly my style, but definitely tight and good. Check them out at myspace.com/himalayas. And even though they're not a new band by any stretch, THE HANGAROUNDS finally got back together. They're my favorite band in town, so it'll be nice seeing them play out all the time again. And hopefully they'll finish that second album sometime soon! Until then, listen to the mp3s of the old recording at www.myspace.com/thehangarounds.

Finally! There some zines coming out of Carbondale again. Nicole Ointment has started doing her perzines again: *Ointment, Puffy Eyed Kids,* and *My Kind Of Alaska*. They're all really good, funny personal zines about punk rock, chinchillas, gender, and relationships. You can get a hold of them by writing to Nicole Ointment, 410 W. Oak #5, Carbondale, IL, 62901, or on the intertron at www.ointmentzine.moonfruit.com. And everybody's favorite stoner, Sweet Pete, has moved from doing flyer artwork to throwing together his own comic called *Crucial Chos*. He doesn't really have a permanent contact as of right now, so you can send a letter to Lost Cross (407 W. Elm, Carbondale, IL, 62901) if you're interested in getting a copy. And even though they're not local zines, you should pick up *Memory Loss* #3 (which has some of my dumb blackout stories) and *Blurt*! #3 (which is partly about Brett from THE COPYRIGHTS, and features his artwork). You can get *Memory Loss by* writing to Heather F., 1316 Fitzgerald, Oakland, CA, 94608. And you can get *Blurt*! from www.geocities.com/vinylagogo, or through Microcosm.

I'm also working on a zine about Lost Cross. I'm looking for some stories from people about the house.

It's been around for 20 years now, and I'd like to compile something for all the people who still care about the house and what it means. If you have any photos or stories or memories to share that you think I could use, please email me at stayinchicago@hotmail.com. Or just send it to Lost Cross at 407 W. Elm, Carbondale, IL, 62901. I'd like to get a small oral retrospective on the house. Whether you lived there, in Carbondale, or just played a show at the house, or went to a party or two at The Cross, I want to hear from you!

Tattoo Summer 2005 also left kids from all over the country with Lost Cross, Carbondale, peanut butter, Minor Threat, *Tight Pants!* zine, Pinhead Gunpowder, (and about a million other awesome) tattoos. This can be blamed directly on Brett Copyright's discovery, and subsequent love and mastery of, the stick-and-poke method. His creating a homemade tattoo gun didn't slow things down either. On top of that Dustin from THE ACCELERATORS (and owner of Tuff Luck Tattoos, 2355 Sweets Drive in Carbondale) has been inking ridiculous tattoos on everyone, like the snack food tattoos that the Shaw brothers got, and the playboy bunny that Zach from Rivethead got. We are smart people in Carbondale!

At least this summer bands have been recording, and putting shit out. The IT BURNS/PHENOMS split 7" on Beer Can Records is finally out. You can pick that up at www.beercanrecords.com or through www.myspace.com/itburnsrockmusic. The ACCELERATORS have a new CD out titled *Overhauled*. It's some pretty fucking kickass punk rock and roll. You can bother them about it at www.myspace.com/acceleratorsrock. The PBR STREET GANG recorded some material, but I'm not sure when that stuff if gonna be coming out, hopefully soon. THE HATEFUL DEAD has a new full length, *Like Lambs To The Slaughter*, which is out on Dry Rot Records. It was recorded a while back by Scott Picco of Chicago's (and once Carbondale's) abrasive indiepunk favorites, Bear Claw. You can get a copy of it through the HATEFUL DEADS myspace page, www.myspace.com/hatefuldead. THE BOURBON KNIGHTS are still working on their second album, which is over a year in the making. Hopefully it'll come out before their ten-person lineup goes through yet another rotation. Their first album, *Cry Of The Banshee*, is still available from www.bourbonknights.net. The COPYRIGHTS are also sitting on a second album, *Mutiny Pop*. It was recorded in the spring at Sonic Iguana, and has been sitting around for a while now. Besides a few local CD-r comps, none of those songs have really come out. But you can listen to one of them, "Cashiers," (my personal favorite COPYRIGHTS song!) at (gasp!) www.myspace.com/thecopyrights. The RUM RUNNERS have a full length out called *Lock The Door*. Its amazing SLACKERS/SPECIAL/SKATALITES, styled ska. You can get a copy of it through www.rumrunners.com. They're also already working on a second album that should be wrapped up by the time this is printed. JOSH PLEMON AND THE LONESOME FOUR are going to be putting out a *Live at Lost Cross* album sometime soon. Hopefully the recording will go well. They already have a few songs recorded and available to listen to/download at either www.joshplemon.com or www.myspace.com/thelonesomefour. You should really check out their version of the MISFITS "American Nightmare"—its fucking killer. And lastly, STATES should have a recording out very soon (if not already). You can check their shit out at www.myspace.com/statesmusic.

And in some local news, a Food Not Bombs has been started up here in town. It meets every Sunday at The Interfaith Center (913 S. Illinois Ave, just across from the dorm towers) at 4 PM. If you want to help out with cooking, show up at 2 PM. Rosetta News moved next door from where they used to be (they're now at 214 W. Freeman St). They got rid of their video section in the move, but still carry great magazines and books. You can check them out at www.rosettastonebookstore.com.

And thanks to THE SASS DRAGONS (who bravely lived in the living room of the Cross for 3 days!), THE ERGS!, THE MODERN MACHINES, MASTER HEARTACHE, ONION FLAVORED RINGS, SHOTBAKER, THE PEPPERMINTS, VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL, THE ANSWER LIES, A.N.S., UP THE VOLTAGE, THE DIRTY TRICKS, J CHURCH, THE MERKURS, SAYONARA, BENT OUTTA SHAPE, THE PLUS ONES, TULSA, STEP ON IT, DELAY, RIVETHEAD, and NOBODYS HOUSEWIFE for coming through town in these past few months. I'm sure I'm forgetting someone somewhere, but thanks to you too! We love it when bands come through our town! The more the better...

That's all I've got in my notebook and my head when it comes to shit going down in this town. But keep checking up on local shit talking and shows at Bollmans Lost Cross page: www.geocities.com/bollman1. And you can always nerd it up along side us at www.myspace.com/lostcross. And remember: The music never stops, cause the cross is never found!

—Ray Suburbia.

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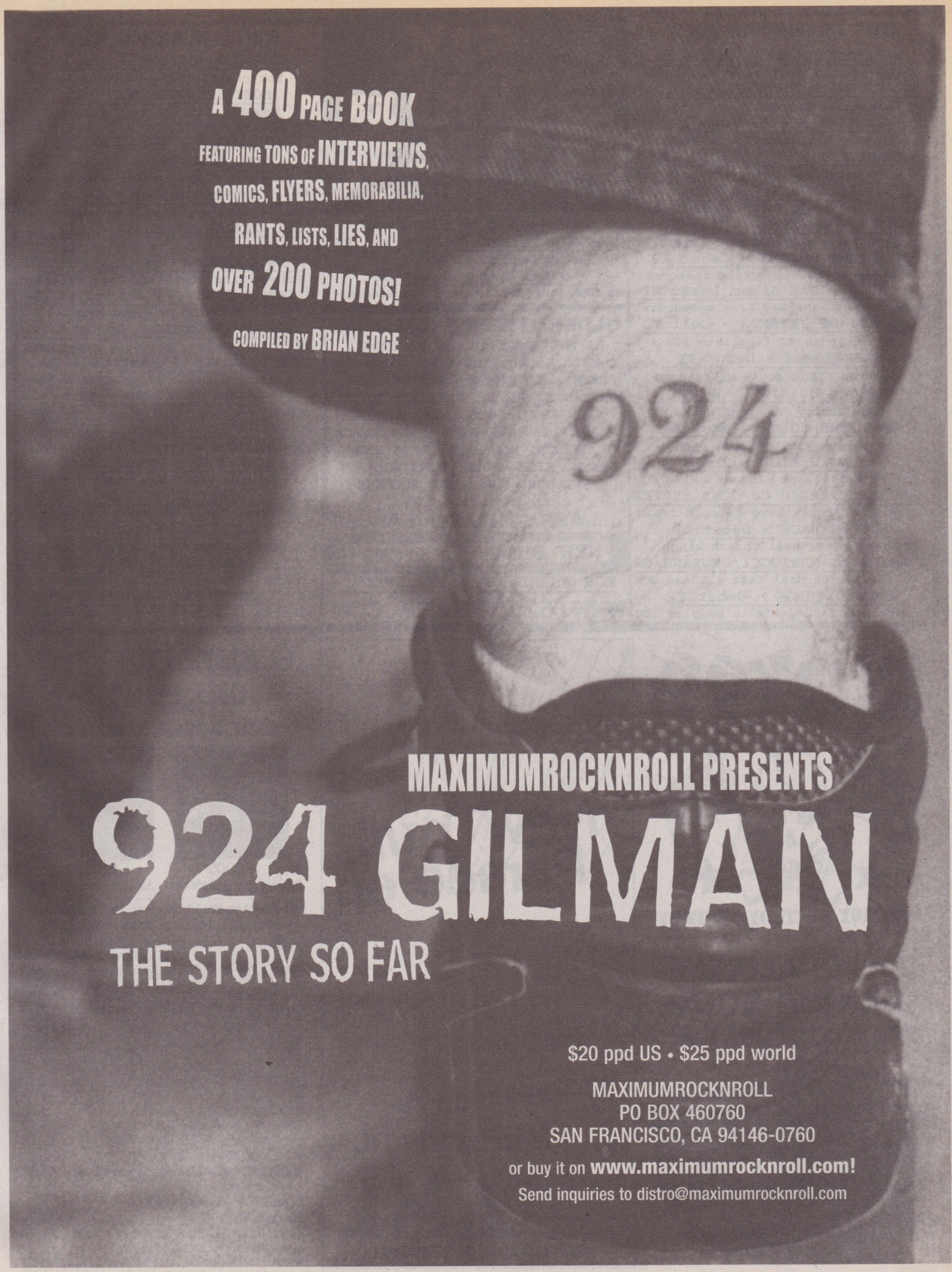
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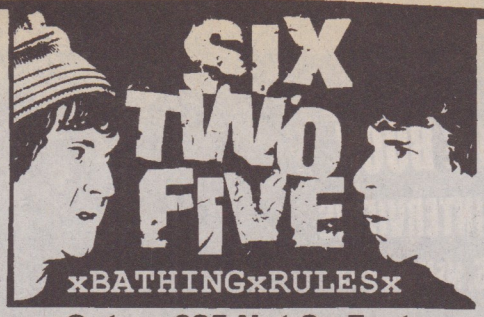

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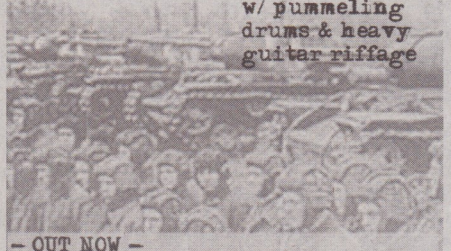

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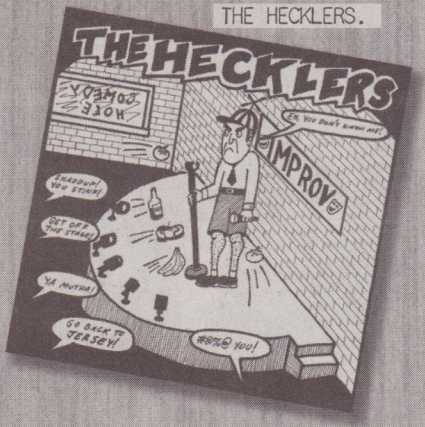

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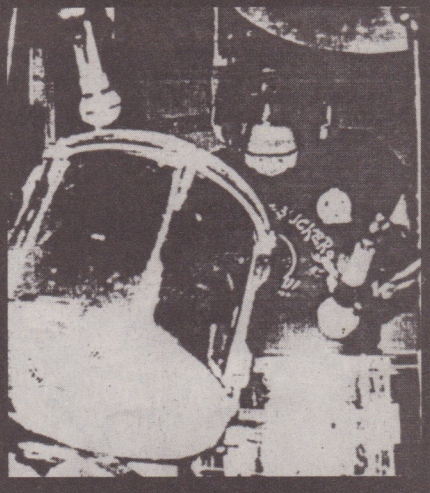
BESTHÖVEN

When I first heard the EP *Depois De Um Ataque Aéreo* by Besthöven, it amazed me. It was the record of my dreams, a recording so raw and brutal, so unpretentious and earnest. That the band was current meant there was hope for me to hear more soon, but the record really seemed like it was from another time and place, even farther away than a small city in the Federal District of Brazil. The release instigated two cherished friendships for me, with its label boss, Mr Angeleyes of Finland, and with the main and eventually only member of Besthöven, Fofäo. An interview with Fofäo in *R'lyeh Rising* zine inspired me to write him and swap zines. In impoverished conditions—Fofäo once half-jokingly told me thought he was the poorest punk in the world—he has managed not only to play vicious raw punk but also to produce more than two dozen issues of a zine, *Vermynoze Putrida*, with enviable taste and international coverage. Our friendship has lasted for several years, and I have released Besthöven songs on an EP and a compilation LP, and I helped with overseas distribution of an EP of covers of Japanese bands released by a Japanese label. I'm proud to have helped spread this band's noise. Fofäo's perseverance and dedication to DIY raw punk are inspiring.



INTERVIEW BY STUART SCHRADER

MRR: First, please talk about your city. What is the economic situation there? How do you think globalization or neo-liberalism affects you and the people around you?

Fofão: Gama, where I live, is a big city and very populous, but a cultural cold exists: an enormous void in the minds of the people. Sometimes I feel that I'm living in a ghost town. Where zombies walk without any reason—without a real way—just to keep the routine of their sad lives.

The biggest portion of people just wanna be better than others; they're looking for status. They just wanna get something like an expensive new car to be better than others who don't have money to buy a bike. They're like a racer to the nothing.

Many kids work a month or more just to get fashionable tennis shoes or a cool T-shirt from a famous factory. It is the same around all Brazil. The population is massified and alienated by fashion, by the TV commandments.

In my city the "underground" today is very small and confused. You can see many rock'n'roll bands with stupid lyrics, many kids trying to be nü metal, and a big wave of gospel bands playing in many styles of music. It's a fucking shit. I think that each city of our state has just one, two, or three bands that are really underground (in different ways like sXe, grind, metal, HC, etc.).

The economic situation here is like all Brazil: the bad distribution of economic classes is absurd. Some people are very rich–millionaires. Others are poor, working to keep their rent of the houses where they live and to keep their sons in a school, and we still have many unemployed people who live on the streets with their families, and many people who can't pay their rent go to the streets—they turn to be beggars.

It's a constant thing during the years. The violence is in a crescendo for many reasons. See, if one guy without a perspective of a future can see their own mother hungry and crying, then he has a reason to rob somebody.

It is like a stone jungle. Like a friend of mine said, "The only thing that is really globalized is the stupidity and ignorance of the mind of this pathetic human race."

MRR: What is the punk scene like there? Do punks use the Internet? Is it difficult to get access to the Internet?

Fofão: I believe there is not much different from other places. Brazil has noticed punk bands since 1979, like Restos de Nada. And year-by-year we hear about some new band. The 80s was a great explosion here. The 90s were not so much strong in my opinion. Today it is easier to make a demo or a CD-R or buy some used instrument and go for a better quality sound.

In the 80s, to be in a band caused many difficulties. Many bands shared the same instruments and distortion pedals. The police violence toward the bands was terrible.

Yeah, many people here use the Internet, and it is not so difficult. If you don't have a computer (like me) then you can use some "LAN house." They are all over the place. In my city, you can use the Internet by paying 2,00 reais (under US $1.00) for each hour, and other places (like schools, libraries, mail post, etc.) have it for free, but on a minor scale. Personally I prefer the "old ways." I don't like computers because they're so cold and without life. They kill the "magic" of a simple handmade letter.

MRR: Please tell me the history of Besthöven. When did the band start? How did you decide to play Scandinavian-style raw punk? Why have there been so many member changes? Will you try to find new members?

Fofão: Well Besthöven started to explode ears in the end of 1990; it's a long history. We always tried to be a four-member band, but the difficulty, problems, and reasons to keep a band alive always are the same. Sometimes you find a good member personally, but not responsible with the band: like practice hours, participation in composing the songs, etc. Then you need to kick him out for these reasons. Some guys moved to other cities: then the distance between the cities and the need to pay bus for gathering the band is a problem. Or some guy who knows your work and loves it but doesn't play so well like the band needs...Uou! All things like this are reasons people come or go in a band. I think it's normal. Hmmmmm, till 1994, all was good with the line up, but then I felt

the need to change the line up because of boredom. Sometimes I invited some friend to support us by playing some instruments in recordings. The last time Besthöven played live was in 2002 a gig releasing the *More Victims of War* EP with just two members: Leandro on guitar and me on drums and vocals.

MRR: It seems that have been several raw punk bands from your area in recent years, such as Desastre, Lixo, Neurose Urbana, plus Besthöven. Why do you think there are a lot of bands playing the same style of that area? Are these bands friends? Do you play gigs together?
Fofão: Yeah, I knew Neurose Urbana members in 1993 and some little time after. I knew Wilton (who played in Lixo, Atomico, and then Desastre). It's a funny and long history, so I will shorten it—okay? These two bands are from Gyn city and Besthöven went to Gyn between 1992–1993 to play, invited by another Gyn band named HC 137. Gyn city is something like three hours away on a bus, and I always go to Gyn and they come here too. We are old and good friends. Ratão, drummer of Neurose Urbana, played drums in Besthöven 1996 releases: *Os Mortos Insepultos* demo, *Chaos of Destruction* comp LP, *Damn the Control* EP. We recorded all the tracks in one day. With Glauco (guitar and vox of NEUROSE URBANA), I made some project d-beat bands here sometimes too. And I played guitar in the start of Desastre (with Ratão and Glauco too), and I played bass in Desastre for three gigs in 1997-1998, with Wilton on guitar and vocals and Diana on drums (bassist on first Neurose Urbana EP!). Well as you can see we are a good family. We like the same things—same drugs, same alcohol, and same music! We all started to keep contacts around the world at the same time, I think, and we always are trading information: zines, tapes, CDs, etc. Lixo come from a distant city, Joaõ Pessoa, Paraíba. Their members played in others cool bands too like Agente Laranja, Turmentego, NS Carcará Core. We were contacting them by mail. Neurose Urbana and Desastre played in Paraíba in 1998. Besthöven didn't go then, because I did not have money. Ha! And Lixo played in 1998 too, with all of us in Gyn City! Last week Desastre played in my city in a gig that I organized for them, and my other band, Vultos, is going to Gyn City to play in a gig organized by Danny (current bassist of Desastre). There are many good bands in DF State in different styles of music. One is ARD or After Radio Destruction are from Gama City, playing since 1984! They are first DF band with a Discharge influence, before their name was Sthulpfzapfchen Von'n. They have two LPs released by the legendary label Devil Discos and several others stuffs.

IN THE 80S, TO BE IN A BAND IN BRAZIL CAUSED MANY DIFFICULTIES. THE POLICE VIOLENCE TOWARD THE BANDS WAS TERRIBLE.

MRR: What about Brazil's long hardcore punk history? Are you influenced by Brazilian hardcore or metal bands? Do Brazilian punks listen to Brazilian bands more than bands from others countries?
Fofão: Well, Restos de Nada started to play in 1979. I think they are the oldest Brazilian punk band. I think Cólera, Olho Seco, and Inocentes came soon after. Since old times Brazilian guys spit fire in form of music, yeah! Of course! All these bands that I grew up listening to have influenced me a lot all my life: Psykoze, Fogo Cruzado, Hino Mortal, Desordeiros, Lobotomia, WC Kaos, Espermogramix, and a lot of others, more old "unknown" bands, many just released demos, rehearsal tapes or live tapes, many broke up, others I don't know what happened, but: Subversivos, Ejetos da Humanidade, Amusia, NADA, VDP, Kaostrofobia, Sobreviventes do Aborto, Injsurreição, Excomungados, AI-5, etc.

I'M A MANIAC FOR JAPANESE HARDCORE BANDS AND WHEN I DIE I WANNA GO "TO THE HELL WITH THEM ALL" IN MY MIND!

I love a lot of old Brazilian metal bands from mid 80s like: Dorsal Atlantica, Sarcofago, Mutilator, Sex Trash, Holocausto (Just for *Campo de Exterminio* LP. They weren't a Nazi band like many people think; they were a war metal band and just narrated the nightmare of the second world war, okay?), Sepultura (just for the first records) and some others...

In the past, we listened to many bands from here and outside. We found many good things in zines and distros around—the bands of all the world basically—to trade at that time without the Internet. Today, people can learn about a band on the Internet, and you can burn a CD-R with the discography of a band if you wanna. It's much easier.

MRR: When you were the only member of Besthöven still playing on v/a *The Time of Hell* LP and the *Just Another Warsong* EP, did you ever consider stopping the band? Was it difficult to record all instruments yourself?
Fofão: No, of course no! The band never stopped!! For one thing, it was a personal choice of mine. I got tired of changes, changes, and more changes to the line up. The band continues to be alive. And I love to record!! It's an incredible experience, believe me! When I listen to the tracks afterward I don't believe the result. I have a bad mania that is listening to the sounds alone and drinking a lot. I keep my eyes on the sound box and I start to scream, "Are you crazy man!?!" Ha ha! The only difficulty is that I don't have a car so I go alone to the studio by bus with a lot of instruments and bags: two guitars, one bass, cymbals kit, some pedals, cables, and, of course, some alcohol. A lot of things for just one guy to carry on a bus...

MRR: You have recently released an EP of Japanese cover songs. Please tell me about it. Why did you decide to release this record? What influences do you take from Japanese bands?
Fofão: The *To the Hell with Them All—A Hail to Japan* EP was released by Life Under One Tree Records from Japan and distributed in the US by Game of the Arseholes Records. I have known about Japanese bands since the end of the 80s. In 1995, I made contacts with Disclose, CFDL, Result, and Battle of Disarm, and my feel for the Japanese scene grew and continues to grow. I planned a Tribute to Japan since 1996, but it was only recently that I could release it. I had planned a 10" EP with two more songs before, one from The Sexual (but I can't find their lyrics) and "Life Style" from Swankys to close the set, but these I couldn't record because of copyrights. Disclose's *Great Swedish Feast* and Doom's *Hail to Sweden* inspired me to want to make this record. In my opinion, Japanese bands have cool, great, and strong sounds! The best bands in the world are from Japan! In the sleeve art of this 7" you can find hails to others bands whose songs are not included like Gloom, Confuse, The Sexual, Iconoclast, etc. I'm a maniac for Japanese hardcore bands and when I die I wanna go "to the hell with them all" in my mind!

MRR: Why was the band called Silencio Funebre on v/a *Chaos of Destruction* Vol. 2?
Fofão: Oh, cool question. Now I can answer something a lot of people have asked me. These three tracks were recorded in 1996, but you know how many difficulties and delays occur in finalizing an international comp. In 1997 I decided to change the name to Silencio Funebre as a tribute to the first Armagedom LP. We kept this name for some months, but many people at that time were thinking that Besthöven broke up or that Silencio Funebre was a new band. It's not true! For these reasons, I decided to return to the old

and original name again. When I sent new art with original Besthöven name, the LP was already released, so then Silencio Funebre was printed in the LP. I'd have liked to see Besthöven on it, not Silencio Funebre, but it was my mistake, just mine.

MRR: What's your favorite Besthöven release?
Fofäo: It's difficult to say because I love them all! Maybe each one in a different way. Each one has a particular history, due to the way I compose the songs (always drinking a lot!), the things that happened on recording day.

I remember, for example, when we recorded the *More Victims of War* EP. Me and the other member, we carried all the instruments, including the all drums, in little carts from the supermarket, pushing them up the streets under a hot fucking sun all the way to the studio. Most of the equipment was loaned. The people on the streets looked at us and smiled.

The records have many histories, but it is very gratifying today that people can listen to them. It's an incredible thing. Sometimes listening to some release I think something like, "This bass sound can be more strong," or "I want more distortion next time," but always I like a lot of aspects of each one, including all the things that happened around the record.

MRR: You play in another band that's not a punk band. Can you tell me about that?
Fofäo: Yeah, the name of this band is Vultos. I came up with the idea for this band in mid-June 1998, and started to compose the songs. One year later I invited some friends to play and we've been playing since 2000.

Vultos is a band with six members. I play guitar and vocals, Carol, a seventeen year-old girl does vocals too, and a third voice is Walter Sarça, who says poems between the sounds and plays percussion and make theatric performances too during the shows. We have Fabiano on keyboards and two more guys on bass and drums. We have a demo CD released in 2003 named *Cartas Para Ninguém* (or *Letters To No One*) still available, with nine tracks in 54 minutes, and we're finalizing our second CD demo named *Andóides De Luto* (or *Androids in Mourning*) with more seven new tracks. We define our sound as "rock poético sombrio" ("poetic and somber rock"). We take influences from bands like Joy Division, Sisters, Bauhaus, Clan of Xymox, X-mal, Two Witches, Nosferatu, London After Midnight, Sonic Youth, etc., but we are original and don't try to be too similar to any other band. We have many Brazilian elements musically and poetically, and all of our songs are in Portuguese too. If you have any interest in hearing our work just get in touch. If you can help with some hidden money for postage, it can speed up the contact.

MRR: Would you like to tour outside Brazil?
Fofäo: Yeah, it's a strong thought in my mind! I have the idea to voyage alone and play with my pen pals in the line-up. Something like this is in the planning at the moment. It would be a great dream to realize, especially in USA, where I have a lot of friends to see—and in Japan, whose bands I greatly admire and respect.

MRR: What are the future plans of the band?
Fofäo: Well, I don't like to talk much about the future. I prefer to live each moment in the present, but I'm waiting for some things to be released: re-press of first EP, a CD comp with old demos, a CD version of *A Bomb Raid Into Your Mind* with tracks from 1994 as a bonus to Brazilians. Now I'm going to the studio to record a new LP (on which many tracks are in Portuguese) on the new label of my great friend Mick B. Next will be a split LP with Canadian D-beat massacre Skeleton on Cries of Pain (USA) and Jailbreaker (Brazil). I received an invitation from Alea Distro from my area to make a split CD with Terror Revolucionario. In the future, I want to make a new four-track EP and a double EP *Hail to Sweden* too.

I'd like to thank you Stuart for conducting the interview and all your friendship and attention to Besthöven's work these years! Thanks to the *MRR* team for the help and interest too and to all the people who took the time to read this! Force! Alcohol! And D-beat forever!!!!!!!!

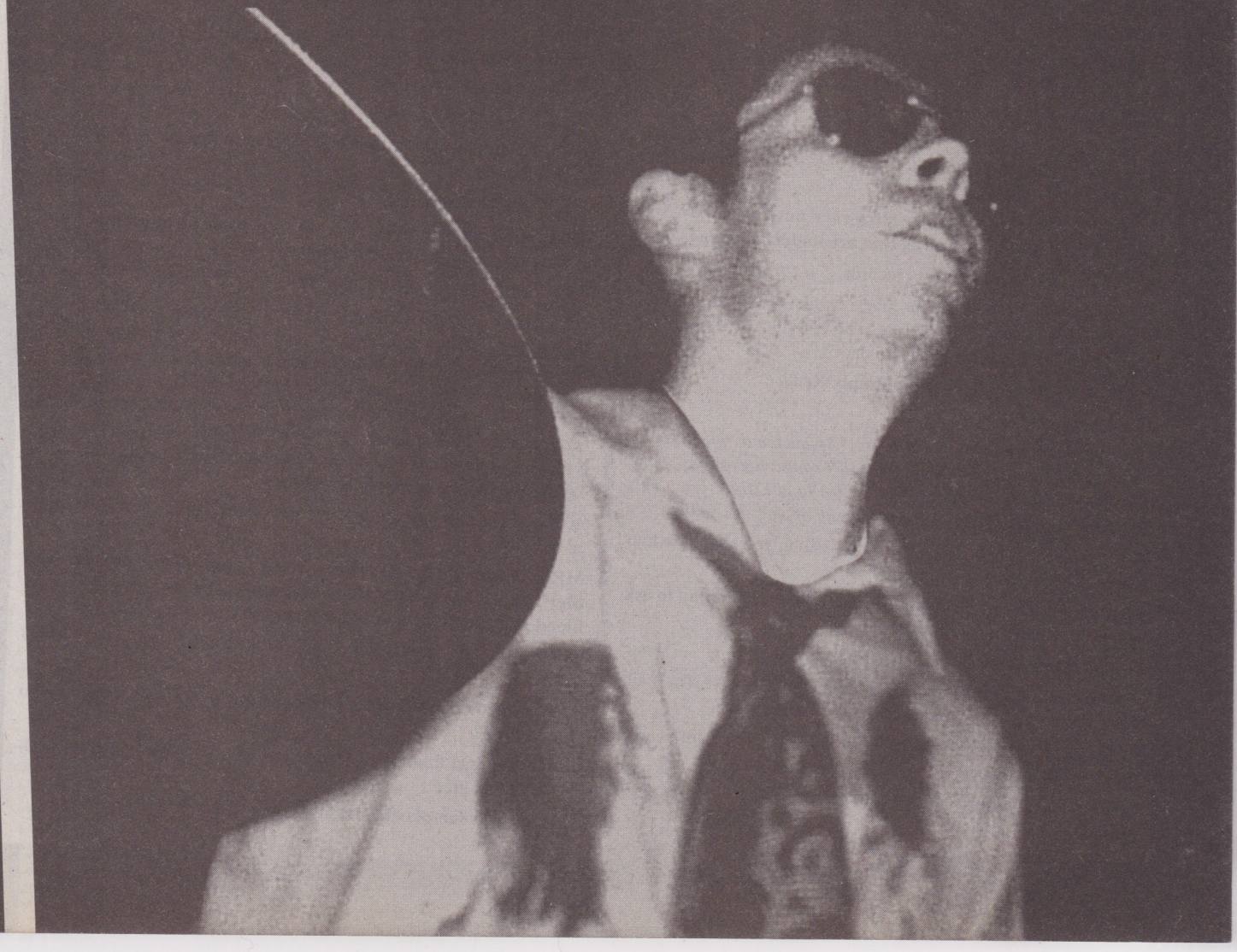
OFFICIAL BESTHÖVEN DISCOGRAPHY
Canção Para Uma Base De Misseis, demo 1995 (11 tracks)
Os Mortos Insepultos, demo 1996 (11 tracks)
Comp. Trax, tape (14 tracks)
Beshöven/Força Macabra, split tape (20 live tracks)
Depois de um Ataque Aereo, EP vinyl and tape1999 (6 tracks)
v/a *Damn the Control*, comp EP 1997 (1 track)
v/a *Chaos of Destruction Vol. 2*, comp LP 1997(3 tracks)
More Victims of War, EP 2002 (5 tracks)
More Victims of War, EP (2nd press with different sleeve and pink vinyl)
Just Another Warsong, EP 2003 (6 tracks) black and white sleeve USA pressing
Just Another Warsong, EP 2003 (6 tracks) colored sleeve Denmark pressing
v/a *Tributo Ao ARD*, comp CD (1 track)
v/a *The Time of Hell*, four way split LP 2003 (4 tracks)
Besthöven/Disclose, split 7" EP 2004 (3 tracks each band, released same time in Denmark and USA)
To the Hell With Them All-A Hail to Japan, EP 2004 (6 tracks)
v/a *A Bomb Raid Into Your Mind*, LP 2002/3

Some addresses from Besthöven's area for underground stuffs::
ALEA LABEL
www.aleadistro.cjb.net
INNOCENT KIDS
cx postal 317/brasilia/df/brazil/70359-970
www.innocentkids.kit.net
DEATH SLAM/TERROR REVOLUCIONARIO /INDEPENDENCIA RECORDS
qnj 21 casa 11.taguatinga/df/72140-210
www.terrorhardcore.cjb.net
www.protons.com.br
ARD
qd 18 casa 74 setor oeste/gama.df.72420-180
www.manchanegra.cjb.net (t-shirts)

FOFÄO DISCRUST
CAIXA POSTAL 8120
GAMA DF 72401-970
BRAZIL

THE ULCERS

If the Damned had been locked up in Billy Childish's garage around the time of their first album and not allowed out until they'd replicated its amphetamine perfection on his broken valve equipment, then the Ulcer's debut LP Hot Skin and Cold Cash *would have been pretty damn close to the fiendish result. Formed around the core unit of French ex-pat Monsieur Eric Baconstrip and suave guitar-toting miscreant Alex Potts, and featuring a revolving cast of London based punk rock luminaries, the Ulcers breakneck sonic assault has been blowing minds and getting hips shaking throughout the late night dives and sweaty basements of the jolly old UK. Their perfected formula of three-chord snotty punk rock brattiness, combined with thrillingly off-kilter five-second guitar breaks and a super-energetic 1-2-3-4 live performance has been taken over to Belgium and Italy, whipping themselves into shape for the no doubt Beatles-like pandemonium that will ensue when they finally get off their lazy arses and go and tour the States. Interview and intro by Lemmy Caution*



E = Eric Ulcer (drums), A = Alex Ulcer (guitar), S = Steve Ulcer (vocals), Not present – Rob Ulcer (bass)

MRR: I've noticed through reading the volumes of press about THE ULCERS that you get compared to second wave punk bands a lot like JOHNNY MOPED, SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS, and EATER. So…who's your favourite second wave punk band?

E: What's the first wave?

MRR: Well, I don't know, I guess you could say proto-punk stuff like STOOGES/MC5 or 60s garage was the first wave, but I think when most people refer to it they mean the PISTOLS/CLASH/RAMONES as the first wave.

E: So the first wave is when they actually started calling it "punk?"

S: That's '76.

MRR: Well for the sake of the argument let's just say it is—Jesus guys!! Who's your favorite '77/78 punk band then?

E: Hank Williams.

A: Andy Williams?

E: Hank Williams! Alex listens to everything from country to Cajun.

E: Me, I get wet listening to stuff like The Valves. They were a Scottish band. I don't know which wave they were—a good wave!

A: A Scottish wave.

E: They did two singles—they did that one that we cover in The Playmobils on our album.

MRR: This is going to be less an interview, more a recordcollector's forum.

E: They did two singles. They did this other song I dream of covering one day as well.

MRR: Were they on Tartan vinyl?

E: No, no, too expensive. They're actually some of the most expensive records I ever bought. I paid about 15 pounds for each recorda.

MRR: I heard you only own ultra-rare punk records—you don't in fact have any records that are under 15 pounds.

S: That's why he's only got six records.

E: I've bought maybe four or five records that were over 15 pounds. That includes The Valves, The Nosebleeds—you know "Ain't ever been to no high school dance."

MRR: Isn't that the guy from Simply Red?

E: I don't know.

(*Long discussion ensues of people in '77 punk bands who went on to be in big 80s bands Mick Hucknall/Frantic Elevators, Shane MacGowan/Nipple Erectors, Kevin Rowland/Killjoys etc. This has been severely curtailed for the sanity of you, the reader*).

E: (*10 minutes later*) …I want to finish telling you about the four records I spent over 15 quid for!

MRR: Eric, it's only a 90-minute cassette, I was hoping to ask you at least one more question.

E: (*oblivious*) …The Users, The Nips…

A: (*waking up*) I just remembered something—I like The Fall! They started in 1977, so they count as "second wave."

S: I'm going to be boring and say The Ramones. They influenced me more than anyone.

MRR: Who's your favourite Ramone?

S: Dee Dee. Has to be.

E: I like Joey a lot. You've seen the film? (*End of the Century*)

MRR: Yeah yeah.

S: The whole Joey/Johnny thing…

MRR: But can you forgive Dee Dee the hip-hop career?

E: Aah, that is great—Dee Dee King!! I got that album for 50p.

S: You've got the album? You can't get it now. He was more punk rock than anyone.

A: That was great in the film watching him talk about it—"I just couldn't do it. I feel like a Negro but…" I went through a phase of inventing my own Ramones, in a sketchbook. I'd draw pictures of new ones.

MRR: Like Clem Burke being Elvis Ramone?

A: Nah, I'd just have like, Gavin Ramone, Derek Ramone…

MRR: Did they have any special qualities or powers?

A: No, they were just different heights and widths with the same uniform. I'll show you the pictures one day.

MRR: I'd like to see them! You've all done time in lots of different combos—can I have a brief history of your musical past?

S: It's a good job Rob's not with us, we'd be here all night…

MRR: So you've always been in The Griswalds, Steve?

S: Yeah, and I used to be in La Mana Canuda, who were like The Supersuckers. We didn't have cowboy hats though.

A: I've not been in a lot of bands.

E: That's not true—you were in that Carpenters tribute band.

S: Nah, that was me and Pumuki.

MRR: Eric, you're a special case. How many bands are you currently in?

E: I don't know, five or six…

S: Plus the ones in his head.

E: Yeah I don't keep count.

MRR: If you turn your back for five minutes, does Eric form another band?

A: You only have to blink.

MRR: How are you going to stop him from forming more and more bands until they cover London?

S: Cut off his hands—that'll stop him!

E: (*manfully ignoring the insults*) There's The Buckets—rhythm and blues kind of stuff, The Chinese Lungs—*Killed by Death* punk rock, The Parkinsons, though that is ending soon, The 53rd & 3rd—a Ramones cover band, The Regular Dudes, The Playmobils with Joe from Los Perros and Martin Savage from Tokyo Knives/Blacks/Dixie Buzzards etc. We have an album out soon on P.Trash Records, which is fucking great. (*Leaning into tape recorder*) *BUY IT YOU FUCKING YANKEES*!! And some others as well…

A: If you get closer to the tape recorder does that mean it'll be printed in bold?

MRR: Yeah, it'll be like when you're reading the tabloids and they'll be a paragraph about someone being murdered in cold blood and they'll be a sub-heading—*IN COLD BLOOD*.

S: In that case then—*BUY ULCERS RECORDS YOU FUCKING YANKEES!!!!*

MRR: If you could have a party in your pants with anyone who would it be?

E: The guitarist from The Groovie Ghoulies!! It sounds stupid, but J-Lo would be nice.

MRR: She's too plastic looking.

E: I like plastic! I like Kylie Minogue as well.

MRR: She's so tiny, you maybe could fit her in your pants.

A: How would it work—would she get in one leg and you get in the other?

MRR: You wrote the song, you tell me!

A: But it weren't meant to be taken literally.

MRR: We're using the magic of the printed word to go off on a flight of literary fantasy. You can have a party in your pants in any way you wish, with the male or female of your choice…

S: I'll take Drew Barrymore

MRR: What happened to Rip-Off Records releasing the LP?

E: Greg Lowery wanted to put it out, and then we recorded it, and he said he liked it, but he wanted to release some other things before, and it was dragging on…Damaged Goods offered to put it out straight away, so we went with it. We had new members in the band and stuff and didn't want this LP we'd done with the old line-up sitting round forever.

MRR: Now that you're on Damaged Goods, do you get any benefits?

S: Free travel in London.

MRR: Does Holly Golightly come round and clean your windows? Cheap cab fare off Armitage Shanks?

E: Holly comes round to mine every Wednesday dressed as a jellyfish.

S: We have to do at least three albums before Billy Childish comes round to fix the fridge.

A: We have to make do with Dick Scum.

E: Which is a shame, because Steve likes men with moustaches.

MRR: Were you hurt by the bad review in *Artrocker* (London indie hipster rag)?

S: Well, Eric was quite flattered 'cos they described us as being in our late-20s—hahaha!!!

E: The next album will be in a post-punk new wave 80s style so they like us more.

MRR: Why have you gone through so many members?

E: Well I'll tell you the story of the band quickly. I used to work with Alex and we liked a lot of the same bands and stuff, and one night he invited me round his house for dinner. He cooked me this amazing meal—beef in Guinness.

MRR: This is romantic. Was there a log fire?

E: Yeah, and he got me really drunk and then at one point he disappeared. Next thing I knew he came walking down the stairs with his guitar singing "Electric Love."

MRR: Serenading you.

E: And as you all know, that became the song that all the kids are going wild for in America. And then we got Pumuki from Spain, my favorite guitar player. Ben from The Griswalds told me he wanted to sing.

A: Then there was Jet…he was this crazy Japanese rockabilly guy with a five foot-high quiff dressed all in leather. Costas sang for a while… we had Peter on bass who plays in a hardcore band now.

MRR: I used to see Costas delivering post around Tottenham.

A: Oh yeah, we've had two posties for singers.

E: The current line-up is suffering from lack of postmen.

MRR: OK, tell me the dwarf story.

E: Ah…the dwarf was in my old band The Sidekicks; we sounded like GG Allin and he used to breathe fire for us and play guitar on Elvis songs.

MRR: Which era of GG Allin?

E: The shit eating one. So anyway, we played this pub in Camden…

S: Does anyone want a pint?

A: I'll have a pint of Fosters.

MRR: I'm drinking Guinness—maybe I should switch the tape recorder off?

E: No, No. I'm sure cool punk rockers in San Francisco are fascinated by what old English punks order in the pub.

MRR: Guys, dwarf story! Focus!!

A: OK, we were first on the bill, 8:30 or something. We sped through 'em all till the last song "Rome Is Burning." Lenny the Dwarf jumps on stage and starts breathing fire all over the pub. All the fire alarms went off, they cut the power…the landlord claimed the fire alarms had fused all the circuits, but strangely all the tills were still working. And the beer pumps.

E: He wanted to kill Lenny. Us and the other bands had to stand between him and the landlord. The guy's only two foot something…

S: It's not the same bar manager that's there now is it?

A: Yeah.

S: God, that guy is a total prick. Last time I played there he barred me before we got to play 'cos I was drinking outside with my friends.

MRR: And what's Lenny up to these days?

E: He's in the first Harry Potter movie.

MRR: No way.

E: Yes, it is true. He's one of the goblins in the bank. Oh shit! I almost forgot! Lenny used to play guitar for Screaming Lord Sutch. He was taught how to play guitar by Mick Green from The Pirates.

MRR: Wow.

E: Yeah, Lenny's the man.

MRR: Do you think there's a UK garage-punk revival at the moment?

S: The problem is, English people never give a shit about English bands. However good an English band is, English people will always prefer a foreign band doing the same thing.

MRR: But it's the same with Anglophiles abroad – don't people always want something exotic?

E: I don't know…England has this NME culture of hyping stuff up…it would make sense for some young bands, but we put on Armitage Shanks last week and there was six people there!! They can play to more people in some backwater town in California. The encouragement isn't there for kids to form new bands 'cos they see someone like them who have been doing it for years and years and they're still playing to no people.

MRR: How important do you think lyrics are in rock 'n' roll?

S: A good title's more important than good lyrics. And a nice catchy chorus.

MRR: Who writes the lyrics in The Ulcers?

E: Burt Bacharach…Tom Jones…they're all fighting to write lyrics for us. I have to tell them—c'mon Burt, just leave us alone.

MRR: Er, Eric, Burt Bacharach just wrote the music. Hal David wrote all the lyrics.

E: Ah, fuck you!

www.theulcers.com.

GEORGE HARRISON

Fastcore from Russia? Fuck yeah, it's George Harrison. Interview from early 2005, questions Filip (Hluboka Orba zine/Czech Rep.), answers by Al aka Fat Fury

MRR: When I told my friend from Moscow that I was interviewing you guys, he wrote me, "That's great, I really like George Harrison; they hate emo as much as I do!" Do you think you could come with some better or more accurate description of the band? How would you describe your band to somebody who have never heard you?

Fat Fury: Haha. Man, that's the spirit! I like it! Well, our band is not only about hating emo, it's about having fun, making new friends, and playing fast music. To someone who has never heard our stuff, I would describe the band as fast thrashcore with a touch of crossover and three singers. We are really influenced by DRI, Spazz, 80s US bands, and all the great bands coming from Japan whom we admire. Our lyrics are simple, sometimes angry, sometimes goofy—and yes, we sing in English (here some people say, if you live in Russia, you must sing in Russian! Well, fuck you, asshole patriots!).

MRR: You haven't been playing for a long time as far as I know, but still you have managed to release your stuff all over the world—tell us more about your history, achievements, each band member, your recordings, etc. Are there any goals you would like to reach with George Harrison?

Fat Fury: George Harrison is Captain Six String Destruction, on guitar, vocals, 22, into horror movies, comic books and Ramones-core bands; Garry Harrison, plays drums and sings, 21, likes helicopter models, westerns and psychobilly; and me, Fat Fury, playing bass and singing, 22, I love kung fu movies, reading books, and heavy metal! We got together as a band in late 2002, started playing and recorded our demo. Since then we have recorded plenty of songs for two split EPs (with Conga Fury, out on RSR, Germany and one with Rob Halford soon to be out on Cesspool, USA) and numerous compilations (one which is out and definitely must be bought: a benefit CD comp for Parkinson Disease Research on De Rok–get more info here: www.killorbekilled.net/derok). We are looking for someone to release all the stuff we have recorded by now. Besides our interests, we all love fast music and there was no question for us what to play when we got together. We also have to study and work from time to time. Our aim as a band is having fun, playing fast music and making new friends all over the world. As a main goal a split LP with DRI would do.

MRR: Why are there so few thrash, fast HC, and crust bands in Russia? Maybe I am wrong, but I got an impression that 90% of Russian hardcore kids play either emo or tough guy NYHC style—is it like this? Are there any good bands you would like to recommend to us?

Fat Fury: Your impression is right. Just make it like 99%. It's really horrible and it really surprises me that 16-year old kids don't want to play simple old school hardcore like Gang Green or sing about skateboarding and hating school, or maybe politics. No man, they want to play boring depressive shit with pseudo-poetic lyrics which makes me wanna kill. That's why we hate emo—a kid who is new to hardcore music gets the impression that all that stuff should be cry-ass or tough guy, and either quits it or starts doing the same kind of shit. Plus, another problem is too many people being into religion, either Orthodox or freaking Krishna shit. That's super lame! Among the bands I can recommend, look out for Noise Marines (old school hardcore influenced by Negative Approach and the like), Fast Forward (simple grind with thrash metal riffs and two vocalists), and Captains America (fast thrash). These bands don't have any releases yet, but they will really soon.

MRR: How does the scene in Russia looks in general? Is it possible to play outside big cities like Moscow or St. Petersburg?

Are you in contact with some bands and people from far away parts of Russia? Have you ever played outside Moscow?

Fat Fury: The scene here is completely fucked up. Maybe it's because there's actually no scene, just some people trying to build it up.Yes, I think it's possible to play outside Moscow, you just have to find some open-minded and active people, and the rest is easy. We are in touch with people from various parts of Russia and we are looking forward to playing in other towns when it's possible. We've never done it before, but we are talking all the stuff over and really hope to play a few gigs when everything is ready.

MRR: Speaking about gigs—can you tell us more about the gigs you do play? Where are they usually organized? Which were the best gigs/worst gigs of your band and why? What about a European tour? (American bands can do it after one or two years of existence and with just one record out!)

Fat Fury: Well, there's a real problem with DIY gigs here. We don't want to play in places like overpriced biker clubs with security assholes beating people up and Nazis dancing. And we don't play with bands who deal with fascists or in clubs which let them in. There are many really young kids at our shows and we don't want them to be hurt by drunk, violent machos. So, the only way for us is setting up gigs on our own. We've done it several times and they turned out to be great! We are playing in the school, all bands share equipment, the entrance is free and there have been no problems at all. If any band wants to come play in Moscow, get in touch with us, we'll organize everything! We are dreaming about European and American tours, we've already had invitations from the USA, Hungary, France, Poland, Czech Republic, and other countries. But unfortunately I have some problems with the law and I can't leave Russia for a while (till December 1st, 2005). We really hope that kids still will be interested in inviting us then.

MRR: In one song you sing about your favorite bands who broke up. Which bands influenced your style the most, and which bands would you like to see playing again?

Fat Fury: Well, actually we would like to see any foreign hardcore band, because none of us except the Captain has seen any before. But above all, we would love to see Heresy, Spazz, Charles Bronson, WHN?, Scholastic Deth and all the US bands from the 1980s like Ill Repute or Jerry's Kids, and, well, all the rest of the hardcore bands who are dead now. I'm so glad DRI is still alive and I hope to see them before I got taken away by the Martians.

MRR: How easy or difficult is for you to stay in touch with the hardcore/punk scene all around the world? Are there any distros or shops in Moscow, where you

can get new records for example? What about foreign bands tours—do they ever reach Russia?

Fat Fury: Thanks to the Internet, it's not so difficult for us to stay in touch with the kids all over the world. Concerning distros, there are a few but mostly they deal with complete crap like emo, tough guy, lame metalcore, etc., or even local crap, including Nazi/sexist bands. So we don't deal with them, we try to set up our own small distro and trade/buy records from kids from other countries. Some bands tour Russia, but most of them are not really interesting for us, except for Marky Ramone when he visited Russia a year ago. And Out Cold and Hero Dishonest were here this summer, but we didn't see them because all of us were away.

MRR: I am curious to know—since I was in similar situation with my old band here in my hometown in the middle of 90s—how do the other bands in your city view George Harrison? Don't they think something like, "Fuck, they play total shit and still they have releases on labels from USA, Germany, Indonesia, etc.—how is it possible?!" And also do people accuse you often of copying American fast HC/thrash bands' image, lyrics, music...?

Fat Fury: The thing is that it seems like most of the kids here don't give a shit about the scene in the Americas or Europe or Asia. They are stuck to the local crap and pretty happy with it. They are really angry with us for dealing mostly with kids from other countries, they are like "Oh, you bastards, you sold out to the USA!" and stuff. They don't like us for singing in English, for telling the truth about the scene, for the fact that we don't deal with people/bands who are friends with Nazis. Yeah, and they say that thrash is a trend! Fuck you, all your emo cry-ass crap—that's sooo damn trendy! And many kids are sure that old school/fastcore bands suck because their music is simple and the lyrics are straight, without poetic shit. Well, we don't really care about them. We've got people here who like what we do, who support us and their opinion means a lot to us.

MRR: In one of your songs you sing about freeing animals from zoos, circuses etc., so are you interested in animal rights? Are you vegetarians? Are there any animal rights activities in Russia worth of support?

Fat Fury: "Free birds and animals from circus and the zoo / cages full of new-school jocks and emo-boys too," is the exact quote, haha! Well, I have to say that I don't think that any of us has ever considered this matter really seriously. We're not vegans/vegetarians or anything. Sure, in our opinion things like animal testing are shit, but we don't really take part in any activities. And I can't say that I'm really updated on any activities here in Russia. Sorry.

MRR: I think that one of you recently went to study or work to USA, so what about his experiences? Did he found out some "hardcore/punk paradise" there in contrast to current state of the Russian scene or was he disappointed?

Fat Fury: Yes, our Captain SSD has visited the USA in summer 2003 and last year, too. In 2003 he had more free time and yes, he was really excited about the US scene, he went to many shows, met lots of great bands and people. As he says (and it's obvious) the situation within the DIY scene there is 180 degrees different from our shitty country; lots of bands playing fast hardcore and crossover, bands who know their roots, kids who know and respect all the old bands. Many friendly, supportive, open-minded and active people, unlike here. And nearly no drunk people or fights at the shows.

MRR: In one of your song you talk about "white power emo fans"—that's bullshit! I don't believe it! Do they really exist?

Fat Fury: Man, Russia is a country of nonsense. You can find anything here, from Nazi-Communist Party, to drunk people with X's on their hands. And white power emo fans, these people really exist here! Boneheads going to the emo shows, dancing there; people who support white power views and love Russian emo bands; even people from the bands who hang out with nazis and support their ideas. That's the reality here and it sucks ass.

MRR: How do you see the international hardcore/punk scene in general? Do you think that its really "a network of friends" like Heresy used to sing or do you think that the cooperation could be better? I sometimes get an impression that some people are really into this "network of friends" idea as long as these friends come from USA. Don't you think that sometimes the bands are judged just upon the fact from which part of the world they come?

Fat Fury: Well, I can consider this matter only from the point of how our band was dealt with. And I must say that we got really positive replies from people all over the world. The kids show real interest in what's going on in Russia and what's going on with the band. Maybe I'm being idealistic, but I think that in general the DIY scene is really a network of friends with only language being an obstacle. There might be some "localism" within the scene, but most of the people I talked with are very interested in bands from other countries, although being supportive of bands from their area.

MRR: Did you see Czech emo band Thema 11 live when they played few months ago in Moscow?

Fat Fury: Nope, sorry.

MRR: OK, that's all for now, sorry for some stupid questions, feel free to add anything you like. Good luck with George Harrison!

Fat Fury: Thank you very much, my friend! Your questions are definitely not stupid! We really appreciate your interest in our band, and it means a lot to us. Thanks a lot to everyone who managed to read this, we hope one day we'll come to play in your town! Feel free to get in touch with us, we will be really glad to talk. Some contact info below:

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If you want to get a tape with all the GxHx songs recorded by now–send us $2 or get in touch for trades. We love trades! Also, write us if you are interested in other fast bands from Russia, Broken Bones Records releases, our distro list etc..

PLAY FAST AND STAY POSITIVE!

ICE AND THE ICED

Ice and the Iced are generally regarded as one of the best and most influential bands from the early Italian punk scene. Their 1980 7" EP entitled Wicked Wolves, is one of the most rare and sought after punk records across the globe. Their popularity was reignited by the compilation series Killed By Death when they appeared on #77, as well as the new 88 Shoes Skate DVD featuring Correy Duffel (Ice plays during his segment). Their one and only EP release recently sold on eBay for $450.

I became very fixated on this group after buying KBD#77, and was especially impressed with the song "We've Had Enough." I searched and asked just about everyone for more info on the group, calling different punk shops around the country, and searching the Internet. I was told that Iced was a complete mystery group, and though most of the old timers had heard of them, virtually no information was known about them. I didn't give up, and after a few days I finally found a mention of them on the Internet.

I discovered that Diego Sandrin, lead singer of the group, had established himself as a very successful international solo artist. He was discovered by Lisa Marie Presley and is signed by Sirius Satellite Records. Many celebrities frequent his shows whenever he comes to America. The stuff he does now sounds nothing like his old punk band, but it's still very good.

I emailed him, letting him know that his old band had become a cult favorite amongst punk record collectors around the world, and he was very surprised and pleased to hear the news. He didn't have a copy of KBD#77, so I mailed him the CD, and a few weeks later I was shocked that he mailed me not only an original 7", but also rare gig tickets, flyers, and other memorabilia. Since then, I have created a site for him as a forum for others to learn and discuss this amazing band. This is the first Ice and the Iced interview. I hope you enjoy it, and don't forget that a new Ice and the Iced CD will be coming out in the near future.

Interview by Jared Sanchez.

MRR: I heard that you had started out singing in the church choir when you were a kid. How did you discover punk rock music?

Diego: In an Italian magazine there was this picture of guys with pins in their mouths. I thought it was so cool! I really liked that were wearing lots of colors; in Italy everything was so fucking gray!!

All the kids back then used to meet at the church soccer field and there were some social rooms there. Me and Ronnie occupied one of them and used to take our record player after school there everyday and play whichever record we could get our hands on that came from London: Pistols, Crass, The Clash, Dead Boys, Ramba (our name for The Ramones), The Damned, Sham 69, Angelic Upstarts, Generation X, Germs, UK Subs, Stiff Little Fingers etc. It was our room; the priest was afraid to come in.

Once we were invited to do a show in the room by some guy who had a birthday. He was from the other faction—the "disco kids," and we hated them. So we told them we would play disco music. Of course when the party started we let it loose and all of the disco kids started shouting and throwing things so it became a huge riot. We told them we were gonna finish the set list, with or without them. So they left, and we finished the concert alone. At the end we destroyed the room and everything they had put in there: disco records, food, etc. That was the last day we were able to use that famous room. Cops came and banned us from it.

MRR: Well, you probably did those guys a favor. Happy Fuckin' Birthday! I remember my band "SPÄN" starting a near riot at our high school talent show. Kurt Cobain had just killed himself, and everyone was moping around acting all depressed. I couldn't stand Nirvana by that point. I took the mic and shouted out on stage, "Kurt Cobain said punk was dead, but who's dead now?" We were showered with boos and people throwing shit. I'd

never seen so many angry people in my life! I didn't think we'd make it out of there alive. We didn't give a shit, and played anyway. I guess the freedom to say whatever the hell I wanted was the most appealing thing about punk for me. How did you start your band?

Diego: After only three months from the first band meeting we were called to play in a huge place as opening act of a big Italian rock band. We had ten songs. It was an unbelievable emotion. We went from my garage to the big scene: fans, chicks, managers. We were sixteen, it was a fucking dream!

I was a very depressed kid and at the same time full of energy. I used to write everything that came to mind, but the depression seemed to go away only when I could perform and play punk music. I loved it. I was another person afterwards; sadness used to turn to rage and then into happiness. Thank god we didn't have psychiatrists back then. We handled shit on our own and so we avoided the drugs that are killing kids now like Ritalin, etc. If you were depressed, you played in a punk band, period.

MRR: Right. Being in a punk band, or anything to channel your energy into something productive is the best form of therapy, not a bunch of pills and some overpaid asshole telling you what's wrong. Being only sixteen when you got signed to the Trux label, how did your parents react and how did they respond to you being involved in a punk rock band?

Diego: I guess most of the grown ups used to think it was a fad or fashion—all but my mother. She loved the Pistols and used to drive us around with her AMI8 Citroen, and used to hide at our gigs to see us play. And the only reason I found all this material from those days is because she carefully put it away until now.

MRR: That's awesome she was supportive of what you were doing. There's nothing worse than getting shit at school from your peers and teachers, and then coming home to the same thing. My mom was also supportive, and she would drive me to shows across town, and sit in the car for hours reading her VC Andrews novels until it was over. The only complaint was probably the way I dressed, but it was never a big deal. It was just kids having fun. What were the kids like in the scene at that time?

Diego: They were normal kids. They were not dressed up like punks. In Italy back then if you had an earring you were a fag, and if you had something colored to wear you were a clown. Very few people had the courage to put up a "punk uniform."

I used to steal clothes from my sister and the kids loved it. I had leather purple boots, a long white coat that went down to my feet, pink pants, and red shoes. They loved it, and they knew they would never have the courage to do it. I had three earrings and wore make-up on my eyes, and I was not a homosexual at all. This for them was truly something different. Some of them used to bring a bag of clothes to change into at the gig, and then put their own clothes back on to go home in. We were friends with them, and after each gig we were the only ones with a few lires from the gig, so we bought beer and whiskey for all. This was locally.

Once we played in Vicenza, and if it weren't for the American people from the air base we would have been killed by the crowd.

MRR: I guess the word got around pretty quickly about your band, and soon you guys were picked up by Trux Records. Were there any problems getting signed?

Diego: No, Piermario Ciani came to us and asked, so we said sure we would do it. He rented a little studio near Udine; it was inside a washing machine store and we had it for three hours to record four songs. The sound guy got so upset at us (we were destroying his shop) that he said he would keep the masters if we didn't calm down. So we really didn't finish the songs, they needed more guitars and vocals. But the songs are as they are on the 7" cause we got kicked out basically. They still sound good though.

MRR: How many of the singles were pressed originally?

Diego: As far as I remember 600 copies were pressed. They were supposed to be sold in supermarkets in "ICEPACKS" next to potato chip bags and candy but we couldn't get a distributor to do it so they went through the normal channels.

MRR: What was your relationship like with Ado Scaini, and the other bands from your time? I have read that Nazism was a pretty heavy influence on some of the bands from that era — with a lot of warring punk factions.

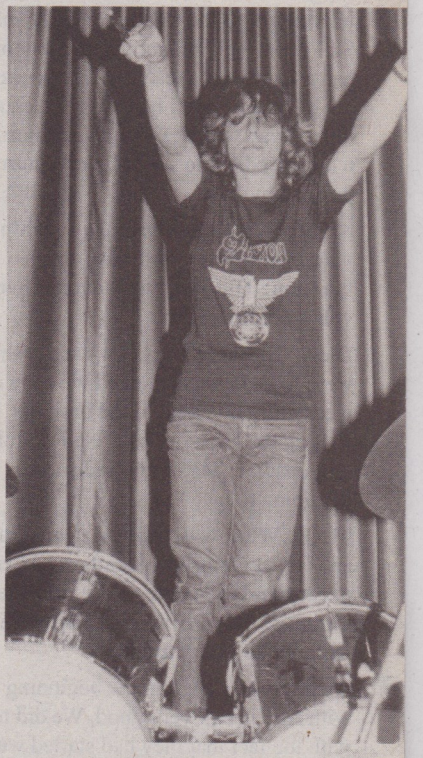
Diego: I personally always loved and liked Ado. He was such a pioneer into new things and was scared of nothing. He was always happy and doing some new project. But we came to clash with the Great Complotto faction because the others (about 50 other bands) were turning to new wave music and Nazi bullshit and we were anarchists.

They were a bit of dandies. Rich kids with nice pressed punk clothes, and mod clothes and stuff, and we hated them. So we went with the other faction, more leftist who were the Wicked Wolves and we used to hang and rehearse at the Duke, on the other side of the center of Pordenone. Once in a while, when we were drunk or bored, we used to walk to their hangout and start a fight.

It was a great time; hundreds of kids on the streets of Pordenone. Lots of ideas and music and nobody telling us what to do. Now you walk those streets it's like a fucking fashion show, with catwalk and all.

MRR: What are your favorite Iced songs?

Diego: Definitely Squalid Life and School Rules; two songs which were never recorded, only played live. They will be on our next record.



MRR: I know a lot of the Killed By Death collectors will be anxious to hear those songs for the first time. How did you come up with the special effects for Rock 'n' roll? There's some really strange sounds, one even sounds like a little kid laughing.

Diego: That was an experiment our manager was doing with tape machines connected to each other. The girl you hear is his daughter when she was three—she has kids of her own now!

MRR: What was your motivation for writing the song "We've Had Enough?" That song has really struck a chord with not only hardcore Killed By Death collectors, but also with the skateboard scene after pro-skater Correy Duffel put it on his new DVD.

Diego: I had been thrown out of school for irreverence to the teachers and the institution. So I went back and robbed the school and had a fight with a teacher. They kicked me out of course, and I had to go to school 40 miles away with the train every morning at 6 am. Needless to say I'm not a morning person anymore!

MRR: What was your relationship like with your bandmates, and how did you guys hook up? Did you know each other since you were little kids?

Diego: Brothers. We knew each other since we were like ten years old and we hang out every week still now. Real blood brothers. Ronnie is writing the book of our life now, with music, sex, death, crime, drugs and success all in one. It's going to be good.

MRR: What was your relationship like with the Great Complotto leaders? There's some great bands to come out of that scene like Tampax, Mind Invaders, Hitler SS, Onda 400 and so many more.

Diego: It was great in the beginning and with Ado is still very good. We did not agree with the fact that they had started wearing uniforms and being all clean and in suits with combed short hair and ties. We hated that so we left. We were involved politically and revolutionaries of a sort. They wanted to create their own "country," which was a good idea but I did not like the rules, so I screwed a girlfriend of one of the leaders and we took off. He still is not talking to me! But I really admire them now, what they did, what we all did; it was just fantastic. A whole city was at our feet. Nobody could walk in the town without our knowledge or eyes on them! They had to hear our music. Thousands of kids playing music on the streets. It never came back and never will if it goes on like this. We are witnessing the death of music. It will have to start from the very bottom again.

MRR: What's the craziest thing you experienced in those days?

Diego: Probably at the peak of our success as a wave of bands and punks — the Saturday we closed the town down. We were so many that all the streets coming into the city were filled with kids hanging out and cars could not pass in the city. We owned the city. People had to leave their cars outside the city limits and walk home. We were not violent though, just obnoxious.

MRR: How did Ice and the Iced break up?

Diego: Compulsory military service. Officially, we never broke up. Like there was never a meeting or a call in which we said, "Ok, it's over." We just drifted away and met up again when punk was all done.

It was compulsory in Italy then, you had to give one year to the state. I chose the fire department, so I was a fireman for a year.

MRR: Did you regret that? It must have been heart-breaking to go off to the military just when Ice and The Iced was at its peak of popularity.

Diego: No, it was fun. Except for the band — that sucked.

MRR: After you completed your duties to the military, you made a surprising move to the USA. What made you decide to move to Louisiana of all places?

Diego: I had a ticket for Florida. I did not know where I would end up. Then in Florida I met a guy that needed work in his office, which was in Baton Rouge Louisiana. I rented an apartment on the phone, and when I arrived there I was in the black ghetto. No problem though — when they found out I was Italian ("Aitalian") they embraced me, and we had the best time, and super good soul food!!

MRR: After the military and the big move to the States, did you ever consider forming another punk band?

Diego: No, not until recently.

MRR: Do you still keep in touch with old bands and friends?

Diego: Yeah, we meet every once in a while there is a reason to meet. Like this movie A Band Apart, I did the music for. It's about those days in Pordenone, and at the premiere all the old guys came to see it and we had a party.

MRR: Why did you decide to move back to Italy?

Diego: I missed my family and friends. America was going through the difficult times of 9/11 and I could not find myself to agree with the Iraq war thing, or the monopoly of hip-hop music on the market.

I do not agree with the majority of the kids nowadays. There is no revolution brewing. They are all so fucking happy and full of themselves—into celebritism and beauty. I found the same exact thing here in Italy though, so stupidity just went fucking global!!

The sad thing is that it's only getting worse. You can't turn anywhere without being smothered in all this celebritism bullshit and the hip-hop garbage.

MRR: How did you start your current solo project?

Diego: I was in LA, hanging out at La Poubelle club on Franklin and met all my bandmates there. It was a fun time, with Angela McCluskey, Danny Keough, Lisa Marie Presley, and many other sitcom actors came to see us play, so it grew from there.

MRR: How did you hook up with Lisa Marie Presley, and what is your relationship like with her?

Diego: She called me to write with her after hearing my shows. We are very good friends. I think she is tremendously talented as an artist. She has this very particular way of singing, like nobody else and when somebody is original these days its worth something!

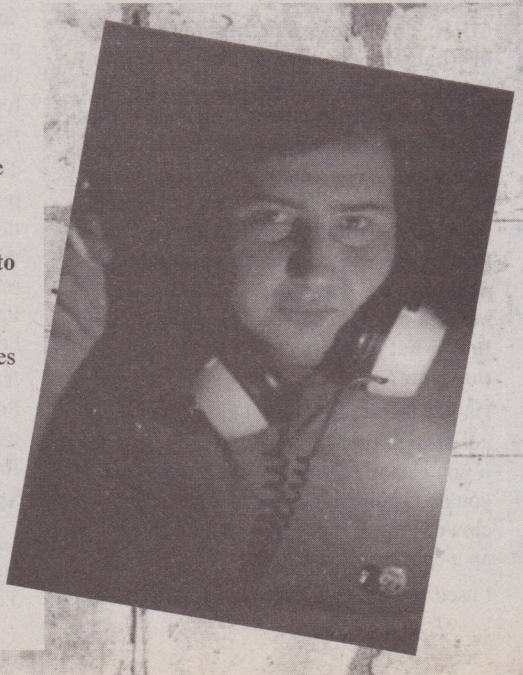
MRR: When did you first hear about Killed By Death and discover they had comped your single on KBD#77?

Diego: My friend Jared in LA told me during an exchange of emails. He was trying to find Ice and The Iced material. I was shocked!

MRR: Will there ever be an Ice and the Iced reunion?

Diego: Yes, there is one right now. We are looking for a label to put up a bit of money for studio time to record a CD with all the Iced songs — old recordings and new in one CD.

Many thanks to Diego Sandrin for taking the time out to give us some insight into the glory days of the Pordenone, Italy punk scene. Keep checking for news at www.iceandtheiced.com



DEATHTOLL

MRR'S BRUCE ROEHRS SAT DOWN TO TALK WITH THE MIGHTY DEATHTOLL, A FEARSOME PUNK ROCK JUGGERNAUT, UNDER BEER-SOAKED CONDITIONS AT JOHN PATRICK'S BAR IN ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA, HOST TO MANY FAMOUS PUNK SHOWS...

MRR: Who is in Deathtoll? How old are you guys?

Deathtoll: Kevin Reed – Vocals, 38; Greg Orr – Bass, 27; Eric McIntire – Guitar, 36; Yapple Ruelas – Guitar, 35; and Jon Stanley – Drums, 28. The band has been around since 2003.

MRR: Has there always been connections to the East Bay punk rock scene?.

Jon: Yes, we are all from the bay area with the exception of Yapple, who is from Fresno.

MRR: Let's talk about Deface and other bands that you guys were in over the years.

Jon: All of us with the exception of Yapple were in Deface. Some of the previous bands that we have been in include: I Madman, Doomsday Device, Powerhouse, Second Coming, and Attitude Adjustment.

MRR: Who did the first Deface single?

Eric: Deep Six Records put out the first single and Beer City Records put out the second single. Both were released on one CD by Lost & Found Europe.

MRR: Kevin, you have a stellar punk rock resume. Let's go through some of the bands you have sung for.

Kevin: I got into punk because the guys in Social Unrest turned me onto punk.

MRR: Was that in Oakland?

Kevin: That was in San Leandro actually. I lived there with my mom. Social Unrest had rented an apartment up there and I got to meet them. I started kicking it with them, and before you know it, I'm dying my hair blue. My mom said, "You are not coming back in the house like that." *[Laughter.]*

We became good friends and they showed me a lot about the punk scene and I really got drawn to it. So, I joined a band.

MRR: Which was?

Kevin: Bad Influence. They were already a formed band; they just needed a bass player. I didn't play bass, but they needed someone and I was willing to try. I started to do that, and then went on to other things such as singing in the band.

MRR: Would you say that Cretin influenced your singing style at that point?

Kevin: Yes.

MRR: Did punk become more metal somewhere along the way there in '83 or '84?

Eric: It was 1984/1985. Hardcore had changed. Bands either went more melodic, or metal, or just vanished. New metal bands came out playing faster and more aggressive.

Kevin: Some bands could pull the metal thing off. In my eyes, I see the metal as being fast punk. It's all from punk. I think punk was there. Back in the day when I had a fuckin' mohawk, everyone would say, "Look at the fuckin' weirdo, freak fucker." I had to do what I had to do to get by. But nowadays, it's cool.

MRR: Listening to the music of Attitude Adjustment, some people

would say that there was a definite metal influence.

Kevin: Definitely.

MRR: There was a huge metal scene burgeoning in the East Bay: Exodus, Violence and Testament. You could go to Ruthie's and see DRI, Fang, and Suicidal Tendencies

Kevin: Slayer, No Mercy, Excel, Beowulf, shit like that.

Eric: All of the bands you just mentioned we had played with.

MRR: Those were important days. I still hear a lot of metal in your music today.

Kevin: That's true. We want to stay true to the punk sound, but the gear that they put out nowadays is...a lot better.

MRR: It sounds as if you celebrate the metal influence?

Yapple: Yes we do.

MRR: That it's one of the things that makes Deathtoll so fuckin' tough and so really crushing in person. There is a presence of a metal guitar, and that is part of your power.

Kevin: There definitely is a metal edge.

MRR: There are some pretty goddamn punk lyrics. When you sing about the fundamentalist religious people, or when you sing about the government, or when you sing about killing cops, that's pretty punk stuff... Who writes most of those lyrics?

Kevin: We all write the lyrics.

MRR: I've got a couple of my favorites written down here... Who wrote "Even the Score"?

Kevin: That's my song.

MRR: It's pretty bitter stuff.

Kevin: It's bitter stuff, but I'm talking about "in general." Everyone has had someone fuck them over somehow, someway along the way. If you haven't, it's going to happen.

[Laughter.]

I find comfort in singing about things that we can relate to. I've got some strong values and I have stick by them. I feel the guys in Deathtoll are my friends, and we are all the same fucking way. It's something that I've dealt with before. Something we've all dealt with before. In that song for instance, "Today is the day we even the score." It's about being sick of taking shit, sick about being shit on. I don't want to be shit on.

Greg: The days of being shit on are over!

Kevin: We're not necessarily going out and smashing people in the face. But I'm sick of being shit on.

MRR: That works on a lot of different levels. It could be a friend or a woman or an employer...

Kevin: It could be anybody; it doesn't have to be about one certain person.

MRR: From some of the references in the songs, Kevin, would you say that your attitude is pretty pessimistic right now, about the way

the world is headed with war and famine and injustice?

Kevin: I don't have a good outlook on that. I personally see the world going into a major war in my lifetime.

Yapple: I don't see things getting better. I see things getting worse.

MRR: You 't think that we may be headed for a holocaust?

Kevin: It's not going to happen soon.

MRR: Reading feelings of despair and futility in your lyrics—do you feel that we have a responsibility to step up to the plate and do something?

Kevin: We need to be aware that the shit is going on.

MRR: Your music can inform other people.

Kevin: Yeah, because there are so many people walking around blind. I'm not from the hardest neighborhood, but some people are just oblivious to what is going on around them. Shit is so fucked up. I just love playing music.

Jon: The politics come with the territory.

MRR: Would you like to see Deathtoll be able to get to the point where you can travel around nationally?

Kevin: Without a doubt.

Greg: That's our plan. We've already toured coast to coast and there has been nothing but good things out there for us. I can't wait to get back on the road.

MRR: Maybe go to Europe?

Kevin: We are going to Europe sometime soon. We were talking about it and we want to do it.

MRR: Is there a band you would like to travel with over there?

Kevin: Oh yeah...

MRR: Disfear would be an absolutely perfect band for you to be on a bill with.

Kevin: A lot of people say that we are Scandinavian sounding.

MRR: I think that's a compliment..

Kevin: I appreciate it as a compliment.

MRR: Have you had problems on the road?

Yapple: No. Not at all.

Kevin: No. Never. We got nothing but love on the road. "Come on in, we'll feed you before you play." Nothing but love.

Yapple: It was great—Crusty Craig from Boston, Alton from Denver, Useless Wooden Toys in Minneapolis—man, those guys just really took care of us.

MRR: It sounds like you made some pretty good friends on the road.

Greg: We made nothing but friends on the road.

Yapple: We remember the punks at the Cochrane Manor in Detroit...

Jon: I showed up with a bottle of Mad Dog 20/20 and they loved us!

[Laughter.]

MRR: That shows how high class they are.

Yapple: Craig Lewis from Keep Laughing, was hanging on the water pipe in the basement during their set, broke the water pipe, flooded the basement and took out the PA too. So we ended up playing in the kitchen. Kevin sang through a Marshall combo amp, it was one of the best shows on the whole tour.

MRR: Let's talk about some upcoming recordings for Deathtoll. Do

you have something coming up?

Kevin: Right now we are writing and working on recording a full-length album.

MRR: Who released your first single?

Greg: The first release was the Sea of Blood single released on Kangaroo Records and the second was a split LP released on Despotic Records. The split was also split released on a CD by Despotic and Yellow Dog Records.

MRR: Did someone cough up money for that first seven inch?

Kevin: He paid to press it, but he didn't pay to record it. As far as recordings, we pay for all of our recordings.

MRR: How much does that cost?

Kevin: We've got a really good hook up. Maurice at Digit Sound has done our last two recordings and he gave us a great price. We spent $350 on our last recording.

Yapple: We want our music getting out to the people, however it needs to get out there. Whether someone is burning one of our CDs for their friend or it's going through a killer distro.

Jon: Our demo was burned on over 800 CDs.

Greg: We gave away hundreds of demos when we first started. We burned them ourselves; we were just cooking Cds…

Kevin: Because we figured, how the fuck is anyone going to like you if they don't hear you?

MRR: Good point.

Kevin: We got a decent hook up for the recording..

MRR: You say you want control of your music. Would you sign with a major?

Kevin: I don't see any major label biting on what we play.

Greg: We're not trying to put out a bunch of sugar coated shit just to sell records.

Kevin: As far as underground labels go, sure we will shop around. As far as major labels—I don't see anyone showing any interest.

Yapple: We're not interested in shopping to those people anyways. If they don't like our music, then I think we are doing our job.

Kevin: To quote Napalm Death, "We are enemies of the Music Industry."

Kevin: Napalm Death! Those guys are cool as fuck.

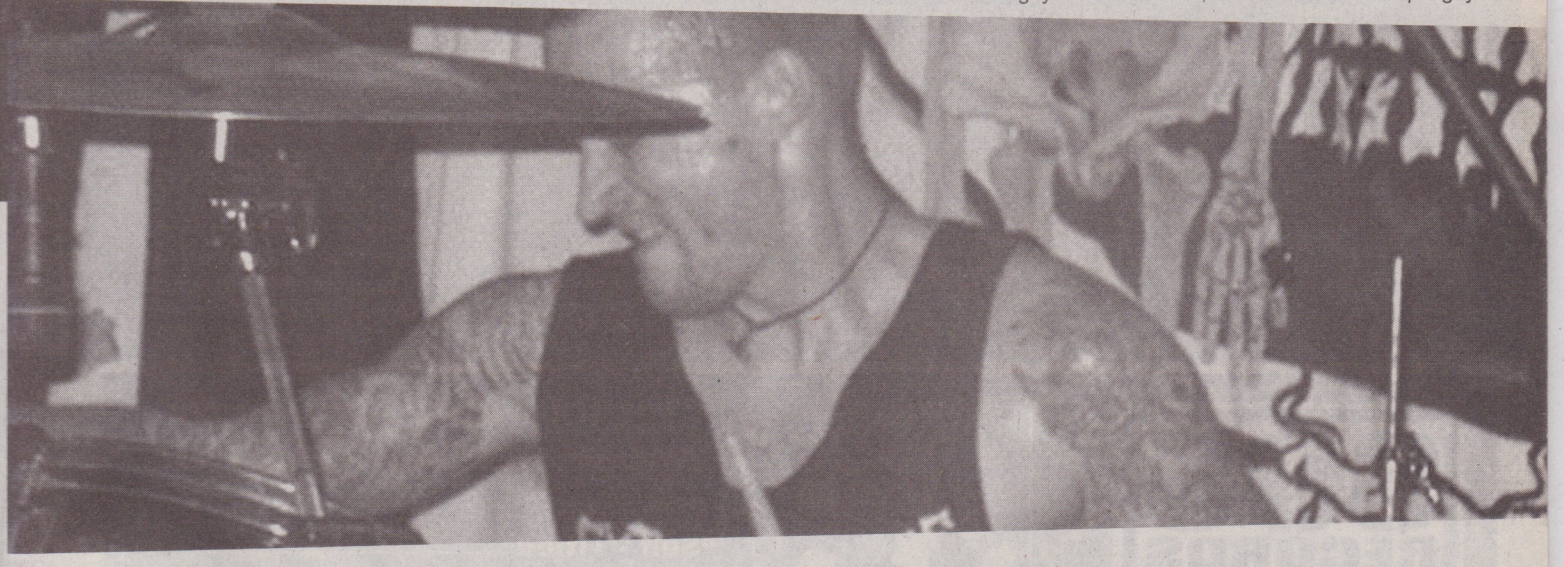
MRR: Didn't I see a T-shirt printed up that had Napalm Death and Deface?

Yapple: Yeah, for the show at Berkeley Square.

Kevin: We played with them and At The Gates.

MRR: That must have been an amazing show.

Kevin: We met those guys after the show, to find out that a couple guys in



At The Gates were in Skitsystem. We said "we play in Attitude Adjustment." They go, "Oh my god! Attitude Adjustment!" We were answering, "Oh my God! Skitsystem!" We traded albums and that was how I got their first ten-inch. Those guys are metal punks, I don't give a fuck what anyone says.

MRR: Their politics are all right there. They are still railing about the government, still railing about the church. Is that something that you think punks should be involved in ?

Kevin: Oh yeah, definitely.

MRR: Some of the younger punks are not willing to speak up or stand up for what they believe in..

Yapple: If you don't stand up for what you believe in, nobody else will.

MRR: Then your music loses some of its credibility.

Kevin: Exactly. Since Deathtoll's been around, I think we are stepping up our activity in the scene as far as that goes.

MRR: For guys that have been kicking around the scene for a while, you still seem to have the venom and the anger.

Yapple: We're still pissed off. Things still piss us off the same as they did when we were sixteen, seventeen, eighteen…

MRR: It is important to keep your focus, and to keep that enthusiasm, Do you guys vote?

Greg: Yes. How can you change anything if you don't even try?

Kevin: I think that you should vote.

MRR: I think it's important. It's one of our rights.

Yapple: Some people will say that when you vote for Libertarian or for the Green Party that you are throwing your vote away. I don't believe that, because every number you throw that way is a vote of support to them to at least keep active and keep going.

MRR: Is there any one who has contributed to the band you would like to thank?

Greg: We would definitely like to thank Henk at Kangaroo Records, Alan at Despotic Records, Sven and Laurel at Yellow Dog Records, Jay UGZ for doing our cover art, Marcus and the Pyrate Punx and all our friends who have helped us out.

MRR: Do you guys have future plans? Any dates for tours coming up?

Yapple: We plan on going to Europe in November. Yellow Dog is booking our tour. We plan to release another 7" record before the tour.

MRR: Is this deluxe van part of the Deathtoll punk empire?

Yapple: The van is my monthly pocket killer. I've invested a lot of money in this band, and haven't seen shit in return. I really don't fuckin' care. I've never asked for anything back other than just give me the music I love and the opportunity to play. My reward is when I look up from my guitar and I see people raising their fists and going fuckin' crazy and loving what I'm doing. That's the only reward that we ask for.

Kevin: It's amazing.

Yapple: It's a better high than any drugs.

MRR: That's a note to you kids, music is the best high.

Kevin: Listen up!

Jon: Don't end up like us!

MRR: Thanks for the interview!

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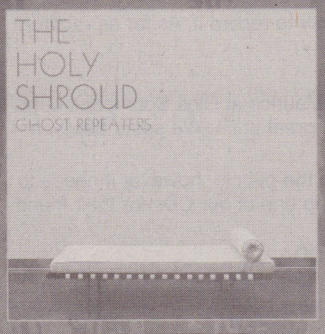

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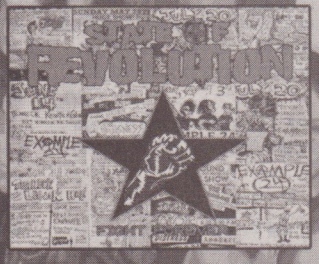

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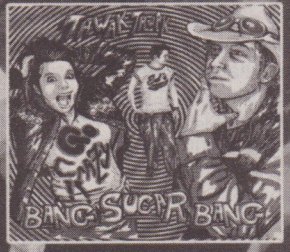

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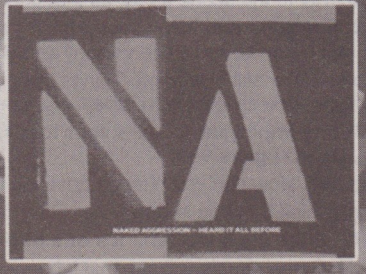

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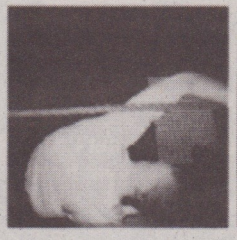

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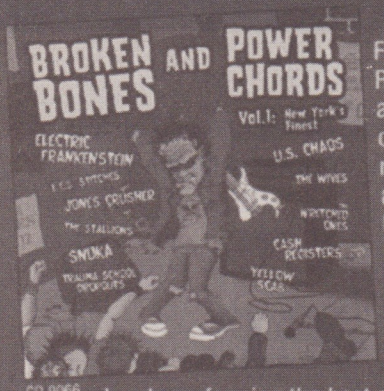

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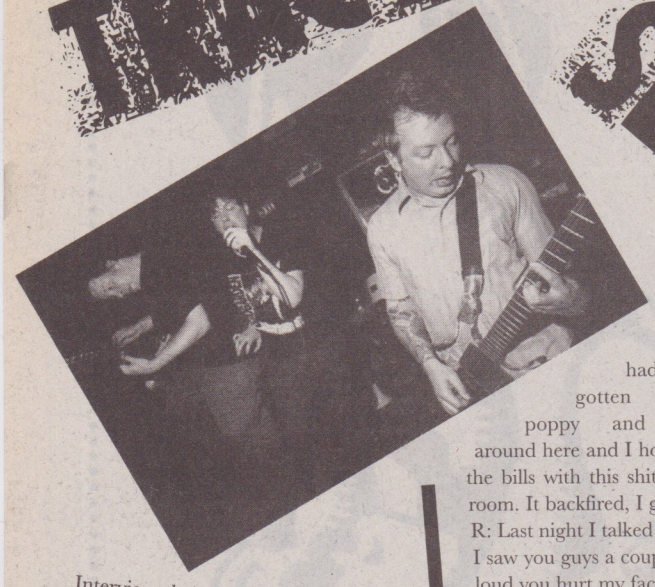


Every punk community has one: the band that sticks out like a welt on their scenes collective ass. Constantly playing ill-fitting show bills, because there's really no one in town comparable for them to play with: too arty for punk crowds; too noisy for the garage kids; too sloppy to be straight up rock; too rock for the noise folks.

Back in the day it was bands like Debris or the Electric Eels. These days Wisconsin's Aluminum Knot Eye comes to mind. Portland's Hunches went that way. Detroit had the Piranahs, and now Human Eye. Most of the San Francisco area has output. Tractor Sex Fatality seems to fill that gap for Seattle. Playing whatever the hell they're feeling that night for anyone who'll listen. Sometimes it's fast short spastic bursts of noisy hardcore. Sometimes it's a set of bastard tunes that brings boogie-rock style meltdowns careening into early Swans territory. Covers of shit you wish you'd never heard in the first place. Noise for noise sake–clear the room style. But somehow it all works and comes together. Well, most of the time. Ass Mess Choke Rock, they call it. This is what happens when punk gets weird. Or is it weird gets punk? Whatever.

Interviewed via email and in person by Brain E. and Clarence B. W.
(R)ob: vocals. (J)ohn: guitar. (D)ave: bass.
(W)ard: drums
(Dave via satellite: in a van on tour with his other band, New Fangs.)

MRR: So let's start with the name, Rob. What is and why Tractor Sex Fatality?

R: It's a form of auto-erotic death. Kinda' like auto-erotic asphyxiation, but involving a tractor as well the rope. More elaborate way to go than that INXS guy did. It's a rare case. I've only found document of it happening twice now. It's covered pretty well on the insert of our first 7". Go buy it just for that. As for the name, I read about it in the early nineties in a *Bizaare*-type magazine and just stuck with me. It's so stupid it's gone to sounding cool now.

MRR: Early shows seemed to try and irritate crowds more so than now. Like, trying to assault them sonically. Now it's as though you've become listener friendly—though barely. Any reasons for the change?

W: No. Not consciously...
R: Everyone's learned to play the songs now!
J: I think we got better and tighter. The early shows were like this whirlwind of noise.
D: They've let me get my way more! More bass and less people–stripped it down. It's rawer now.
R: I quit bringing guitars and amps just for feedback purposes to shows. When it started I was pretty fed up with all the bands in the area. Most of the groups I liked were broken up. It had gotten really poppy and sing-a-long around here and I hoped we could get on the bills with this shit and really bum out the room. It backfired, I guess. People stayed.
R: Last night I talked to a guy who said, "Yeah, I saw you guys a couple years ago. You were so loud you hurt my face!"
W: We just got busy practicing our lack of talent.

MRR: The line-up? Is there a permanent one or is this a Sun-Ra type deal with members floating in and out all the time?

R: Right now it's pretty solid. The four of us have been alone for over year. Every now and then I like to throw something in the mix. A horn, an extra bass, a car door, etc. There's been about ten people on and off since the first incarnation. Something will change up soon, before it gets stale. But this is pretty much "the core," I suppose.

MRR: Recording wise, you've described your sound as "AM radio static with a Skynyrd-gone-art-noise overtone" and "Ass Mess Choke Rock." Care to expand on that?

R: That's just what it feels like to me. Can't quite put a finger on what the hell's going on. I played some songs for my grandma recently and she asked me to "tune it in" on the stereo! Like it was just suffering from bad radio reception.

MRR: What drives you to make this kind of music? Do you guys have similar tastes?

D: Since I pay a part of the practice space rent, I have to! Plus I've got all this gear to use.
W: Yes and no.
R: I grew up in mid-80s Illinois, and there was really nothing to listen to there. Just country and classic rock radio and whatever tapes you could get. In my car during high school you'd find stuff like .38 Special, Bad Brains, The Cure, Big Black, and Testament. That kind of mish-mash of tunes effects you're perspective of rock! I guess if you could play all of those at once...like a boom-box experiment. We might sound like that. I think our taste varies quite a bit. It can make things stressful but it's probably the key factor of why it works as well.
W: It's in the chemistry. Chemistry and physics.
J: Physics!
D: I hate music.

MRR: Almost six years and how many labels/releases?

R: A handful of demo tapes and CDRs, two singles on Unscene (ones a split w/The Blowtops), one single and a LP/CD on Big Neck, one CD on Dead Beat, a compilation track on Borox. That's six legit releases and probably four just handed-out-at-a-show-type things.

MRR: Who is Unscene Sounds Records?

R: Just me and anyone I can talk into supplying cash.

MRR: You guys have gotten compared to Scratch Acid, Laughing Hyenas, and most of the late 80s Touch and Go/AmRep roster. Do you feel that's accurate or are people really missing out on the key influences?

W: Main influence is Rob. I blame it on him mostly...
J: Yeah, Rob...
R: I guess it's got a lot to do with my influences,

being a Mid-West late 80s guy, but there's a lot more to it. Film scores, weird random 60s-70s proto-punk and noise, old country tunes. I've got a lot of pull in this band.

D: I don't hear that stuff at all. We're more fucked up. I don't think we sound like Chokebore or a lot of that stuff. I mean, Laughing Hyenas is a given. And maybe some Cows since we have some horns. But when I think of AmRep I think of short haircut metal like Helmet mostly. We sound nothing like that.

MRR: Why no lyric sheets?

R: I'm not a big word guy. Most of my favorite songs, I couldn't tell you a damn thing they sing other than maybe the chorus. I'm not very political and there's no real message to this—it's just ugly and dumb. Most songs are about lighting junkies and hookers on fire. One is about John's obese cat. One is about the psychedelic effects caused by chewing off Paul Leary's toenails. No important message at all. I'm more into phonetics. Sometimes I'd love a song and then read the lyrics and it's like "ugh, God. That's awful!" Figure them out on your own. They'll probably be better anyways.

MRR: You recently toured with the Blowtops. Do you see them as your East Coast brother/sister band?

W: More like mother/father band.

R: I've always been a big fan of everything they've done. It's the main reason I sent our demos to Bart (Big Neck honcho). We don't sound alike, but there's a creepy-doom vibe to our songs and we both have the flop around front man out on the floor. They rubbed off on me early on: Dave's vocal styles and such. It was cool to find out that Aaron's one of the main reasons we're on the label because he brought the demos to Bart's attention. Their new record is great too—totally different than anything they've done before.

J: I don't think we sound alike stylistically, but it gelled well on tour together. Nice guys. Funny guys.

W: Beautiful people. Love 'em.

MRR: Did you finding it shocking that the place on tour that you were best received is 110 degrees most of the year and produces much of the meth consumed in the South West (Phoenix)?

W: Yes and no.

R: Ward's like the Maurice Gibb of the band.

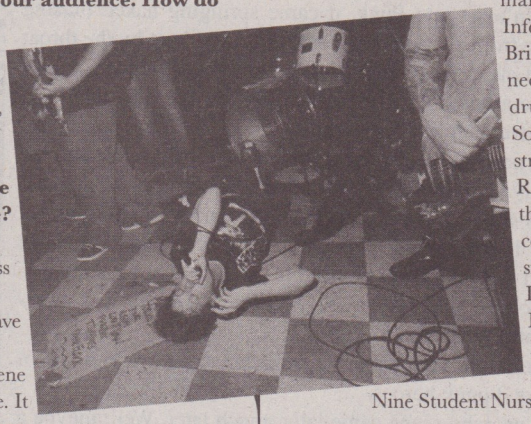
J: Nope.

R: I've often said in Seattle that our fan base is mostly made up of drug-addled derelicts and psychos who talk to themselves on buses. Man, can they dance!

D: I think it's shocking because people liked us and we were told not to play! I talked to the guy who booked it and supposedly when we showed up he was told "no." We couldn't play. It was us and Crime Desire. But no one told us. We just sat up and did it. It was great.

MRR: Maybe that's your audience. How do you feel about that?

R: Someone's gotta' do it. After the soup kitchen closes for the night, where they gonna' go?



MRR: Here's some quick ones. Seattle? Love it or loathe it?

R: Love/hate it. Suck less

W: I love to hate it.

D: Love it. I'll never leave it.

J: I think the music scene could be a lot better here. It seems like you can't get people out to the good crazy shows, but a bunch of crap bands get huge. Huge crap...

W: The best shows are when people come from out of town to see the outta town bands—they bring their own fans!

MRR: Vegan or Indian Buffet?

R: Indian! Unless an Old Country is near by...

J: Indian!

W: Indian!

D: The same thing? Vegans taste worse than Indians.

R: Hippies stink but cook good.

MRR: Dream Show Line Up?

R: I always answer this one—I'll let them do it.

J: Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd and Misfits '82 or '83

R: That's a fucked line-up!

D: Laughing Hyenas, Pop Group, and Johnny Cash.

W: Ike & Tina Turner, Yoko Ono, Rolling Stones. Stones then. Everyone back then.

R: No! Everyone now. *"I'm your private dancer"*

MRR: What has the band been listening to lately?

R: Live: Battleship, Caroliner. On the turntable: Fucked Up, Feast of Snakes, So So Many White White Tigers, Flesheaters, early Human League, Rat at Rat R. Someone find me the new Tunnel Of Love LP!

J: Rubber O Cement, Sex Pistols. Um, us, a lot of us.

W: High Rise and Pink Faeries.

D: Nothing. I hate music. The Tyrades, Human Eye, Killer's Kiss, and This Damn Town.

MRR: What other projects do you guys do or have in the works?

R: Dear God, John's got a million side and solo projects.

J: There's a new Slicing Grandpa EP, *The Family Restroom*. I'll put a plug in for that. Out in two weeks. Possibly start work on the next Sizzling Mansions record. Have to talk to "King W" about that.

W: Sizzling Mansions sounds great. I'd love to march with Infernal Noise Brigade too, but I need to get a drum rig for it. Some sort of strap-on!

R: I'm just doing this. Some noise collage stuff possibly soon.

D: The New Fangs. My home experimental thing, Nine Student Nurses. I'm finished.

MRR: Future plans?

J: Own an ice cream stand.

W: Get a laptop and some better lube.

R: Drink tea and reap in the benefits of a *MRR* article. Get the XL shirts printed for all our fat fans.

D: Get out of this van, go home, and sleep.

MRR: Parting words?

D: I'll leave it to Rog…er, Rob.

R: Too burned out from the above blabbering. Thanks.

D: Why is the Jeff Foxworthy the only CDs you can buy at truck stops these days!?! He's as funny as Anal Leakage.

W: Yeah, it's been nice. Thanks.

J: Hey dudes, it's been great, let's do it again.

R: "Git er done!!!"

(All): Yay! We did it! Yay!

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the story of...

CHIMP EATS BANANA

CHIMP EATS BANANA

BY LANCE HAHN

In the years before Chumbawamba, Boff got his introduction to punk rock via another band with a "lighter" attitude to say the least. Possibly the best name in this entire book, Chimp Eats Banana recorded one fantastic demo that runs between early, melodic punk and a 70s comedy record. More so than anything, it was his chance to break out of normal life.

Boff, "The promise of excitement. Being like my heroes. Doing something different. Not being boring. Trying to understand "creativity." Being in a gang without having to fight anyone. Getting out of a school uniform."

Like many kids in England, he got into punk with the first wave in the late '70s.

Boff, "I didn't get into Punk, it came springing naked blazing shrieking at me from TV and newsprint. It grabbed me by the throat and challenged me to make arguments against its presence. Like an unwanted gatecrasher at a party who you realize you like, you love, you want to leave the party with them.

"I went to a party at Weph's house on Rossendale Avenue and me and Frank Kelly were in the bedroom and Weph said that Sage had the Sex Pistols single, 'Anarchy In The UK', and we knew about it but had never heard it, and Sage came up and put it on and we jumped around and fell on the bed and in our stupid boyish enthusiastic spunky homo-erotic bootboy way we knew that this was something utterly, utterly different."

Later he would find out about the anarcho scene through one of the neighborhood punk heroes.

Boff, "The anarcho scene came later, much later. Well, maybe a year and a half. Time went very slowly then. Two years, in fact. I met a lad called Spider who was cooler than me, who I looked up to, and he told me about anarchism. He lent me some books. I was hooked from then on. Spider was a spindly bloke, a hero, the cool kid who organized things. He was also a big Clash fan and modeled his look on Mick Jones."

To call them an official band with official line-up is something of a stretch as they were mostly schoolmates looking to do something.

Boff, "Youth clubs, school, punk, spunky young boys' bedrooms. Painted posters of Siouxsie on Sage's bedroom wall, Nelson Record Exchange balcony, wet afternoons, spitting on the floor, enough money for a 7" single..."

The line-up also included future Chumbawambans, Midge and Dan, later to be Danbert Nobacon.

Boff, "Midge, Dan, Khany, Pete, Tomi, Gilly and me. Hopper played drums for a while, then he left; or he was pushed, I don't know. Who wants to really know all this stuff? Names, dates, places. There's an ongoing debate amongst British historians about the validity of learning dates. Without the contexts, the dates are just numbers (goes one argument). Without the dates, the contexts are just conjecture and outdated theory (goes another)."

Hmmm… The origins of the entirely unique band name are a little simpler.

Boff, "It was in an-joke about Midge's hair looking like a bunch of bananas. It was spray-painted on a bus-shelter on Manchester Road way before it became the name of a band."

Playing all of their gigs locally, the band were a mix of sloppy punk songs and "comedy" tunes sung in silly voices.

Boff, "Beautiful and chaotic and full of genius clever ideas, which were mangled and wrangled and split and torn by our inadequate musical ability. Shambolic, messy, funny, stuttering and extremely lo-fi."

Mostly, they played with seminal punk band, the Notsensibles, who at the time were quite well established having indie hits with "Death To Disco" and "I'm In Love With Margaret Thatcher."

Boff, "Local Northern English punk bands. The Notsensibles, mainly. (See, the 'John Peel Book of Legendary Northern Bands Which I Loved'). Our heroes from Burnley."

In 1980, the band went into the studio to make their one and only demo recording.

Boff, "Just the one proper session. Eight hours in a budget studio. Bang out the songs, terrible mix, rely on the bloke at the desk to make it sound nice. Listening to the recording fairly recently (well, within two years), I can't believe an engineer could be so deaf-eared."

As rough as it is around the edges, it's a fun tape with the band clearly having fun in the studio. Some numbers involve silly falsetto choruses singing things like "I must improve my bust." Other tunes were sung with perfectly snotty Northern accents that would become a defining character of Chumba. At one point even some sort of a kazoo is utilized for a "solo."

Many of the songs were almost folk-like in their structure. Melodic in a way different from punk or power pop it strangely is reminiscent of some of the stuff the Passion Killers were doing on their demos.

But the tape would prove to be one of the last things the band worked on together and would be the only document of their songs.

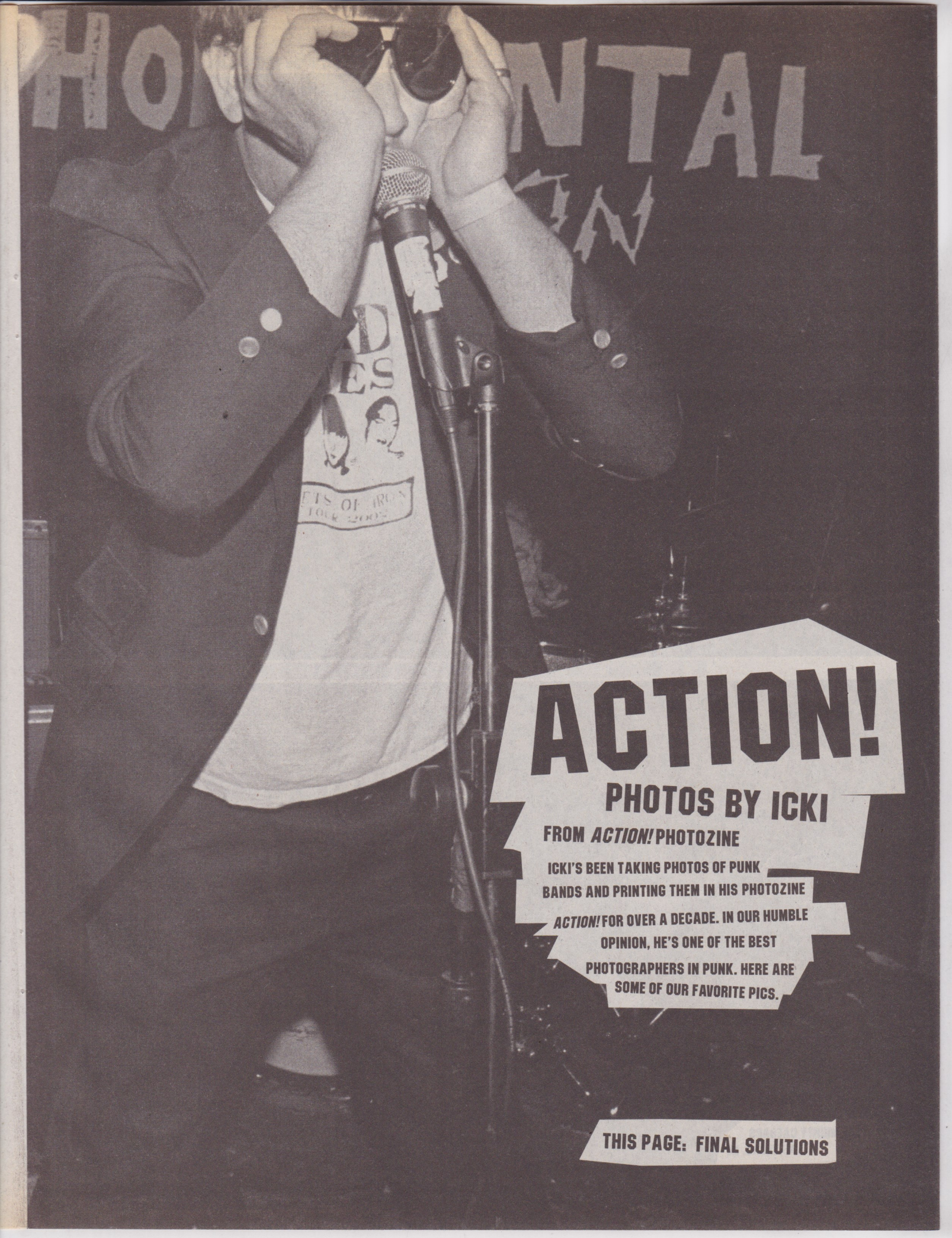
Boff, "No, apart from countless tapes sent to each other, obscure songs written to celebrate every mishap and milestone of each band members life."

Eventually, like most band done just in fun, they dissolved without much fanfare.

Boff, "We grew up and grew away from the area. It was all happening on that cusp between school and college, between school and work, between college and work. We were destined to split away from not just each other but from the 'scene' we were immersed in, the communities of our families and schools and youth clubs and pubs and football matches."

Boff and Dan would go on to Chumbawamba. It's hard to say if any of the others continued playing music. Though all but forgotten, the band were key in giving Chumbawamba a fundamental sense of humor that they could bring on and off stage.

Boff, "Lovely lovely time, for me. It taught me about picking a guitar up and trying to say something. It taught me how to have friends that respected you dressing strangely and chopping up your own hair. It taught me to have faith in art instead of in having a career. It didn't teach me about politics, but it laid a foundation for that to happen. For which I'm eternally grateful!"



ACTION!

PHOTOS BY ICKI

FROM *ACTION!* PHOTOZINE

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THIS PAGE: FINAL SOLUTIONS

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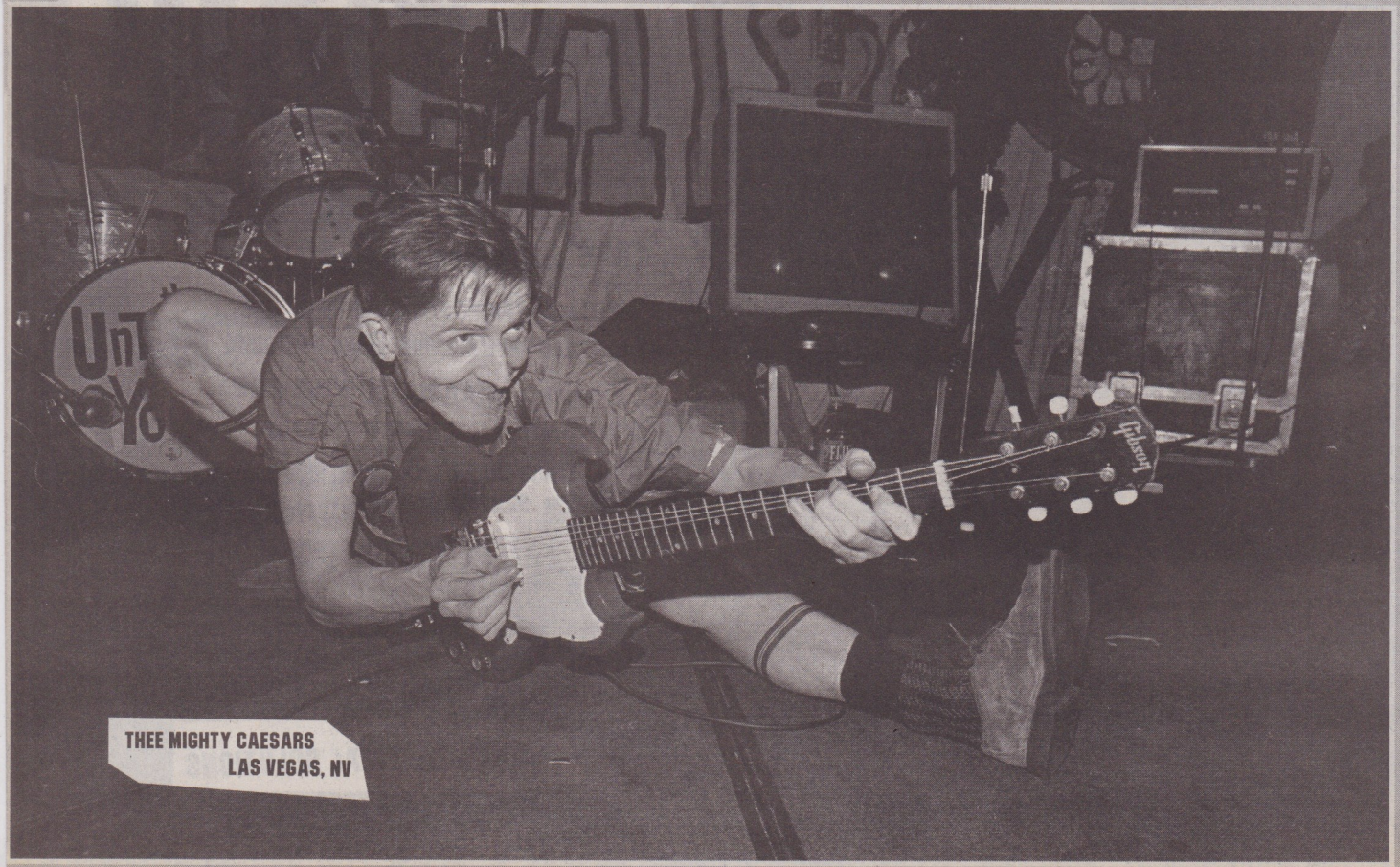

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PUNKS GIVE GAELIC A NEW VOICE

BY SEONAIDH ADAMS

Have you lost your tongue?

According to linguists, some 70% of the world's population is bilingual. With most languages having only a few thousand speakers, however, it is thought that most will be extinct by the end of the century. With Anglo-American globalization spreading, some punks have started going against the grain and begun using their indigenous languages as a medium. With so many punk bands from non-English speaking countries choosing to sing in English, is this act of dissension the ultimate in punk rock? Certainly Oi Polloi and Mill a h-Uile Rud think so. Both bands, one from Scotland and one from Seattle (albeit with Scottish links), joined forces recently to promote Scottish Gaelic on a European tour.

***Dè tha dol?* – What's going on?**

April 2005 saw for the first time ever two rock bands of any description take to the road in Europe to sing in, speak, and promote the indigenous and endangered language of Scotland. Scottish Gaelic is famed for its ancient song and poetry, but in recent years has produced little of contemporary worth. With only the Scottish rock giants Runrig writing contemporary new material in Gaelic, it's been left to two punk bands to give Scotland's youth something to shout about in Gaelic.

It might not come as a surprise that Scotland's veteran "punk legends" Oi Polloi got the ball rolling, but what has really aroused interest in Scotland is that another group, Mill a h-Uile Rud (Destroy Everything), who sing entirely in Gaelic, actually hail from Seattle. If this wasn't enough, most of their lyrics deal with sex. This may not cause many ripples in the punk scene but within Gaelic-speaking Scotland, which in recent decades has become more associated with religious conservatism, it certainly opens eyes and ears.

I asked Tim from Mill a h-Uile Rud why a band from Seattle would sing in the minority indigenous language of Scotland: "When we learned Gaelic, we formed a Gaelic-singing band without considering it strange or weird in any way. It's much more fun singing in Gaelic and the planet is full of English language bands already. We wanted to support a minority language that is endangered, instead of just foisting more English on the world."

What then about Oi Polloi? It might seem strange that a band that has been around for more than 20 years suddenly changes tongues, so to speak, but past LPs have shown Gaelic influences, albeit symbolically with songs such as "Clachan Chalanais" and "Sìos leis a Ghnìomhachais Mhòr'. Ruairidh the singer explained, "We started singing in Gaelic a year or two ago because we thought it very important to use our language in our music. We've always believed in supporting and encouraging minority cultures, as diversity is both good and precious. At a time when multinational companies are publicly saying that they want things to be identical the world over it is important to fight against this. We don't believe it would be good for everyone in the world to speak English—that would be a nightmare!"

***Beagan eachdraidh* — A little history**

Scottish Gaelic is part of the Celtic branch of Indo-European languages, which it shares with Irish Gaelic, Welsh, Breton, Manx, and Cornish. It is one of the 6000 languages throughout the world that linguists believe will die out within the next century. Like many other minority tongues, it has suffered state-sanctioned oppression in its history. From being the language of the first people known as Scots and being the language of government until the 12th century, it was supplanted by Anglo-Saxon and suffered as England and Anglicised Scots gained control of the country. The notorious "Highland Clearances"—where whole communities were ethnically cleansed to make way for sheep farming—further eroded the language, sending hundreds of thousands of Scots to the New World. Until as late as the 1970s, there were instances of Gaelic-speaking schoolchildren in the Highlands and Islands being physically punished for speaking their mother tongue, even when they knew no English. Today, the strongest Gaelic-speaking communities are to be found in the Western Isles and Highlands of Scotland, as well in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. The number of learners is growing with a lot of interest particularly in Canada, the United States, New Zealand, and Germany.

Fortunately, the last 30 years has seen Gaelic become accepted in "official" circles and it now enjoys use in the Scottish Parliament as well as having a dedicated radio station and a few hours of television. One of the most noticeable successes has been in education, where thanks to the work of people like Noam Chomsky, the benefits of bilingualism are now being recognized. There are now Gaelic-medium school units throughout the country, even in places such as Glasgow and Edinburgh where the language hasn't been spoken for hundreds of years.

So now we have radio, television and education. And some form of official status. But what is needed is a lively contemporary culture. Unfortunately if you, your parents and their parents have had it beaten into them that your culture and language is backward then a few years of lukewarm state handouts won't change your mind. This is where bands like Oi Polloi and Mill a h-Uile Rud come in. Most Gaelic music today is of the traditional and folk variety. Unfortunately, almost of all of it was written by dead poets! In an age where public perception is everything, Gaelic just isn't cool. Sure, one cares about "cool" if you're talking about films or clothes; the extinction of a language and culture is somewhat more important.

What is needed is a lively and attractive scene where young people as well as veteran punks can create new Gaelic music that addresses the world's issues. It's a struggle and a celebration. A struggle against the accepted complacency of just using English for everything, and against the linguistic equivalent of Wal-Mart which would have the entire world eating Big Macs and speaking American English. It is a celebration of minority cultures everywhere from Gaelic Scotland to MicMaq, Nova Scotia to the Amazon to aboriginal Australia. A celebration of diversity and basic human rights.

Ruairidh Polloi has witnessed the benefits of this approach: "When

I was across in Finland recently I read about a Hip-Hop singer there, AMOC, who hails from Inari in the Saami district where there are only 400 people left who speak his dialect of the Saami language. It's in this language that he raps. It's excellent, and lots of youngsters are now learning the language just because they enjoy his music and because it something new and attractive rather than what they see as old fashioned and boring."

Punc na Gàidhlig air chuairt – Gaelic punk on tour

Taking their cue from the Welsh and their minority language heroes like Anhrefn, Oi Polloi and Mill a h-Uile Rud have decided not only to sing in Gaelic, but to actively use it in daily conversation and in publicity. Polloi released the *Carson?* single, which was followed by Mill a h-Uile Rud with the *Ceàrr?* CD. This attitude is showing signs of bearing fruit already with another young Scottish punk band, Atomgewiter, deciding to learn Gaelic and use it. Not only that, but the BBC got wind of what was going on and decided to make a program about it.

Mill a h-Uile Rud managed to across to Scotland for a few gigs, including one in the Gaelic speaking heartland of the Isle of Lewis, where they played to a young and appreciative audience of some 150 (out of an island population of under 20,000). The band had warmed up for this by doing a session for BBC Radio nan Gaidheal, which despite being broadcast nationally is based in Stornoway, the island's capital. After a gig in Edinburgh, Mill a h-Uile Rud and Oi Polloi set off for eleven gigs in nine days in Belgium, Holland, Germany and Poland. With them was a young Gaelic poet from the Isle of Skye, Aonghas MacLeòid, who helped out on a stall distributing information on and in Gaelic.

One of the most interesting aspects of the tour was meeting two Gaelic-speaking Germans in Wermelskirchen, neither of whom had been to a punk gig before. It would seem that a two-way process is in effect here with both punks and Gaels learning about each other. It appears that a number of people in the Bonn area are learning Gaelic with their own classes and website.

The bilateral process of Gaels discovering punk will also benefit the language. The militancy and DIY ethic of Oi Polloi and Mill a h-Uile Rud are something that have been lacking in the struggle for the Gaelic language. Unlike our Celtic cousins in Wales and the six counties of Northern Ireland, the Gaels have never resorted to either widespread illegal actions nor grassroots direct action. In Wales, language militants have gained the upper hand over wealthy English settlers who buy up housing and change linguistic demographics. In Northern Ireland, when Gaelic speaking parents were denied a school for their children, they simply bought a caravan and set up their own. The DIY ethic witnessed on this tour is similar. Records and CDs produced by friends and distributed likewise, and the autonomous youth centres we visited such as Autonomes Zentrum Bahndamm in Wermelskirchen and Autonomes Jugend Zentrum Konigsmord in Leverkusen, are excellent examples of what young people can do when working co-operatively with little or no state funding.

Mill a h-Uile Rud: www.millahuilerud.com

Cli Gàidhlig: organisation of learners and speakers that supports Gaelic: www.cli.org.uk

Learn Gaelic info: site with information on Gaelic learning resources worldwide: www.learn-gaelic.info

Terralingua: supports the integrated protection, maintenance and restoration of the biocultural diversity of life—the world's biological, cultural, and linguistic diversity—through an innovative program of research, education, policy and on-the-ground action: www.terralingua.org

Togail air eachdraidh? – Building on history?

As we've discovered, there are attitudes to be changed on all sides. Mill a h-Uile Rud's lyrics deal with sex in a way we haven't seen in Gaelic for some 200 years or more. The last notable example was perhaps "Moladh air Deagh Bhod" (In Praise of a Good Penis) by the famous 18th century Gaelic poet Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. Mill a h-Uile Rud uphold this tradition with songs such as "Fèis Feise" (Sex Festival) and "Spàrr nad Thòn E" (Stick it up your arse), songs that praise the clitoris and experimentation with phallic shaped vegetables! Tim, from Mill a h-Uile Rud explains the philosophy behind their lyrics: "We live in culture that is still afraid of and embarrassed about sex. That does untold damage to us, in America, in Scotland and throughout the world. It is difficult to think of something as basic and important as sexual freedom. I hope the day comes when it won't be remarkable that we sing about sex but until that day, we will sing about it in a loud, hungry and boisterous voice."

Fèis-feise *Sex Festival*

A-null dhan eilean, *Across to the island*

Rùisgidh sinn aig an traigh, *We'll strip on the beach*

A ' snàmh anns a' mhuir, *Swimming in the sea*

'S air muin ri cheile ri taobh a' bhàigh. *And on top of each other beside the bay*

Fèis-feise, *Sex festival*

A' bheil thu a' tighinn? *Are you coming*?

Fèis-feise, *Sex festival*

Nar rùiste, nar sineadh, *Naked, stretched out*

Ri cheile sa ghrian. *together in the sun*

'S ann cho àlainn *Beautiful are*

A tha na càirdean againnsa, *the friends we have*

'S bidh uileadh an sin, *And all will be there*

Le ròmagan fluiche 's slatan as cruaidhe. *with wet beards and the hardest rods*

Dè a-nis? – What now?

More of the same, but better! Mill a h-Uile Rud's first seven-track CD has been received with acclaim and much interest in Scotland despite being recorded on a limited budget. With BBC radio interviews and a session behind them, plans are now afoot for Mill a h-Uile Rud and possibly Oi Polloi to showcase Gaelic punk at the well renowned Celtic Connections festival. This is Scotland's third largest festival, which attracts thousands to various venues in Glasgow every January. Until now, the nature of Celtic music has decreed that mostly folk artists take part. Time to break the mould perhaps? Oi Polloi will have a split EP with Israeli band Nikmat Olalim out soon, which will include the Gaelic track "Deiseal is Deònach," which deals with the Israel-Palestine situation. A new all-Gaelic Oi Polloi LP is being put together as I write and a Scottish four-band EP is planned featuring Polloi, Mill a h-Uile Rud , Atomgewiter and a Gaelic techno act! For those interested in Gaelic and other minority cultures, check out the websites below. Suas le iomdachd! Up with diversity!

ABDUCTEE S.D.

INTERVIEW BY CLARA REVENGE AND SARA B. HIVE

What are your names, what are your roles in the band, and how did you all come together?

Nina: I play the drums and do some vocal parts. Since it's so darn hard to sing and play drums at the same time, I let Sara and Amyl do most of the singing. Amyl came to Sweden to live with her boyfriend, and I drove them to a show once. I probably bragged about my drumming skills, so when Amyl wanted to start a band she phoned me up. We tried to form a band with two other girlfriends and had our first "performance" at Amyl's wedding in 2001. Sara was a guest at the wedding and when she saw us, she realized that we needed her guitar skills. We couldn't agree more and we formed ABDUCTEE S.D. shortly after.

Sara: Guitar and vocals. When we started playing together we thought we needed to be a quartet. I had never really sung before and Amyl wanted to concentrate on her new instrument (bass). So we tried out a few vocalists, but it didn't really work, so after a while we got used to the thought of being a trio. I had only done some back-up vocals before, in BURNING KITCHEN, but once I started singing I thought, "Why haven't I done this before?" All those years spent just strumming the guitar, I could have screamed along to it! Amyl and I took turns singing and soon Nina joined in.

Amyl: Bass and vocals. The SPIDER CUNTS summer tour of 2000 ended with the band's break-up and me falling in love with a Swede, Sweden in general, and all the great friends and music (IMPERIAL LEATHER) I was making while hanging out in Stockholm after tour. I quit my jobs in NYC and moved here in December 2000. As I had little money and few friends in the beginning of a long cold winter, I taught myself bass and hooked-up with Nina. The rest is history…

Overall, how are females treated/viewed in your local scene?

Nina: I would say pretty well—partly because the male punks are becoming more aware of the importance of a diverse scene, and partly because of the fact that there are more and more great female punks in all areas. Women playing, doing label work, fanzine writers, etc.

Sara: Ten years ago I felt very alone in the scene, and the vocalist of the band and I would be the only women on stage at a three-day festival. But today I don't think as much about it. We have a strong feminist movement in Sweden, and we've worked a lot with sexism in the punk scene. I believe all the beautiful and hard work put into making people aware of these issues has paid off. The scene is not as male-dominant as it used to be, even though it's a *long* way to equality. In our local scene we are trying to never put up a show with 100% men on stage. Why should we, when there are so many brilliant women playing?

Amyl: There is much higher awareness here than I found in the States. This is a town where some punk women were blowing up cars that advertised sex clubs in the years before I moved here. That's hardcore! Sexism is talked about among all genders (two is so limiting, isn't it?) and I feel everyone helps each other challenge the scene and themselves. This is obvious if you look at artwork that Swedish punk bands use. You never look at a cover of a band you want to like and think, "What is this about?" Of course there are very aware people involved in the particularly political circles of punk where I have lived before, but in Stockholm this has permeated into all the "scenes." Being drunk is never excuse for being a sexist asshole here. It is not acceptable and no one thinks it is cool or funny…only embarrassing. I'm sure I think it is paradise here whereas Nina and Sara are accustomed to it, but I come from a scene where being harassed or even groped at a show is par for the course, and there may be mainstream porn playing on the TV at "punk" bars. As a punk woman you are supposed to be tough enough to deal with these things, to "take a joke," to constantly defend yourself and your friends. There is hardly ever a challenge posed as to why the punk scene is only echoing the society at large. Or if there is, you are "too serious," or "no fun," or worse yet "PC!" Stockholm is truly fun for me! It will be interesting to tour the states again with my "outsider" view. I hope I'm wrong. I do love NYC.

I know you have a problem with being compared to other bands that are all-women. Any comments?

Sara: Oooh, it's always tiring to be compared with bands who obviously sound nothing like us, where we have only the same biological sex in common. I mean, shouldn't we be able to talk and think about music without making unjustified comparison with other acts? We have classifications of genres, and we have a rich terminology to describe music! The punk scene is of course affected by how society repulsively divides us into the binary gender system. Let's just stop that. But since women still are under- represented on stage, we need to continue to widen our perspective and encourage more women to pick up instruments and kick ass!

Amyl: Once a SPIDER CUNT review said, "The singer sounds like Ron Reyes." As a BLACK FLAG fan, I was pleased with that comparison. When we played in San Francisco, the reviewer came up to me and said, "I didn't know you were a girl" "Good!" I said, "or you never would have compared me to Chavo." This is not about "sounding like man," this is about vocal style. But we can't seem to get past the masculine/feminine thing. A male singer will never ever be compared to female singer, even though I can name quite a few men with traditionally "feminine" registers. "Feminine" could never be a positive quality, where as women are supposed to say "thanks" when someone says "Hey, I thought you were a guy." We should be better than this by now. It is, however, important to mention we are "all-women" because of the "under representation," but

if this is ever to change punk needs to change our limited view on gender.

Are your ideas seen as radical, or are they accepted and embraced?

Nina: I think our tone of voice and lyrical style, more than our ideas, are seen as somewhat radical. I feel that we get great feedback on our lyrics from a lot of people —and it makes me so proud.

Sara: Hmm… I guess people see us as radical, but we're just telling nothing but the truth, right?! We often hear that we are angry. I think it's because we scream and not that the lyrics are aggressive, like Nina said. I mean the lyrics are deep and analytical, with a twist that hopefully makes you smile, delivered with a beat that'll make you move your ass. But yeah, of course we're radical. After so many years in the scene, meeting friends all over the world who shares the same ideas and attitude, I sometimes forget that there's a world outside it. What I love the most with our community is all the "doers" and that we don't sit around waiting to be judged. "Share" is another keyword. "This is my last coin, I'll share it with you" is my motto! In a hyper-capitalistic Western world, that is extremely radical.

Amyl: Radical, accepted, and embraced!!!

In the songs, "On One Hand" and "On the Other Hand," the issue of street harassment is addressed. I often feel hopeless, because it is such a pressing problem, but seemingly unsolvable. What are your ideas regarding this issue and how do you envision changing the problem?

Sara: Practice self-defense! It's a good start, so that you know how to defend yourself physically. And it strengthens you mentally. I think the two songs sum up our thoughts and feelings on this problem very well. Sometimes you need to fight back. Some times you win by walking away. I refuse to limit myself. We've had many discussions lately about men's' responsibility when it comes to violence against women. Several male-networks have formed, and even our Prime Minister claims he's a Feminist now (ahem.. but that might scare me more than it empowers me). Well, at least it is not only women who are working against gender inequity.

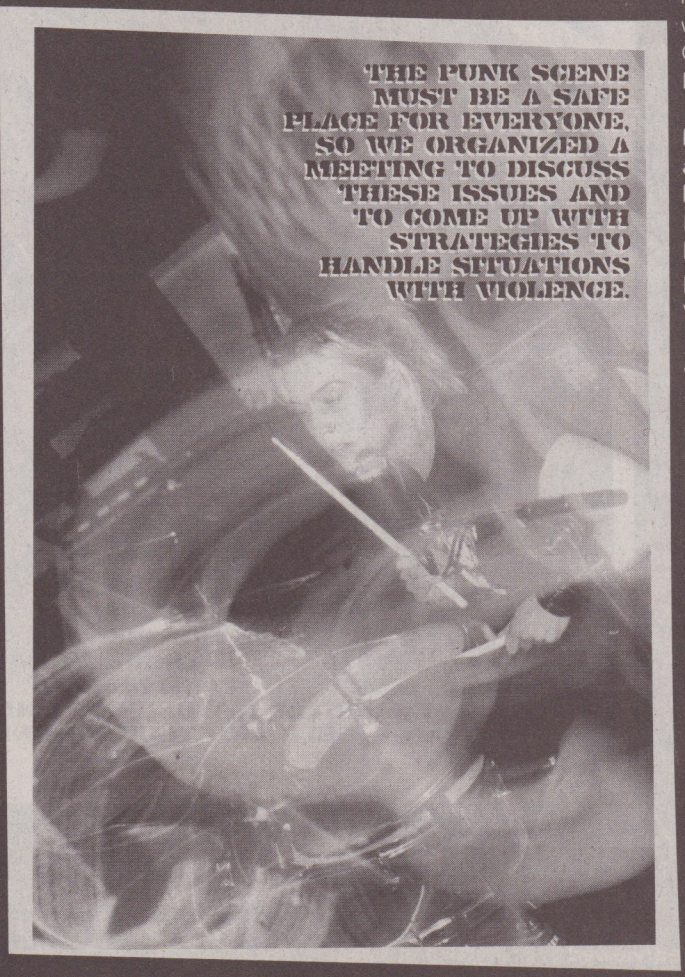
Amyl: By staying home out of fear, the attackers have won. It is important to continue to enjoy our lives but we must take care of each other. Every time a woman is attacked, we all suffer. Women in outwardly oppressive nations watch each others' backs much more than we "liberated" women here in the West. Walk a drunk woman home, even if you don't know her. That's self-defense! There is more on this in the fantastic book, *Cunt*, by Inga Musicio.

How did you all become involved with hardcore punk, and what advice do you have for other women who would like to be involved, but often feel alienated because of their gender?

Nina: I can't remember. Some punk record at some friend's place in my teens perhaps, some cool outfit; I gradually got more involved in the scene when I started playing drums, cooking for bands on tour, driving bands on tour etc. My advice is–do something, and don't apologize. Eventually you will find something that you like to do (either it is playing in a band, writing, cooking, etc.) and that will be your thing(s). All the things are important for our scene and nothing is cooler or more important than the other. Stay active!

Sara: I went to London with my parents when I was fourteen. I saw the punx at Piccadilly and decided to become one myself. I came home with a Sex Pistols record, which sounded awful but I was determined to like it. I convinced my girlfriends, "We're gonna be punk rockers." I grew up in a fancy right-wing area. I left as soon as I could and dived into the anarcho-punk scene. I had felt for a long time that, "This is not right, there has to be something else." Then I saw the mohawks... As for advice, I agree with Nina. If someone had you believe you couldn't play music, there's always something you can do. You might be a natural born technician! (But I know you can do both..)

Amyl: DEAD KENNEDYS and MDC records, not fitting in with the jocks and metal heads, being in honor classes and on the track team but really wanting to party my ass off, seeing LOST BOYS and shaving my head with my mom's Daisy razor, getting my ass kicked for it, etc. My first show was MURPHY'S LAW, or was it CITIZEN'S ARREST with TOKEN ENTRY? Haha.



How do you hope your band and lyrics affect those who hear your music?

Nina: It would make me so happy if my band could make people a bit braver, that people would dare to follow their own instincts and create the music and do the things that they like instead of glancing at other people and follow the trends (But please, not another Tragedy band! Haha).

Sara: Oh, I don't know…hopefully they'll be inspired...and entertained! And be pissed off! Hate can be a very constructive fuel. I have so many lyrics to write, so much music to make, and fucking paintings to paint because I'm angry everyday over injustice and oppression. If you don't hate the world as it is you can't change it. By sharing our thoughts, I'm sure they'll come up with new, even better ones!

Amyl: Make them turn blue with green dots.

How has Nina's becoming a Mom affected the band?

Nina: Well, apart from the unusual long break from practice (four months), the hours for practice need to be planned more in detail, and in advance. As long as I am breastfeeding, I can only be away from my daughter about three hours. After that, I feel sorry for her dad or the baby sitter, because she gets really angry when she doesn't get fed when she wants to (oddly enough). Of course I can express-milk, but sometimes that is more of a hassle than to hurry home to feed her myself, in person, so

to speak. So, I guess the baby means more focused practice and less time for gossip. I feel however that this is perfect timing for the band. We have recorded our newest songs (to be released on the LP) and we have played a lot of shows the last year. I feel we need to spend some time together as a band, talk about things that are important to us, write lyrics and make new music before we go on tour in the beginning of next year.
Amyl: Nina has less time for interviews and the drums are better than ever. Moms play hard!

So you touring the US early 2006 and are bringing the baby. How's that going to work? Are promoters shocked?
Nina: I haven't heard any comments from the promoters, so I'm sure no one is extremely shocked. We have decided to bring my daughter's dad, since he can't stand to be away from her for three weeks. He will obviously be of great help when we play. Another distro person/baby sitter will also join us, so I think there will be plenty of people to help out with the baby. I have never toured with a baby in the van except for a three-day tour that we did with our friend Victoria and her (then) three-months-old son Mio. My daughter Nika will be around eight months when we tour the US. I suppose her being in the van might mean more stops for other things than pee or beer breaks, and perhaps people need to bring extra ear plugs because of her baby behavior, but I also think that her presence will bring joy and add another dimension to the tour.
Amyl: Less beer perhaps, but since we are going with I OBJECT, I guess they won't mind...or object? I think it will be great. Punk needs to be dynamic and expansive. Babies are the new accessory: get with it.

Where else have you toured, and what do you get out of it?
Sara: We've been around Scandinavia and Northern Europe. On tour, you realize (if you somehow missed it before) how extensive our network is. Damn, it's worldwide! I'm amazed by the punks' ability to organize projects. And the knowledge and skills we share with each other! But traveling also made us aware of problems we have in the scene. For example, sexual harassments and alcohol- and drug-related violence. ABDUCTEE S.D. *loves* to put things into practice, (we see the problem, explain it, and seek a solution!). We don't want our ideas to be just beautiful poems in the lyrics sheet. We recently had an assault within our local scene, and the consequences followed the traditional pattern: the incident was hushed up, the victim felt guilt and doubt and the perpetrator was defended by the people around him as "actually a really nice guy." These are patriarchal structures that reflect even into our free zone and need to be dealt with! The punk scene must be a safe place for everyone, so we organized a meeting to discuss these issues and to come up with strategies to handle situations with violence. Rape and acts of violence happen all the time, but still we are rookies when it comes to dealing with it. It often just ends with a shattered collective or the local scene divided into two camps. In any case I believe we need to air our opinions more, when it comes to things other than bands' records and shows. This action led to several meetings and a new political awakening in the Stockholm punk scene. We can do so many cool things together that don't involve alcohol. But yeah, touring is great! And I love beer.
Amyl: We were at the London Punk's Picnic a few years back, too. Some of "what we get out of it" are tales of violence and rape related to punk venues. These stories are often whispered so low that many touring bands do not hear them. I don't know if our ears are bigger, our mouths are bigger, or whether women go out of their way to get information to us that other bands may not know what to do with, but we hear them and act. This is not the usual tour diary of the sorrows of the broken down van, though we have those too.

How do you express "punk" in your daily life?
Sara: As we all know, punk is not just an outfit or a cool record sleeve. Even though department stores like H&M would have you believe that sometimes. Punk is about rebelling against appearance-ideals and recognizing hierarchic and patriarchic structures around us. Punk is working for a radical change accompanied by distorted guitars and having a great time while doing it ourselves! I work at a culture center where the activity is based on the DIY ideal. I feel the punk spirit everywhere and I dare to say that it characterizes everything I do. Even when it comes to cleaning the drain in my bathroom: how do I get rid of the hair and grease that plugs the outflow? Do I pour toxic chemicals in it and let it corrode without me having to make an effort? OR do I put on a rubber glove and clean out my own shit? Myself. Without poison. You have your punk manner wherever you go, whatever you do!
Amyl: Cheers to that! Can't write more, must put on rubber glove and clean out my shit...punk!

Are their any other projects you are involved with?
Nina: I sing in a band called STAJNAS LOBOS. Our lyrics are mainly about stupid films, and the music is some kind of post punk in the vein of VICE SQUAD (www.stajnaslobos.com). At the moment I am very much my daughter Nika's mum. She was born on May 15 this year. Happiness...
Sara: I have an acoustic duo-act with my friend Josefin. Our main purpose is to KILL the guitar guy by the campfire. FOREVER. We also want to get laid.
Amyl: I sing in IMPERIAL LEATHER—we're at www.communichaos.com/il, with an LP out this winter on Profane Existence. I have a DIY label/distro with some friends, too...just www.communichaos.com. I have two rescued greyhounds and work with Greyhound Rescue Sweden to try to ensure the safety of more dogs.
www.greyhoundsinneed.co.uk

What plans are in the future as far as ABDUCTEE S.D. goes?
Nina: I want to tour the US!!
Sara: Yeah! This January/February.
Amyl: See you there.

Thanks for your time, any other final comments and your contact information?
Nina: Thank you so much for showing interest in our band!
Sara: Hope to see you when we play US. Thank you.
Amyl: Our site is little outdated, but it is a winter project of ours, so check back (especially for US tour dates): www.communichaos.com/AbSD. Our releases are available at www.communichaos.com, along with lots of other great music and our LP will be out soon on Punks Before Profits!!! See you in the pit.

CRIMINAL IQ / DERANGED / KICK N' PUNCH

Record collecting is probably every punk rocker's favorite pastime—next to sniffing glue. Rather than yet another interview with a great band I decided to round up three great record labels who have been putting out some of the best and most original punk rock I have heard for the last few years, and grill them about: what got them started, the scenes they focused on, and the ins and outs of running a punk label in the 21st century.

Interviews were conducted via email with Jakob (JKNP) from Copenhagen old school HC punk label Kick N' Punch (Skitkidz, Gorilla Angreb, No Hope For The Kids), Gordon (GD) from Canadian main stay Deranged Records (Career Suicide, Fucked Up, Brutal Knights), and Darius (DCIQ) from upstart Chicago label Criminal IQ (Functional Blackouts, Vee Dee, Krunchies). Interview by Stephen Dare Sept 2005

MRR: Can you give me some background on your label? How and why did you start it?

GD: Ever since I was first exposed to punk/hardcore, I knew I wanted to be part of this thing. I had the desire to be more than just a spectator, and wanted to contribute to this in one way or another. I was never much of musician, and now, at 29 years of age, I still sound like a teenager so vocals were never an option either. I started doing shows, was part of a handful of individuals who started up Who's Emma (a now defunct record store in Toronto) and some of my friends at the time were doing labels and decided to give it a shot. It's really not that difficult.

JKNP: Well, Kick N' Punch was started in the late 90s by Tommas and I. We used to run distros separately. Throughout the late 80s and 90s not much had happened in the Copenhagen scene worth documenting, but good bands with the right kind of attitude were starting out all around us, and we both really wanted to start releasing stuff. So it was a natural step to team up and start releasing stuff with good friends and bands from right around us!

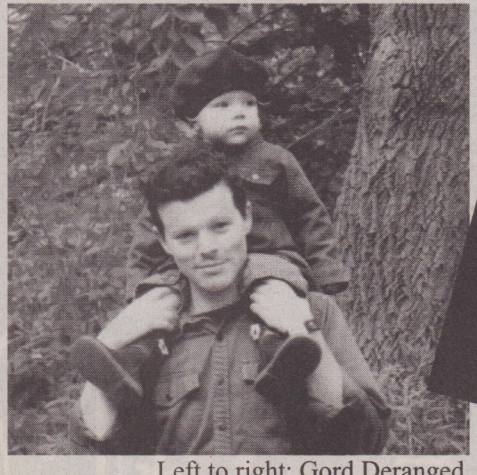
DCIQ: Criminal IQ was started after I met Bootleg Babbin in a pub in Chicago a coupla years back. Bootleg had been knocking out live bootlegs for a living since the 70s and has bootlegs of just about everyone that was ever worth a shit in his extensive library. Come to think about it, selling his bootlegs is what financed Criminal IQ in the first place—well that and a little credit card fraud. Bootleg wanted to do some ghetto rap bullshit at first because he reckoned it would make us a bundle but I told him to fuck off. So—long story short—we got stuck with the Functional Blackouts. No one else wanted to do a record with them except for that mong Ryan Killawatt, who did their first 45—he ain't got a clue tho'.

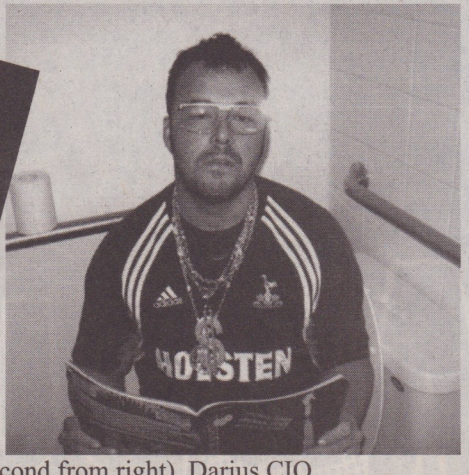
MRR: How successful has it been for you?

GD: Well, it really depends on how you measure success. I don't and will never "live off" the label for a number of obvious reasons. A) I'm responsible for my wife and kid's well-being, quitting my day job and depending exclusively on whatever income could potentially come from Deranged Records would not only be extremely irresponsible of me, it would be idiotic to say the least; and B), depending on a label as your main source of income has the very real potential of completely ruining that label. Instead of looking a potential release from the point of, "fuck, I really like this band and this recording is great," someone in that position tends to think more along the line "will I make my money back and then some?" Don't get me wrong, making your money back is crucial to the maintenance of the label, but when I commit to doing a record it's because I want to and not because it makes financial sense. Besides the financial aspect of it, I think the label has been successful in the sense that A) my label is known around the world, B) I have released over 75 records, and C) I'm happy with the large majority of my releases. That being said, it is still a one-person operation without any PR/street teams/interns/etc. support. I do it all myself from the comfort of my home when time allows. Things have been good and the best has yet to come!

JKNP: Well, we still like what we're doing—and we are still doing it the way we like! People seem to enjoy the bands we help put out, so in those terms I guess we are quite successful! Financially it's not always as successful though. From time to time we do end up paying for stuff with our own money—and to this day have not "made" any money off of Kick N' Punch! But I guess we wouldn't have it any other way!!!

DCIQ: Well, even though I went from owning my own seven-story mansion to living in a cardboard box underneath Lake Shore Drive, I'd still say it's been an overall success. The big bucks we get from MTV and Clearchannel have really helped me meet my ever-growing drug habit. But I'd say the biggest success has been getting Bootleg laid more often and





Left to right: Gord Deranged, Gorilla Angreb (Tommas Kick N' Punch second from right), Darius CIQ

that's a stretch because he's a right fucking ugly *twat*!

MRR: Which releases do you think have been most important for you?

GD: Most important releases...hard to say, but I'm very happy with the records that have come out in the last year. Obviously Fucked Up and Career Suicide are very important since we've done multiple releases, are good friends, and have new albums coming out on Deranged later this year.

JKNP: I would say all the different releases have been important in their own way! But there's no denying that the first APA 7" will always be very dear to me—mostly because that's where it really took off and it has had such an impact on Copenhagen—but also because we really had a blast at the time.

DCIQ: The Functional Blackouts LP was the first one we actually sat down with and produced from the ground up so that one is a bit special for me. It also kinda lit the fuse for what was coming behind it. The record from our catalog I listen to the most is Vee Dee's *Furthur* LP—that's just such a great, original, and classic sounding punk album.

Left to right: Vee Dee, Leigh of The Manhandlers, Amdi Petersens Armé (photo by Dave Hyde)

MRR: How difficult was it for you to find good distribution?

GD: I was pretty lucky in this respect since my first two releases (Born Dead Icons and DS-13) were bands people were already interested in and I was also familiar with most distros from being involved at Who's Emma. Ebullition takes care of a large portion of my distribution, which is a *huge* relief, and allows me to function as a human. I've been approached by larger distributors, but I have turned them down as I really don't see any benefits to leaving Ebullition. They get my releases where they need to be and I get more attention from Ebullition that I would anywhere else.

JKNP: We don't really have distributors. We still try to trade with people we like all over the world and who have the same ethics as we do. But it's not really something we're looking for. We like to maintain as much control over who gets our stuff as we can. It may seem exclusive or elitist but we still care about how expensive records are and we really hate seeing our stuff go directly on eBay!!

DCIQ: Easier than I thought—I started by paying a personal visit to each distro telling them that either they carry our records or they lose some toes, fingers, or family members.

MRR: What countries are your labels' releases best received in? (and why do you think that is?)

GD: I don't really know since Ebullition does 75% of my distribution and where they go from there I have no clue. But from traveling and checking out online stores in the world, I see Deranged titles all over the place. After six years of existence, anyone interested in a Deranged release will likely know how to go about acquiring that release, whether locally or via mail order.

JKNP: I don't know. A lot of people in the US seem to be really into hype, and some of our releases have been hyped a lot (thanks *MRR* hehehe), but I really don't know. We try to get stuff to all the different continents.

DCIQ: Not sure what countries like it 'cos all their reviews are written in foreign!!

MRR: You focus on a number of Copenhagen/ Toronto/Chicago based bands, what do you think of the current "scenes" in those cities? Is it still developing positively?

GD: I expect it is still developing (new faces, new bands, etc.), but I am out of the loop since I moved to the middle of the woods in British Columbia almost a year ago. I'd had enough of city living! There are quite a few "active" bands in Toronto for sure but it's not like it's one big happy family.

JKNP: Yeah as I said—our main goal is to help out friends, and since we are both living in Copenhagen a lot of our friends are from around here. The current scene is as healthy as it's been for the last few years. It has its ups and downs as with any other scene I guess. I could do without some of the stupidity we're exposed to, but I still enjoy it a lot. There are still a bunch of good people/bands doing what they feel is right, and that's what motivates me to keep going as well. The sad part is that we're facing an eviction of the house that the punk scene is mainly focused around! Ungdomshuset (www.ungdomshuset.dk), which has provided rehearsal rooms/venue etc. for the last 23 years...it will be a terrible blow to the punk/anarchist scene.

DCIQ: That question makes it sound like everyone in Chicago is pouncing about, slapping each other on the back, and sucking each other off about how good they played that night etc. etc. which is utter bollocks. There have been some feuds and fights in the past between some of the bands, even between some of the bands on my roster. The fact that all the bands we have released records with are from Chicago is not entirely relevant either. Criminal IQ is simply and expression of my own experience of the genre and what I personally think is good. Unfortunately "scenesters" are around here and there—as they've always been – they are elitist tossers who need a good fucking slapping in my opinion!

MRR: Vinyl vs. CD vs. Tape?

GD: Vinyl always, hands down. It's definitely not because it is the cheapest and easiest format to work with—it's because it looks and sounds the best. It's because it's special and now pretty much specific to punk and hiphop. CDs feel and look disposable and are really only useful while driving. I don't personally like tapes but still see them as an option for those who simply do not have access to records or turntables. That being said, I will always take a cassette demo over a CD demo.

JKNP: We hate CDs!!! Vinyl and tapes any day! Maybe I even like tapes better...there are way too many records out there!!! And a lot of them could have been demo tapes and saved people the embarrassment ten years later...hehehe

DCIQ: In a ruck, I'd have to say

vinyl would beat the shit out of the other two, with tapes coming in a reasonably close second. CDs and digital downloads cheapen the art form. I would love to stop doing CDs altogether one day, but it would seem a lot of kids don't know how to use a turntable properly.

MRR: What do you think of the current punk rock scene in general? What do you think about the larger independents—can they even be classified as "punk" now?

GD: Again, sort of out of the loop, as I no longer really go to shows either—no longer an option due to isolation. I buy records, release records, am in contact with the large majority of my old friends and label contacts, but I don't often get a chance to hang out with other punks. It's simply not an option where I live and whatever free time is usually spent with my daughter or renovating our house. I think most distributors can only support a certain level of growth by the labels they work with before they become detrimental to those labels. For some labels, it is definitely to their best interest to move on to bigger and hopefully better things – it's what some of them want, so why not. I am completely realistic when it comes to how far Deranged records can expand and am perfectly comfortable with the way things are now. The funny thing is that a lot of bands think they will be better served by working with some of the "larger" independents, but that's often not the case. The reality is that today's well-established DIY labels like Havoc and No Idea have better distribution for their respective sound, provide more support to their bands and are more respected than any "larger" independents could ever dream of.

JKNP: I still enjoy the punk scene a lot. It still plays a major part in so many lives and gives us so many amazing experiences. Loads of people are still being introduced to politics/ethics through punk rock...I still like going to shows every week and touring as much as possible. What I don't like is the trends/dress codes that come along with it. One year it has to be this and this and the next year it has to be that and that and then denying your past every time your taste/costume changes seem so totally retarded to me. Well—I think I'll leave classifying what's punk and what's not to someone else.

DCIQ: There's plenty to like out there today. I still go to a lot of shows and see loads of good bands week in and week out. I'm guessing you mean what do I think of the "majors" of "punk" (I'm using the term loosely here) with that question. I'm not sure I'm qualified to answer—most kids these days seem to be buying into mall punk or emo, probably because it's easier to understand than, for instance, the type of music we put out. I would bet that most people that work for the labels who put out that kinda crap fucking hate it.

MRR: What other labels out there are you personally a fan of, or have the right idea?

GD: I like Feral Ward. Yannick's releases are always quality; I may not be into all his releases, but they all sound good, and they look good.

JKNP: We were both very inspired by early Dischord, the music and the attitude... Nowadays our preferences differ quite a lot. Also I have a hard time with being "a fan of." I'm inspired by loads of bands/people/labels etc.—but being a fan is (to me) a passive role that I'll leave to people at rock/pop concerts... (no offense).

DCIQ: I'm more into bands as opposed to labels. Although I used to be more of a collector in my younger days. I would buy everything and anything put out by: Crass, 4AD, Factory, Alternative Tentacles, Raw Records, Big Beat, and there were plenty of others I would check into from time to time.

> Unfortunately "scenesters" are around here and there—as they've always been—they are elitist tossers who need a good fucking slapping in my opinion!

MRR: What releases have you got coming out over the next six months to a year?

GD: Months to year? Hold on to your hats folks: Teen Crud Combo 12" Brutal Knights LP/CD, Career Suicide 12", Left for Dead live 12", Left for Dead discography, Transmitors 7", the Bayonettes 7", Fucked Up doubleLP/CD, Career Suicide LP/CD, Career Suicide anthology part 2 CD, Look Back and Laugh 7", Observers CD, and more I promise. Except for the last two—all Canadian content.

JKNP: Right now we're waiting for the last few details to fall into place for a bunch of stuff. We hope to have five new releases sent to the pressing plant within 2-3 weeks (maybe that's a bit optimistic). They are: Gorilla Angreb new 12", Hjertestop 7", Skitkids *Välkomna till paradiset* 7" (Euro press), Asbest *Klaustrofobi* 7", Kalashnikov 7" (repress of their '84 classic). Then we have bunch of stuff planned for when we have the time/energy/money, but more about those later!

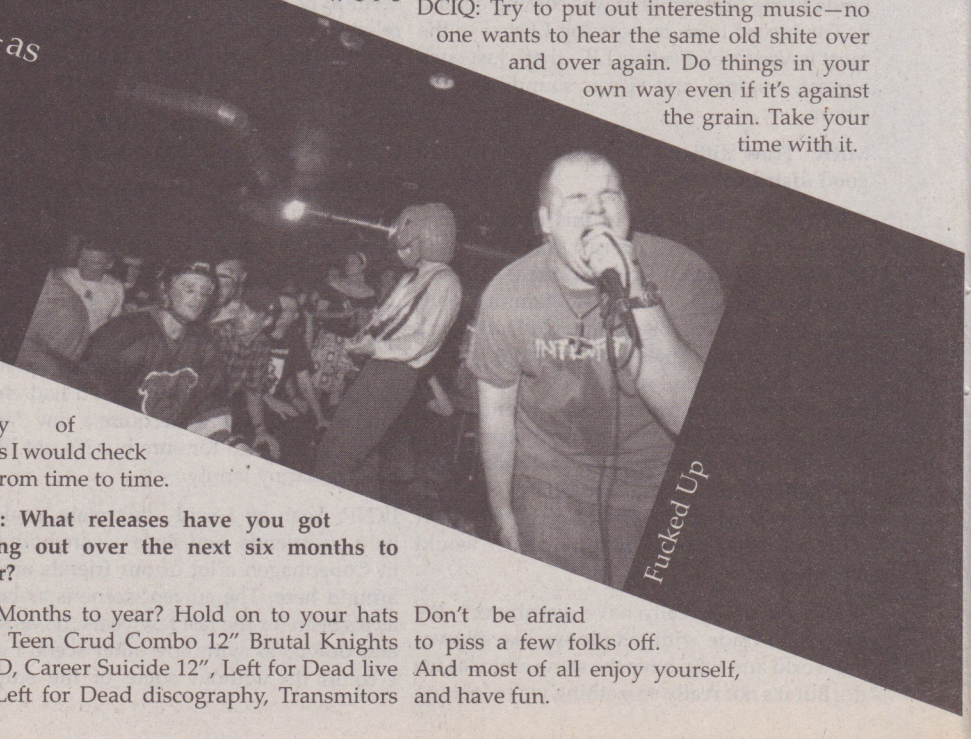
DCIQ: I Attack 7", Pedestrians *Future Shock* LP, Functional Blackouts *The Severed Tongue* LP, Worst LP, Vee Dee LP

MRR: And finally, what sage advice would you give to kids thinking about starting their own labels up?

GD: If it's something you're interested in doing, then do it. For your first release, I recommend you locate someone who has done records in the past to walk you through the process and provide additional advice along the way. It's not rocket science, but I've made quite a few mistakes along the way, which is to be expected, but learning from someone who has made those mistakes and avoiding them is priceless. The reality is, you pretty much have only one chance at releasing a specific recording, so it's important to do it right. Best of luck.

JKNP: Wow. Don't rush anything. Never do stuff you're not 100% happy with. Start out with ambition, but be realistic...better to be positively surprised than burned out/let down. *Do It Yourself!!!!*

DCIQ: Try to put out interesting music—no one wants to hear the same old shite over and over again. Do things in your own way even if it's against the grain. Take your time with it. Don't be afraid to piss a few folks off. And most of all enjoy yourself, and have fun.



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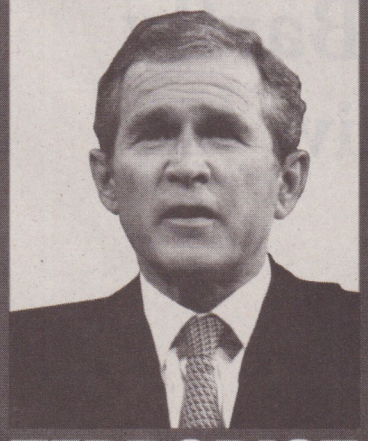

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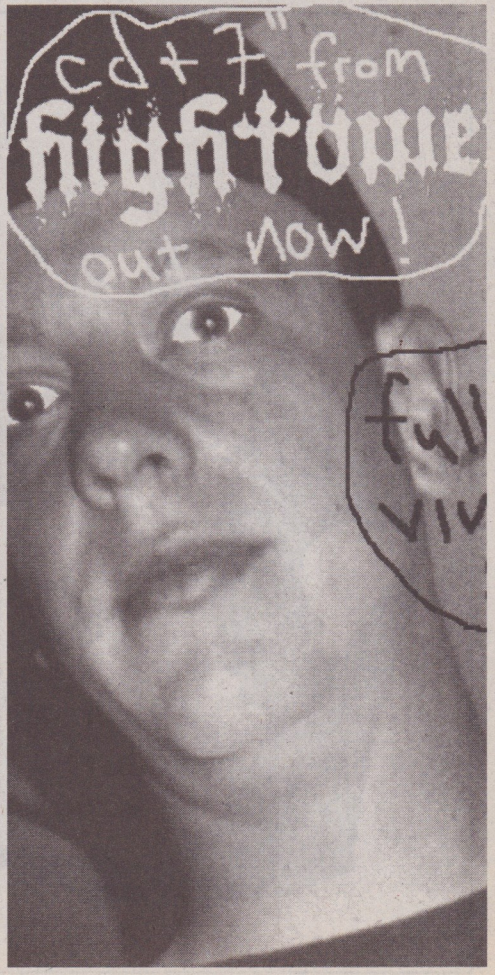

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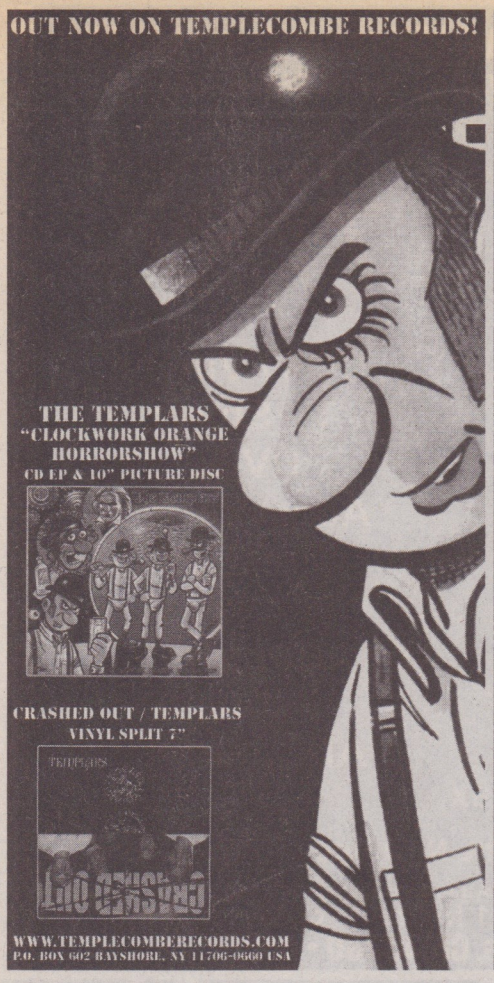

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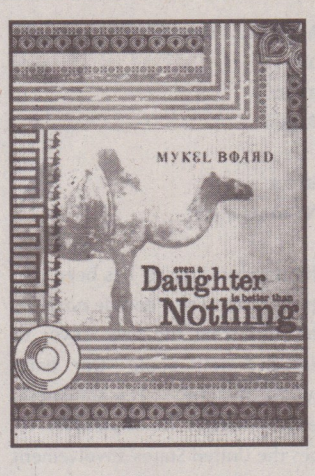


Even a Daughter is Better than Nothing
Mykel Board
347 pages
$14.95
Garrett County Press
www.gcpress.com

Well, it was bound to happen—someone gave Mykel Board a book deal. Evidently, this is Mykel's first book "with his name on the front cover"; according to the "About the Author" blurb in the back of this book, Mykel has also written seventeen novels under pseudonyms.[1] This is not the first time a *Maximumrocknroll*-er has gone legit, nor will it be the last, but there is something eminently satisfying about seeing a book by one of "us" in the display at a bookstore for normals. Reading *Even a Daughter is Better than Nothing* on BART even prompted the balding slobberer to my right to ask me if I'd ever heard of *Maximumrocknroll*. I told him, "I think so" and let him lecture me about the importance of *MRR* and Mykel to punk rock, complete with a half-dozen or so factual errors on his part about the magazine. A triumphant moment if ever I've had one.

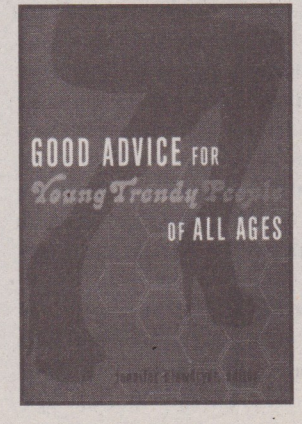
I know I should've guessed it before I got here, but in the past year and a half of working at this magazine I've learned something: some people really fucking hate Mykel Board. Even after writing his column for more than twenty years, Mykel still raises the ire of a lot of readers of this magazine. Rarely does a month go by without someone questioning the intelligence or logic of printing his column, with its flippant attitude towards PC conventions and apparent disregard for common sensitivity. For me, however, Mykel's writing has always displayed a profound thoughtfulness and deep-seated sense of ethics. His are not knee-jerk responses, but rather, the reflections of a man who has clearly given a lot of thought to language and it's place in society, and who aims to turn the shallow politics of identity on its head in hopes of creating a more irreverent, more open, more gratifying world to live in. It's not shock value that Mykel's writing aims at, because that's stupid and not very interesting. Rather, his column aims to provoke us into considering and reconsidering our own value systems, our sacred cows, as well as our expectations of what progressive writing should be. What else could you hope for from a writer, especially one that winds up being so fun to read? And one in a punk fanzine, no less.

But enough background, there is an actual book I'm here to review. *Even a Daughter is Better than Nothing* is Mykel's entry into the world of travel literature—this book outlines Mykel's year-long stay in Outer Mongolia—a literary genre that has a rich history (think T.E. Lawrence or Marco Polo), but one that is also prone to the most boring, pedestrian kind of self-reflection and offensive aren't-other-cultures-cool politics. I would be lying if I said I wasn't worried that Mykel's book would fall into these traps, because like with personal zines, it seems like the worst aspects of the genre are practically built into travel writing. The book starts with Mykel explaining his lifelong ambition to go to Outer Mongolia, its remoteness representing in his mind some sort of pinnacle in human adventure. His trip to Mongolia is planned, though not without some difficulty, and off he goes. Now here is where it could have gotten ugly, especially if Mykel didn't really gel with life in Mongolia and just used this book to outline that country's remoteness or weirdness, and his trip as a badge of honor to impress American hipsters. Instead, the next three hundred or so pages are filled with charming, warm depictions of Mykel's life in Outer Mongolia. There is a lot of vodka consumed (and I mean a *lot* of vodka), some Mongolian wrestling, almost no sex[2], and a repeating joke about the average Mongolian sense of punctuality. Most notably, there are a stream of generous, spirited, and unique interactions with the city folk of Ulaanbaatar, the *ger* dwellers outside of the capitol city, the only Mongolian rock 'n' roll band (who, thanks to Mykel are currently rocking out to Mudhoney and Napalm Death), and Mykel's students and colleagues at the National University in Ulaanbaatar, where he spent the year teaching English. Mykel does a masterful job outlining both the excitement and difficulty in spending a year so far away from the creature comforts of home, and goes a long way in making Mongolia seem like one of the greatest places in the world.

As someone familiar with Mykel's writing, it's interesting to read the early chapter explanations of his style in this book, which are presumably geared towards those of his readers who have never seen his column in *MRR*. These explanations seems superfluous to me, but the reality is that this book stands on its own, away from Mykel's place in punk. This is a fine piece of travel writing that should be read by those interested in the genre, regardless of their prior affinity (or lack thereof) for Mykel's printed work. There are a lot of very human emotions and experiences outlined in *Even a Daughter...*, and Mykel handles them very adeptly by never getting either too ironic or too precious. Instead, this is a bighearted travelogue that at once captures the sense of adventure, humor, frustration, resilience, and magnetism that one man experienced on the other side of the world. I give this my highest recommendation.

—Golnar Nikpour

[1] Is this true? Are they all pornographic? Someone clue me in and point me in the direction of where I can find these novels. Mykel?
[2] This was the big surprise of the book for sure, though I can tell you now that it was not for Mykel's lack of trying.



Good Advice for Young Trendy People of All Ages
Edited by Jennifer Blowdryer
144 pages
$15
Manic D Press
www.manicdpress.com

Rest assured the "advice" contained in this book is soaked with satire and snide humor. One need only skim the chapter titles (and their authors) to know what to expect: "The Art of Working a Room" by James St. James (yes, *that* James St. James), Use Your

Contusions: Mine Your Damage for Fun and Profit" by Bucky Sinister, "The Joy of Debt" by Mykel Board, et al. And for the record, Manic D Press is not known for printing drab, meaningless caca.

I offer this sort of disclaimer because the publisher sent a note along with the book asking *MRR* to "give it a chance," as if the book's merits were compromised by its 'aggressively brightly colored cover' and use of the word *trendy* in its title. I can see their concern but since the editor was—and one of the other authors still is—an *MRR* columnist I think we can jump into the book with little trepidation. Heck, I'm as trendy as the discount rack at Mervyn's and I contentedly finished this whole book in just two sittings.

As kitschy and novelty as the book looks and sounds there are some bona fide helpful hints inside. Regi Alsin's "Prison Do's and Don'ts" didn't have a trace of irony and "Door Etiquette for the Nightlife-Challenged" by Clint Catalyst provides far more helpful hints than its smarmy author probably intended. I'm not sure the same person seeking out the Pamela Holm's article on parenting titled "Not Raising Cain" would also benefit from Mistress Daria's "How to Be a Good Dominatrix," but both were fun and insightful to read. Similarly, Lynn Breedlove's "Lynnee's Skool For Boyz" was a nice compliment to Sherilyn Connelly's "Sherilyn's Skool For Girlz."

Blowdryer herself offered some of the most entertaining essays. Her advice reads more like a list of past transgressions than a catalog of legitimate suggestions. Yet somehow she is able to bleed dry any harm or ill-will or horrible psychological injury and replace it with sarcasm and a genuine sense that she is the better for having survived homelessness, drug-addiction, arch rivals, federal trials, turning 40, and even a vintage lamp catching fire (vintage lamps apparently being something all *young trendy people of all ages* should have).

This book would serve a coffee table as well as any Ansel Adams picture book since you can flip to just about any page and start enjoying it. It would also do well on a road trip because you'll often find yourself wanting to share what you just read with the person next to you.

And remember, "Wear a sombrero and you'll always have friends." — p.26.

—Craigums

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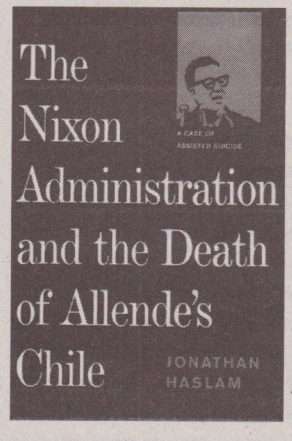
It seems strange to review a book for which I wrote the introduction, but the Powers That Be deemed it no conflict of interest, especially since I didn't get paid for my effort (Tim Yo used to occasionally, and impishly, assign me to review records that I'd put out, what a card). In fact, I'm not sure why I was asked to pen said introduction, since they already had a forward by Eddie Shaw of the Monks, but after perusing the manuscript I was more than willing to do so. I was initially skeptical, as other old farts may be, as to whether there remained anything to be written about the better known performers featured, such as the Stooges, Sonics, Monks, Bonzo Dog Band, Manson, etc., but there are plenty of new angles of said Legends' work explored in sufficiently lively and entertaining manner to make this worth seeking out.

The more arcane subjects are also examined in a laudable manner: I'm not even a Beatles fan, yet I found the exhaustive exploration of "outfakes" (fake Beatles outtakes used to fill out bootlegs) interesting and entertaining. There were only two pieces that didn't keep my interest to the end, while the highlights (such as Sleazegrinder's piece on obscure LA metal goofs the Wild is a highlight and many of the ten short "Disturbo Music" pieces on various vinyl oddities) more than made up for them.

Other topics covered? Australian Psych, Australian Garage, a comparison of Iron Butterfly and Led Zeppelin by someone who's a fan of neither ("Satan Yawns in the Garden of Eden"), Skip "America's answer to Syd Barrett" Spence, for instance. Although I rarely employ the term "delightful," for fear of sounding like Noel Coward, it is the aptest word for this collection.

—Mike Lucas



The Nixon Administration and the Death of Allende's Chile
Jonathan Haslam
255 pages • $23.00
Verso
180 Varick Street
New York, NY 10014-4606

Though Richard Nixon himself has been rotting in the ground for over a decade now, his words scream out from the back cover of Jonathan Haslam's new book: "Our hand doesn't show on this one..." The statement, made to Henry Kissinger on September 16, 1973, describes the United States' involvement (or perceived lack thereof) in the downfall of the Salvador Allende government in 1970's Chile, culminating with Allende's suicide on September 11 of that same year. The history of the Allende government's collapse remains difficult to sort through, considering the amount of material that remains classified or lost in the shuffle of global politics. As with any international conflict that reeks of US meddling, competing narratives exist. Some would like us to believe that Henry Kissinger himself strapped on a helmet and parachuted into Santiago on that fateful day, where he promptly shot Allende in the head, while others prefer to think of the collapse as the inevitable outcome of Soviet- and Castro-influenced communist dabbling. In such a convoluted web of pointing fingers, it's difficult to remember sometimes that things like blame and fault never rest on solitary shoulders, especially not in instances of geopolitical proportions. Thankfully, Jonathan Haslam has a rigorous grasp of this idea, and has put together a comprehensive and complex narrative of what he terms the "death of Allende's Chile."

While the prominence of the Nixon quote (along with the cheeky subtitle "A Case of Assisted Suicide") definitely attempts to drive home to naysayers the extent of US involvement, Haslam always presents the collapse as an unfortunate result of myriad factors. Following a leftward drift in Chilean politics that produced a plethora of new political parties (whose names and abbreviations Haslam has conveniently compiled into a helpful glossary...one wouldn't want to confuse his PCCh's with his PDC's or PCI's), Allende was elected president of Chile with barely more than a third of the vote in 1970 thanks to a tentative coalition of communists and socialists, who pushed out the ruling Christian democrats. The alliance remained shaky throughout Allende's truncated tenure as commander-in-chief, with frequent disagreements between the government and the radical MIR on the left and the armed forces on the right. Along with the ever-slippery foundation of the coalition, complications arose from every side. Some came in the form of gross economic mismanagement and an inability to rationalize the various revolutionary movements, while others were products of covert CIA intervention. From trucker strikes to navy coups, it becomes clear throughout Haslam's text that the United States emphatically funded programs to encourage the overthrow of the Allende government. However, Haslam's larger point, and the true strength of his analysis, is that the overthrow could not have occurred without a crumbling from the inside, which he renders in equal detail. Additionally, the author always keeps an overarching idea of the perils of

exceptionalism lurking casually in the background, building to powerful cautionary lessons as the book comes to a close.

Though Haslam's overall project remains effective (especially in light of a wealth of newly declassified documents and confidential sources at the writer's disposal), the reader truly must press on with the book out of his or her own personal interest, since Haslam's prose almost patently refuses to help out in that department. While history (or any serious work of academic scholarship) should never be obliged to reduce itself to slapstick entertainment, Haslam's tone verges on the robotic at times, with few traces of real humanity, humor, or spark. Such dryness prevents me from recommending the work wholeheartedly, but if the era tickles your fancy, I would be hard pressed to come up with a more comprehensive chronicle.

—Max Tremblay

The Big Wedding: 9/11, The Whistle-Blowers, & The Cover-Up
Sander Hicks
$14
212 pages
Vox Pop
1022 Cortelyou Road
Brooklyn, NY 11218

Almost as soon as three hijacked airliners slammed into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon four years ago, convoluted alternative explanations for the horrific attacks popped up, especially on the Internet. The confusion of the first days has persisted through the anthrax mailings and asbestos dangers at ground zero up through today. Why did WTC building number five collapse hours after the twin towers? Did a missile or a jet hit the Pentagon? Do devout radical soon-to-be-martyr Muslims do cocaine and hang out in strip clubs? How many connections between the CIA, flight schools, and the Pakistani secret police, the ISI, can there possibly be?

In *The Big Wedding*, author Sander Hicks, journalist and founder of Soft Skull Press, does a decent job of addressing these and other suppositions, including the real money shot: did the Bush White House know specifics of an impending attack which was orchestrated (wholly or partially) by its now-staunch ally, Pakistan and its brutal, shadowy ISI and a trail of Bin Laden and Bushes leading through the CIA & the BCCI scandal? All of these questions have been investigated in depth by a wide variety of researchers who are part of the self-described "9/11 Truth Movement."

I need to make two disclosures up front. My employer has sold a number of Soft Skull/Sander Hicks-related books over the years through our mail order, and I am the one who chose to carry most of those titles. Also, I don't think "conspiracy theory" is an epithet. For instance, imagine that a US president illegally sold massive amounts of armaments to a sworn enemy—say, a fundamentalist Muslim country that had held US civilians hostage for more than a year and regularly burned US flags in its streets and called the US "The Great Satan." The same US president then turned around and gave the proceeds from these illegal arms sales to a right-wing guerilla group in a tiny socialist country. The group was trying to re-instate the dictatorship of a brutal oligarchy that was intimately intertwined with major US corporations. The right wing guerilla group used the money to arm roving death squads who tortured and executed civilians in a reign of terror across a broad swath of the country. The group also used the money the US president gave it to support sending cocaine to the US on return flights, which brought guns and supplies to the group from the US. Naturally, these guns and supplies were also sold illegally to the group by the US government.

I hope it's clear that I've just described the Iran-Contra scandal that rocked the US in the 80s. As crazy as it sounds, it's all fact. It's been well documented in both mainstream and alternative media over the past two decades.

Or take the JFK assassination. Why has the Warren Commission become a synonym for at best, clueless whitewash, or worst, intentional cover-up? Few take the magic-bullet theory at face value, and it's hard to deny the snapping back of President Kennedy's head as he's clearly shot from the front. Too bad that amateur Zapruder guy had to film the whole thing, huh?

That said, the often wrongly maligned conspiracy theory often spirals into complex webs of secret societies and incredibly choreographed clandestine operations. It's all possible, but usually incredibly improbable. Sander Hicks puts it well in Chapter 8:

> At its worst moments, the 9/11 Truth Movement gives one insight into why the term "conspiracy theorist" came to be shorthand for "discredited wacko" in the invisible guidebook of the mainstream media. Suddenly, it's not hard to understand why the obvious anomalies in the JFK assassination never received proper attention in accepted media channels. If you have just as many nutty theories about the driver of the limo turning around and shooting JFK as you have honest scientific inquires about the real probability of multiple shooters, the wheat drowns in the chaff... the 9/11 Truth Movement bears the seeds of its own destruction. At times, the serious questions seem threatened to be drowned out by the theories about "pods" being attached to the bottom of the planes, "napalm" being planted in the World Trade Center, or the real ringer, "Flight 77 didn't hit the Pentagon at all."

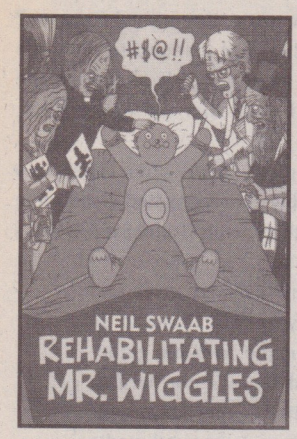
Since briefly dabbling in the post-attack on-line controversy regarding the Flight 77/Pentagon issue, I've steered clear of the 9/11 Truth Movement because of the "discredited wacko" effect Hicks mentions above. Our current president and his crew of neo-con misfits are so crooked and out-of-control that many of the Truth Movement's theories seem more and more possible with every passing scandal. While I want to believe that Dubya and his administration worked with the ISI in creating a crisis that they could manipulate to domestic and foreign advantage, this book does not convince me. After all, I'm just a newcomer to the Truth Movement who is receptive to coherent explanations of the multiple failures, coincidences, and unexplained incidents that are scattered across the 9/11/01 story. I thought I was doing well recognizing the name of an arms dealer from obscure NY Times articles, but I was quickly overwhelmed by names like Delmart Vreeland, Randy Glass, Ahmed Huber, and dozens of others. There are too many threads, from the Muslim Brotherhood to the BCCI banking scandal to CIA-owned flight schools, scattered across this relatively short book.

Of course, perhaps the full story isn't accessible by the facts we have right now; maybe a 9/11/01 Conspiracy Rosetta Stone will be discovered, and it will all become clear. And not all of the facts in this book are unorganized. A lot of really interesting reporting by Daniel Hopsiker is highlighted, and it dovetails nicely with footwork that Hicks does as follow-up. Unfortunately too much of *The Big Wedding* covers people or events which are not placed in an overall context.

The main problem with this book is the lack of any revelations that are "slam dunks" (in the words of former CIA Director George Tenet about Iraq's illusory weapons of mass destruction). That said, each page did make me feel sick about the state of our world and the US government. If only 10% of this book is fact, then we are living in a basket of red, white, and blue snakes. This is definitely not a starting point for the curious about alternate 9/11 information, but it's a well-written, suitably skeptical examination of diverse strains of the 9/11 controversies that still swirl above the memory of that crazy day

four years ago. A must for moderately experienced Truth Movement people, but no good for the Truth Movement dabbler.

—Jesse Luscious



Attitude Presents: Rehabilitating Mr. Wiggles Volume 2
Neil Swaab
82 pages • $10.95
NBM
555 Eighth Ave, Suite 1202
New York, NY 10018

Some issues ago, I reviewed *Attitude 2: The New Subversive Alternative Cartoonists* (edited by Ted Rall). Now NBM Publishing is producing a series of collections by cartoonists featured in the *Attitude* books. Neil Swaab's strips in *Attitude 2* were, I thought, among the weakest work in the book. (The friend who hooked me up with this gig said she particularly enjoyed his section of the book—dial 1-976-666-7777 to vote by touch-tone phone on who you think is right.) So, now, I've got a whole book of him to review. Get out your economy-size bucket of Crisco, Neil—this may get rough.

The strip is built around a pair of characters. There is "Neil," the neurotic, pathetic, depressed, and bitter, balding loser-hero and there is his buddy Mr. Wiggles, a totally amoral party animal with a rampant urge to sodomize creatures of all kinds (but particularly children, and all kinds of animals, and neurotic, pathetic, depressed, and bitter, balding losers, and trannies, oh, and.... your mom), take any kind of drugs he can, and commit any acts of violence he chooses to (for he's quite a violent bear). This stuff is not for someone who is uncomfortable with shit humor, sexual perversion jokes, child abuse jokes, rape jokes, drunk-as-fuck Jesus jokes, etc. Nor is it for someone who needs a lot more than that...

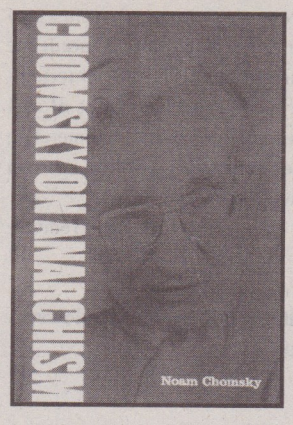
Swaab can put together a four-panel comic strip with a good set-up and a good punch-line. He can do great two-panel strips that totally crack me up. But I don't get an "art buzz" off his stuff. It's functional for the story-telling, but I don't see any "eye candy." No interesting visual perspectives, no evocative and stylish penmanship. But *South Park* is like that too and you all fucking love it so what do I know about any fucking thing...cough-cough-sputter-ahem: In the collection format of one four-panel strip after another, interesting art really helps keep the reader alert. When the strip appears alone in a newspaper, the reader has just seen something else and will see something else immediately afterward. In that context, simple art may make a cartoon more pleasing and memorable. When the strips are grouped together in a book format, the repetitious nature of the four-panel joke structure becomes a threat to the reader's alertness. Once I feel I'm just being fed "set-up line/response/build-up line/punch-line," I fall into scanning through the pages without caring. The way to keep my attention is catching my eye. I grew up on *Doonesbury* and *Bloom County*, two strips by very funny men who were very serious artists. Neil Swaab is more of the Gary Larson (*Far Side*) school. (Maybe my favorite strip in the book is a one-panel joke that is essentially an almost-pornographic *Far Side*.)

I did enjoy a bunch of the strips. Besides digging his one and two-panel strips, I really enjoyed the several times in the book when the strips formed multi-strip narratives. A nice four-panel joke about making fun of blind people in print led to a half dozen-strip series of follow-up humor. A series of strips pairing Mr. Wiggles with a very drunk Jesus also make quite a funny (and bloody) story. Swaab has the ability to be funny with more than just the punch-line format. It would be nice to see him do a Mr. Wiggles story in comic book format instead of strips.

My advice to you, potential consumer: If you see the book around, leaf through it and call our 976 line immediately to vote. If you know you like the strip, buy the fuckin' book already, will ya! But I'm not gonna tell the rest of you to run out and get this one...

NEXT MONTH IN THIS SPACE: Mr. Wiggles himself brings that bucket of Crisco my way, clothed in only a maniacal grin....

—Seth Hollander



Chomsky on Anarchism
Noam Chomsky
241 pages
$16.95 ppd.
AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA 94612

Chomsky and anarchism? Like peanut butter and carob chips, buddy. Or late night walks and porch talks! Too often though, Noam Chomsky falls into a rather unpleasant sort of Fugazi-zone whereby he's either blandly acknowledged (since anyone this successfully critical for this long is undeniable), or taken blanketly as some sort of freaky savior. Neither of which is very useful.

Thankfully for us, AK Press has assembled this book compiling his essays on anarchist thought and responsibility. The pieces come chronologically arranged and we get three recent interviews as well. Completists may have read all these essays before (in their different homes and incarnations), but to have them all here makes it, well, handy as a book.

"Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship" remains one of the finest essays on the problem with academia. By examining a well-respecting textbook on Spanish Civil War, Chomsky shows how the writer misconstrues the real chances of the Spanish anarchists—how the communists sold them out in Aragon and across the board. Whether intentional or careless oversight, the writer's responsibility as a scholar has failed. The article segue ways into Viet Nam as well, with continuing relevance for US foreign policy and current Iraqi atrocities. Certain items might be obvious, but there's comfort in taking proclaimed intellectuals & policy-makers to task:

> If it is plausible that ideology will in general serve as a mask for self-interest, then it is a natural presumption that intellectuals, in interpreting history or formulating policy, will tend to adopt an elitist position, condemning popular movements and mass participation in decision making, and emphasizing rather the necessity for supervision by those who possess the knowledge and understanding that is required (so they claim) to manage society and control social change.

As the foreword and well-written intro state, the biggest obstacle for certain hardliners seems to be Chomsky's willingness to use the state apparatus *and* his trust in true, participatory democracy. Or maybe it's that he teaches at the elite, military-connected MIT. Is he a "Marxist using anarchism to soften & clarify his own Marxism?" Scandalous, I'm sure. Especially since Chomsky is single-handedly holding back the revolution with these faint whiffs of heretical communism or socialism or statism. Maybe viewing things pragmatically would help, like this:

> As usual, I don't see it as a conflict. It makes perfect sense to use the means that nation states provide in order to resist exploitation, oppression, domination, violence and so on, yet at the same time to try to override these means by developing alternatives. There is no conflict. You should use whatever methods are available to you. There is no conflict between trying to overthrow the state and using the means that are provided in a partially democratic society, the means that have been developed through popular struggle over

centuries. You should use them and try to go beyond, maybe destroy the institution.

Like the other recent AK Press Chomsky titles, this one ends with interviews, a leisurely exit out of the essays. Dude, he likens US individualist anarchists to the Transcendentalists because neither one connected to working class movements! Then gives a thoughtful reply to why the label "anarchist" is not so appealing. And talks very plainly about modern tactics:

> So, for example, let's take the upcoming Republican National Convention. If a large group that calls itself anarchist acts in such a way as to strengthen the systems of power and antagonize the public, they will be harming their own cause. If they can find actions that will get people to understand why it makes sense to challenge systems of formal democracy without substance, then they picked the right tactic. But you cannot check or look in a textbook to find the answers. It depends on careful evaluation of the situation that exists, the state of public understanding, the likely consequences of what we do, and so on.

Once again, here's to it.

—Travis Fristoe.

The Blast
Alexander Berkman
242 pages • $21.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612
www.akpress.org

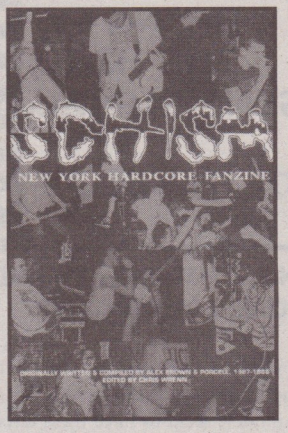
Hell, yeah! I was very excited to receive this book, which is the complete collection of *The Blast*, an anarchist periodical edited by Alexander Berkman between 1916-1917. If you're familiar with Berkman's work, you know what to expect here. If you are unfamiliar, this is a good place to start. Most people are more aware of Berkman as Emma Goldman's lover than they are of his own contributions to anarchist thought. I've grappled quite a bit with the ideas of political violence and armed struggle, but Berkman's arguments are passionate and persuasive. His political activity with labor issues and antiwar organizing were tireless and continue to inspire.

The Blast was a call to action, filled with fiery rhetoric. The paper was published at a time when labor struggles were heated and dangerous, World War I was exacting a bloody toll and America was gearing up to enter the war, radicals were imprisoned for advocating contraception, and censorship was rampant. *The Blast* took on these topics with an immediacy lacking in most contemporary radical periodicals. There was no dry rhetoric or self-congratulatory smugness in the pages of *The Blast*. This publication wasn't merely preaching to the converted, but was instead propaganda in the best sense of the word, presenting clear, concise arguments meant for a broader audience. The issues tackled by the paper were often literally a matter of life and death and the contributors faced the threats of imprisonment, deportation, and violence as a result of their convictions.

Sounds romantic, right? Well, there's more than just a history lesson to be gained from the pages of *The Blast*. In the current political climate, many of the articles included in this volume are very timely and relevant. The current war(s), rapidly dissipating freedoms, threats to reproductive freedom, and globalization taking capital's attack on labor to an unprecedented level are all addressed by vehement propaganda written nearly a century ago.

Not to be missed is also the awesome layout of this book, which appears to be reproduced directly from the original layout of the paper. The cover illustrations are amazing and these satirical cartoons match the tone of the publication perfectly. Also included are advertisements and announcements for festivals, concerts, mass meetings, lectures, picnics, socials, plays, and so on. What I find fascinating about these details is that they provide a context for the editorials contained in the pages of *The Blast*, dispelling the image of terribly serious and angry women and men and all-absorbing politics. The contributors were fierce and uncompromising, yes, but also human, capable not just of words, but also of action and of art and dance and *play*. To paraphrase Emma Goldman: "If I can't dance, it's not my revolution."

—Tress



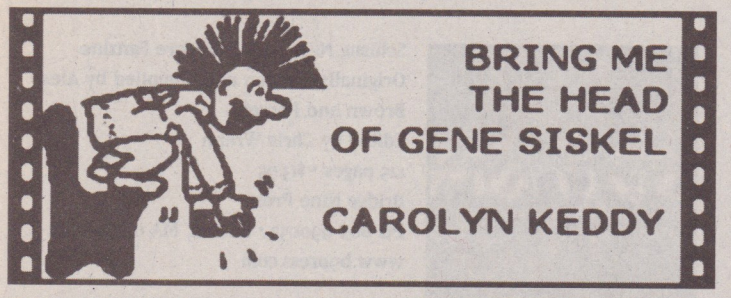
Schism: New York Hardcore Fanzine
Originally Written and Compiled by Alex Brown and Porcell
Edited by Chris Wrenn
125 pages • $13.95
Bridge Nine Press
PO Box 990052 • Boston, MA 02199-0052
www.b9press.com

Schism fanzine was originally published by Alex Brown (of Gorilla Biscuits and Project X) and John "Porcell" (of Youth of Today and Judge) during the heyday of New York City's late 80s straight edge scene. Though lasting only three issues over the course of a year and a half, *Schism* was without a doubt the authority on the East Coast's straight edge renaissance, interviewing or covering nearly every major band at the time. The zine also released several records, including the infamous Project X 7" and the Judge *New York Crew* EP. Copies of *Schism* are rare and highly sought-after collectors-items these days. Now, nearly 20 years later, Bridge Nine Press has collected all three issues in their entirety, and reprinted them in a durable soft-cover book along with a wealth of additional materials. As for the original content here, a lot of it is what you might expect: pieces on bands such as Gorilla Biscuits, Agnostic Front, Bold, Dag Nasty, Side By Side, Slapshot, Warzone, and so on; articles on record collecting and vegetarianism's connection to straight edge; old show and record reviews; and of course lots of cool photos. While the focus is admittedly pretty narrow—straight edge, straight edge and more straight edge—there were a few surprises here and there, such as the inclusion of the Dangerhouse Records discography in the "Records That Matter" article. The interviews themselves get a little repetitive after awhile (some typical questions: "What first turned you guys straight edge?" and "What was the pit like in Boston?") but for anyone like myself with an interest in 80s American hardcore, it's a fun read anyway. I appreciated the zine's attention to the first wave of hardcore as well and enjoyed the "Hardcore Trivia" pieces that ran in each issue. The nadir is certainly the interview with Youth Defense League (hopefully included in this reprint for historical accuracy only) where the band talks about being nationalist "white pride" skinheads who advocate beating on bums and "all those fuckin' people on welfare." Yikes.

The additional content compiled for this reprint make up a full third of the 125-page book. There are forwards written by both the original *Schism* authors; two old interviews with Project X (taken from *Smorgasbord* and *Open Your Eyes* fanzines); a Schism Records discography and retrospective; reflections on the late 80s NYHC scene by Don Fury, Mark McKay of Slapshot, Jordan Cooper of Revelation Records, and others; and a ton of old flyers and photos (looking much better than the reproductions of Xeroxed photos that appeared in the original zine). Overall, I've got to admit that Bridge Nine Press did an excellent job putting this together. The potential reader has probably already formed his or her opinion of the NYHC straight edge scene, and this book isn't going to change it. But for anyone with even a mild appreciation for such things, this is an essential purchase.

—Chris Hubbard

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

YOU'RE KICKING ASS, YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING NEW AND YOU DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT FUCKIN' COMMERCIALITY

In the Ramones' documentary **End Of The Century**, the band and their fans complain that the Ramones were never very monetarily successful. It is unfortunate considering the success the band's lame imitators seem to have these days. The film seems to state that if you didn't make a lot of money, you aren't successful. I differ from this opinion. If I had to choose money or influence, I would rather be influential. Most people involved in early days of punk credit the Ramones with getting them to start a band. That legacy will go on forever. It is something no one can take away. Once you're dead, money doesn't do you any good.

Henri Langlois was the founder of the Cinémathèque Francaise, France's film archives. **Henri Langlois, The Phantom of the Cinémathèque** examines the life of the man that people credit with pioneering film preservation. In the documentary there is a great interview where the very humble Langlois discusses his beginnings as an arrogant film collecting youth. He didn't want a copy of **Salome** because he considered it a big Hollywood production film and he wasn't interested in that kind of thing. Now that the film is lost forever, he realizes his mistake. Every film should be saved. Langlois will spend the rest of his days saving as many films as he can.

The idea of a Cinémathèque Francaise was born when Langlois and friend George Franju grew tired of listening to the French government talk about creating a film archive without doing anything to start one. It was the first frustration with political bureaucracy that would follow Langlois through his association with the Cinémathèque Francaise. Langlois began collecting films and having screenings wherever he could. He also collected movie memorabilia. When the Nazis invaded France he could have lost his collection. The Germans wanted every film made prior to 1937 destroyed as well as the modern films that had an opposing viewpoint to theirs. Langlois and friends began smuggling the films and memorabilia out of Paris, hiding them wherever they could.

After the war, the French government decided to sponsor Langlois. They gave him a building to house and screen the films and began funding the program. The screenings were extremely popular. Among the attendees were the future filmmakers who would go on to developing the French New Wave. Truffaut remembers Langlois saying you need to "eat" a film, which meant to sit close to screen and really look at the film. People would fight to sit in the front row so they could. Langlois would introduce the films and after people would hang around and discuss what they saw. Langlois really knew film and would introduce the work of many important and soon to be important filmmakers to the Parisian audiences.

Langlois' business habits frustrated the French government. He would not keep records of the films he acquired how much he spent on them and his office was always seemingly unorganized, although we all know that each person has his or her way of organizing. In 1968 the board of the Cinémathèque Francaise voted to fire Langlois as the director. The Cinémathèque's audiences including the New Wave filmmakers and actors protested the decision followed by directors and actors from around the world. There were riots in the street and people threatened to withdraw their films from the Cinémathèque. It may seem a bit excessive these, but it is really nice to see people standing up for someone who is wrongly fired. I can't imagine anyone doing that these days.

Henri Langlois, The Phantom of the Cinémathèque uses interviews with its subject from different periods. There is a lot of great footage from the protests. It is fun to see Alfred Hitchcock and Langlois awkwardly pose for photographers while Langlois is presenting Hitchcock with the French Legion Of Honor. The most important discovery as well as loss is the Musée du Cinéma Henri Langlois, an amazing museum that Langlois designed which was set up so a person would go through the museum on his or her way to the theater. I immediately thought: I want to go there. The museum displayed an amazing array of equipment, costumes, scripts, stills and other aspects of film history. After Langlois's death the museum was not kept up and when there was a fire in the building, the displays were packed up and presumably haven't been unpacked.

It is one thing to have others proclaim your influence and another to spew your importance at every chance you get. Whereas Langlois seems pretty humble about his place in the film world, **Punk Attitude** a new film by Don Letts about the early days of punk features the usual characters making sure their importance is known. Wayne Kramer, Legs McNeil and Hilly Kristal proudly declare their place in punk history while others like Captain Sensible, Arthur Kane, and Poly Styrene joke about theirs. There are many people who should be interviewed, but for whatever reason aren't.

Punk Attitude, like most punk documentaries, is for people who know little or nothing about punk. It is annoying to once again see a thorough document of the 70s, then barely a brief mention of the 80s and suddenly it is 1992. Blink 182 gets more airtime in this than the Big Boys. When I loudly proclaimed my annoyance with this, the others in the room tell me that someone will have to make the 80s punk documentary someday. Yeah, I guess I'll stop complaining.

There are some fun things like footage of the Slits and Suicide. Amusing reflections from Captain Sensible, "We used to jump from the top of tall building to tall building to steal a flag, you know, or to get into someone else's hotel room to shit in their bed. These things don't happen anymore, unfortunately." The New York Dolls on the Old Grey Whistle Test being introduced as the Rolling Stones' version of the Monkees. Not to mention the very bad looking wig David Johansen wears these days. A very disheveled Glenn Branca explaining punk, "You're kicking ass, you're doing something new and you don't give a shit about fuckin' commerciality (sic). And that's what punk is."

The extras on the **Punk Attitude** DVD are mostly useless. There are extended interviews, which include uninteresting topics such as "punk sound" and "punk fashion." There is one good segment about LA punk that features a more in depth look at their scene, focusing on some of the less well-known bands. It would be nice if every city could have had its own ten-minute segment, but I guess I'll have to wait for the 80s punk documentary for that. Personally, I enjoy pointing out obvious mistakes that always seem to pop up on these DVDs. You might remember, I mentioned in my column when the Germs DVD came out that the back cover made the incredibly shocking error of saying the Germs were from New York. The DVD company eventually fixed that error. It may be harder to get this one corrected. In an extra segment called "UK Versus The US," Henry Rollins is talking about the DC scene and the Teen Idles and on screen is shown the cover of the Teen Idols debut record. Yikes.

Good Night, and Good Luck is a dramatic recreation of the infamous newsroom when Edward R. Murrow and associates challenged Senator Joseph McCarthy's communist witch-hunt. The subject matter is very compelling. I have to admit that I still have a very small belief that slowly fades every day that if people stand up to the politicians the truth will eventually be known. Yeah, I know. Seeing Murrow in action is inspiring.

However, **Good Night, and Good Luck** is too Hollywood. George Clooney co-wrote, directed and appears in the film. There is too much artificial tension to distract from the main focus. Two of Murrow's co-workers are married, but have to hide it due to a CBS policy that the company will not employ married couples.

You have to remember the film takes place in the 50s, but what does that have to do with Murrow and McCarthy? All I could figure was that it was a chance to point out that although Murrow could see through McCarthy, he didn't know what was going on around him. Although, I know that is reading way too much into this film. There are many shots of the reporters sitting around smoking and thinking while a woman sings in the background. Another attempt to create some sort of visual tension, but it just seems weird.

Good Night, and Good Luck makes some good points about corporate ownership of news stations and the effects of turning new casts into entertainment. I am glad someone made a film about Murrow, but I just wish it were better. There is a DVD called **The Edward R. Murrow Collection** that is much more interesting and informative than this film. Check that out of you want to know more about Murrow.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. Email me at carolynmrr@juno.com. If you have a film screening in San Francisco. I will go see it.

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

FESTIVAL OF PAIN

Film festivals are among the glory moments for addicted movie watchers. The opportunity of seeing a four or five films in a row, sometimes until late at night, and before anyone else, actually can bring its own kind of rush.

In recent years, my attitudes have changed. I still love movies, but festivals have become almost a perverse torture.

First of all, let's get our vocabulary straight. When you go a film festival, you won't see any "movies." You'll only see *films*. At one festival, I accidentally let the wrong word slip out, and was corrected on the spot. If a cheap Hong Kong actioner plays in a festival, it undergoes a change; before it was barely even a movie, but now it's been elevated to the dais of "film."

This isn't overstatement. At one recent festival, they showed a Japanese "film," **The Girl of Silence**. It was about a very cute, teenage girl who's repeatedly raped by her father until she becomes pregnant. It was based on austere source material, a *manga* called *Father Fucker*. True, it was fairly well-filmed and edited. Then again, it was also a festering pile of crap that catered to middle-aged men's fetish for pre-teen Japanese girls in sailor suit uniforms. At the end, as I added the last few hours to my growing inventory of wasted time, I overheard two middle-aged ladies discussing the flick. "Hmm, wasn't that intriguing?" one said. The other replied, A *very* interesting film." I wanted to break in and explain to them that what they'd just seen had less value than a mound of ripe dog shit haloed by flies, but I restrained myself. There's no accounting for taste, I said to myself. It certainly can't be taught.

Film festivals frequently tout a menu of features advertised as art but painfully lacking in interest. I don't want to get onto that whole France-bashing thing without an explanation; I approved of their opposition to American aggression in the Middle East, even if their stance was self-serving. (In the same year, the French shot off a nuclear bomb test, to the approbation of the world community.) Despite my mixed feelings, their films can be hard to take.

In 1962, esteemed critic and director Jean-Luc Godard announced that film was dead, but I think he must have been talking about French films. They usually don't have a plot per se. They have grungy photography, random scenes that don't go anywhere, and characters who talk nearly the whole film. (During one three-hour film by Jacques "Where's the Editing Room" Rivette, the translator just gave up and stated on screen that he wasn't going to bother translating a long stretch of film.) This fault is compounded when you realize that the average film festival programs about 20-30% French films—as if the rest of the world were an afterthought. There aren't all that many French people in America, so I'm guessing that viewers simply want to test their high school language skills.

Even worse is work from boutique directors who just happen to be in fashion. Iran's Abbas Kiarostami has been widely praised, and his work gets regular play at most international film festivals and journals. I suppose some filmmakers are an acquired taste. The "modern classic" I saw during one festival had a man driving back and forth over the Iranian landscape (basically the moon, with a few weeds). If nothing happens in your typical French art film, minus-nothing happens in a Kiarostami film. During one of his most acclaimed features, I fell asleep twice, even though I was in the front row. The back of my eyelids was vastly more interesting than the non-story on screen.

Sometimes, festival programmers offer titles that are more daring than particularly arresting. All the showings of **Too Young to Die** were sold out—a South Korean feature about two 70-year olds who meet in late life and discover they're soul mates. They get married. Then they start having explicit, non-simulated sex onscreen. This is real, hardcore, septuagenarian action. This is high cringe-factor stuff you can only see at a film festival.

It's a courageous act to walk out of a film festival showing; it shows the ultimate disdain for a film. But for me, there can be problems with that. It's not like walking out on a dull gig; at a film festival, the director—who has flown in from thousands of miles—has the insult thrown into his face. Often, he'll be in the theater, and maybe even sitting in your row. You catch his eyes as you skulk away, bags in hand. You haven't seen the film all way through, and here you are, casting your ultimate rejection.

Being a hypocrite, I've done exactly that, but I save the privilege until it's a dull French film.

Film festivals are the only places where you can see some movies. There's often a reason for that. I remember seeing Bela Targ's **Satantango**—challenge for even the most devoted international film fan. Imagine a plotless, nearly dialogueless, eight-hour marathon of be-whiskered rural Slavs getting drunk to the sound of accordion music. If the pacing doesn't get you, the music will. Watching this film is almost like one of those endurance contests in *Survivor*.

One of the cool things about film festivals is able to talk to international moviemakers one on one (presuming they speak English). It reminds you that they're just human beings, not stars, and that makes festivals less impersonal than, say, logging in on Fandango and going to a multiplex.

Then again, festivals can serve as a rude awakening. I saw the restoration of the 1960s classic, **The Saragossa Manuscript**, with the director Woijeich Has in attendance. The hottest ticket in town; people were being turned away by the dozens. After the film (which I'd seen probably six times, all three hours of it), the audience had a Q&A. I asked about something (I probably have in repressed memory somewhere), and the gray-haired Has responded with a curt, snappish insult that even surprised some people in the audience. I wanted to append my question by saying, "Uh, Mr. Has, why aren't your other movies a tenth as interesting as **The Saragossa Manuscript**?" I thought better of it.

It doesn't get much better than that. Being treated rudely by a humorless, over-the-hill Polish filmmaker in front of an oversold house.

Again, reticence got the better of me.

People get really testy at film festivals. If a cell phone rings, the theater is immediately filled with angry "Shhh!"s, and eyes search everywhere for the culprit. The cell phone owner tries to look innocent, like someone who's just farted. One time, I accidentally bumped my knees against the seat in front of me, and the woman flew into a rage of cursing. In return, I continued to bump her seat. (It was much more fun than the movie.) If she had a gun, she would have shot me. When the film let out, the guy who happened to be sitting next to me asked, "Gee, what was bothering her?" I shrugged.

Of course, talk to someone at a film festival and you'll be lynched.

And it turns out that three-quarters of the films show up in theaters or on DVD anyway. If you're less scrupulous, you can find cheap gray or black market DVDs pretty cheaply. But then you have to battle with your conscience. Are you going to pay anywhere from $10 to $25 on a legitimate release foreign film that's region locked, or buy a bootleg that plays on US players for $3? (Hmmm...maybe there isn't a moral dilemma, after all.) I bypass the moral issues and see movies in theaters, where they're supposed to be seen.

As festivals progress, people start getting illnesses from staying up so late. The air of a theater can turn into a stagnant pool of germs. The last time I went to the San Francisco International Film Festival, I ended up with a nasty case of shingles that lasted weeks. The prior year, a girl who infected me with a cold that knocked me out for six days.

One unassailable advantage to festivals is that you'll be seeing films with people who get all the in-jokes (or at least pretend to). But in the future, these movies are going to have to become a whole lot more special to steal my bucks.

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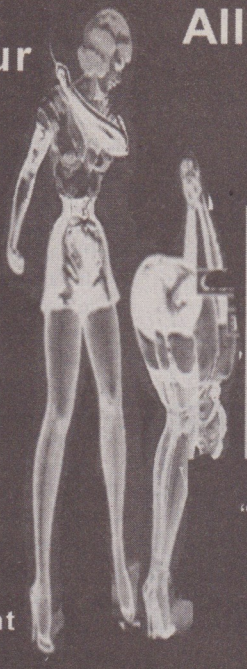

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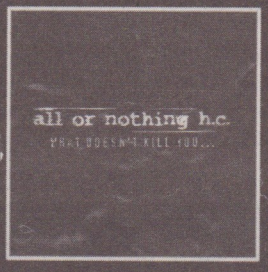

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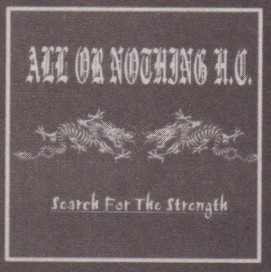

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RECORDS

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Reviewers: (TB) Tim Brooks, (MC) Mitch Cardwell, (RC) Rob Coons, (CC) Carl Cordova, (PC) Paul Curran, (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (SD) Sean Dougan, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (VH) Vince Horner, (LG) Layla Gibbon, (CS) Chris Hubbard, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (RK) Ramsey Kanaan, (WK) Will Kinser, (EL) Elliott Lange, (RL) Ray Lujan, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (KS) Ken Sanderson, (MS) Martin Sorrondeguy, (SS) Steve Spinali, (BS) Brian Stern, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White.

ABANDON ALL HOPE – "From the Deathbed Of" CD

A well-recorded ten-song posthumous release of this Albuquerque hardcore band, bashing great fast 'n' loose thrash with stop-and-start segmented song structures that echo both classic 80s and speed-metal in proficient technical delivery. More melodic, less chaotic and nasty than WORD SALAD, but with the same kind of frantic play between over-the-top metallic complexity and feral punk attack. The vocal delivery runs aground pretty often, off-kilter between sung and screamed parts delivered by the various guitarists. The packaging of the disc seems barely considered, and the band barely keeps their dignity covering BAD BRAINS' "I Against I" (the kind of signature song by a distinctive band that is a bad idea for a band to cover). Largely personal lyrics about friendships and relationships round out a nice documentation of this much, much more than solid thrash unit. (KS)
(De Rok, c/o Roger Pacheco, PO Box 40392, Albuquerque, NM 87196)

ABE VIGODA – "Sky Route / StarRoof" LP

Angular post-punk 2005 style. We have some isolated folks from Chino who are digesting 90s emo, Jade Tree pants-splitting, the more abrasive side of the DOG-FACED HERMANS or UNWOUND and then stamping their ape prints on the whole vomitous mixture. Veddy, veddy repetitive, presented like that is *thee* most important point to get across. Ya see, I find this kind of aimless, but plenty of folks would marvel at this based on its *power*, but I suspect they are reacting to really shitty music that is drowning their own lives and tastes. If you are trapped in an emo town, say, this is the local godsend you are looking for, unless you are looking for TEEN-GENERATE or the A-FRAMES; then, keep walking. Two points to be made on craftsmanship: the elaborate screen printing is so thick on this cover it approaches Braille in its viscosity, truly impressive, and the vinyl pressing of this is so bad (clicks, sticks, etc.) that these guys should demand a refund, man. (RW)
(Present Past Future, 5109 Loleta Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90041)

ABUSIVE ACTION – "Burning Bridges" CD

This Dutch four-piece plays your classic youth crew/modern NYHC blend. I am not sure if I like this full-length better than their demo, but the energy and urgency still come across in the new songs, which I suppose is what matters most. The layout is sparse, and somewhat lacking, but the music more than makes up for it. Good stuff. (CC)
(Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

ACTIVE SAC – "Beavers Were Once the Size of Bears" CDEP

Great title, great cover. Goes a little downhill from there. Some (at times) nice mod twin-guitar interplay—almost power-pop on some serious downers—marred by some pretty flat lead vocals. Maybe this quartet will one day be great. That time hasn't quite arrived yet. (RK)
(Gothic Anus, www.activesac.com)

ADHD – "'Til Your Ears Bleed" CD

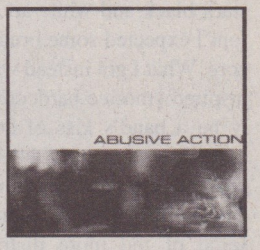
Decent long-player of cranked up rock 'n' roll. Sounds very much like the HEARTBREAKERS on 45 rpm, with a dash of the obligatory SOCIAL DISTORTION guitar and swagger. Fans of the HUMPERS, *et al*., will appreciate this, I'm sure. Ho hum. (RK)
(Ares, www.aresrecords.com)

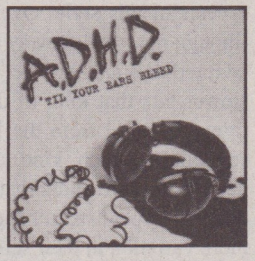
ADIAPHORIA / CONSTANTE ZERO – split EP

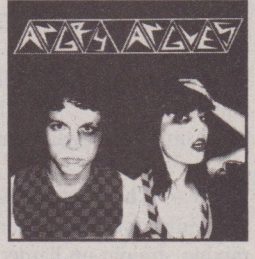
An odd couple of bands here from Valencia, Spain. ADIAPHORIA plays semi-melodic quiet to loud (but mostly loud) screamo with constant screaming and too much slowness for me. Kinda boring. CONSTANTE ZERO, meanwhile, has two overly long songs with tons of changes in much more of a CONVERGE/CALIBAN metalcore style and again with a bit of emo. They're definitely better than the A-side, and some of the changes are unexpected and well done and brutal, but overall—still too many rehashed riffs, and I can see them becoming just another forgettable Lifeforce Records band. A not-so-necessary EP. (EL)
(milcamilos@hotmail.com)

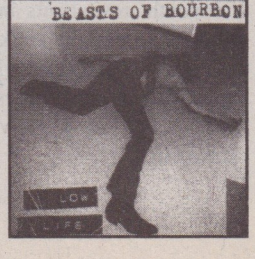
A FINE BOAT THAT COFFIN – "Spritze" LP

Inside the impressive uncoated sleeve—with inventive use of positive and negative imagery and sleek art deco fonts—A FINE BOAT THAT COFFIN cranks tumul-









tuous German art savagery, crazy-core, and proficient spazz-out screamo, like brief seconds of MINUTEMEN, ABC DIABLO, ANTIOCH ARROW and random indie-rock bands haphazardly spliced together. Stop-and-start little tiny parts that go crazy into noisy, screechy parts, that explode into wild math-y parts, which morph into harsh jazzy parts, and then speed into screaming fast parts. Can you call something well done that's virtually unlistenable? (KS)
(Narshardaa, Hansastr. 15, 24188 Kiel, GERMANY)

AGONIA – "En Ruinas" CD

Once again, I am taught an age-old lesson: don't judge a book (or in this case, a CD) by its cover. From the look of this of this CD, with its stark black-and-white art and crusty, distressed font I expected some brutal DOOM-style crust-core. What I got instead was political, Ebullition inspired emotive hardcore, which would usually be a band's kiss of death with me. In this case, however, AGONIA plays fast enough, keeps their songs short enough, and stays fundamentally hardcore enough to help me forget some of the more distracting and annoying aspects of this style. Overall, they stay mostly (though not totally) away from quiet, arpeggiated interludes and the like, though there are some slower bits that kind of drag. There are also a few riffs lifted from the FROM ASHES RISE songbook, which kind of sucks because so many bands are aping that style these days. I do wish that vocalists in bands like this would use more variation in their screaming 'cause there is only so much monotonous shrieking I can take, but the dark, driving guitar parts steal the show from the vocals often enough for the screaming not to be too much over the course of the CD. I should also mention that this band's lyrics are all in Spanish and I believe that they are from Mexico (though it's hard to tell from this CD, especially since I don't understand Spanish). If you are into political emo-hardcore at all, I would totally recommend checking this out because this AGONIA CD proved to be a fairly engaging listen. (GN)
(I've Come For Your Children, 252 Barker Rd, Nashville, TN 37214, childismine@hotmail.com)

AK47 – "The Fucking Enemy" CD

Tremendous lefty hardcore from Canada, mixing straight-up hardcore like TEAR IT UP with youth crew chants and anarcho punk. Tons of hooks, fast enough to keep the hardcore kids in the pit and smart enough to keep the anarchos happy. One of the sleepers of this issue. (TB)
(Reason, PO Box 5504, Victoria BC, VBR 6S4 CANADA)

A LIFELESS ALLIANCE – "The Creepshow" CD

These kids aren't as "lifeless" as their name suggests. They pick and choose from hardcore, lite-metal, and pop punk to create a sound not so different from many major label "punk" bands. Their ultra-clean, tight, over-produced tunes, and six-song CD looks perfect for promo packaging. A LIFELESS ALLIANCE should easily climb the ladder to become "discovered" by a flourishing extreme sports entertainment industry. Fairly flawless. (HM)
(Faction Zero, 33 Lockwood Place, Clifton, NJ 07012, www.factionzero.com, www.alifelessalliance.com)

ALTARBOYS – "Greatest Hits" CD

If these are the "greatest hits" I'd hate to see what didn't make the cut! One-dimensional PDX punk. Reminds me of sped up Confederacy of Scum bands like ANTISEEN or HAMMERLOCK, or even a very sub-standard POISON IDEA. (TB)
(www.lastchancerecords.net)

ANGRY ANGLES – "Things Are Moving" EP

What are post-LOST SOUNDS bands going to be like? Meaner, leaner, more guitar-focused, less drony, more punkpunkpunk. A great way to push off from the lost island into new seas, I say. The title track is one of the best things Mr. Reatard has ever done. I'll take three copies on sienna... (RW)
(Shattered, www.shatteredrecords.net)

A NIGHTMARE & A CATACLYSM – "By Her Fingernails..." CD

What is it with these fucking ridiculous band names? If I saw this CD in a store I would steer far away from it without having a clue what it sounds like (though I could almost guess without even hearing one note). Anyway, this is pretty much what I expected: multi-tempo modern hardcore and screamo mixed together, with super screeching vocals (that switch to a spoken tone on occasion). To my ears, this sounds totally generic and boring. No thanks! (RC)
(Limestone)

ANIMALS & MEN – "Revel in the Static" CD

Yet another UK obscuro rescued from, uh, obscurity. They started in 1978 with your typical ultra-primitive garage pop set up; deadpan gurl vocals courtesy of Susan Wells carefully enunciating post-teenage obsessions with car crashes, WWI-era tanks, and Richard Brautigan. The sound is reminiscent of pure first-album WIRE or very early Flying Nun bands like PHANTOM FORTH (sorry 'bout the weird reference). For a long time through the 80s and the first half of the 90s this type of sound was immediately tagged art-punk, but now I'm not so sure that younguns would make that quick an association anymore. The drums have that rad dumdum—dumdum sound, one of the Maureen Tucker™ approved rhythms, ya know? This has all of their EPs and a bunch of unreleased demo action that is predictably engaging. Their youthfully morbid intensity is structured around rock 'n' roll riffs so basic and forceful that they are almost reflexively catchy. Highly recommended, especially their "hit" "Don't Misbehave in the New Age" which could've/should've made a minor UK splash ala "Read About Seymour." Easily the best band ever named after an ADAM & THE ANTS song, and this ain't no Antmusic. Glad to see Hyped2Death is getting more production (i.e., reviewable!) CDs of their stuff out. I just don't *trust* CD-Rs... (RW)
(Hyped2Death, www.hyped2death.com)

AT RISK – "You're Mediocre at Best" CD

Here is a hardcore band from right down in Santa Cruz, CA, though in fact their style is influenced much more by East Coast bands. Catchy and energetic, mid-tempo, metallic hardcore with thick production and a vocalist who kind of reminds me of Lou from SICK OF IT ALL. They occasionally speed things up and tack on some melody, but this is pretty straightforward and basic through and through. Still, worth checking out for you hardcore fans. (RC)
(Bloody Knuckles, 1315 June St. #209, Hollywood, CA 90028)

BAD BRAINS – "Pay to Cum 1979-1981" LP

Don't bother buying this thinly veiled bootleg of early recordings and demos. The $20 price tag should be enough to deter you, but the fact that this is all available on other releases makes it utterly pointless. If you don't know, the BAD BRAINS, despite their religious zealotry and homophobia, were one of the best bands in punk history (and not a bad reggae band either). They pretty much invented thrash, were one of the only all-black punk bands ever, and had a unique style that no one could imitate. Go find their other records from this era and you won't be disappointed. (PC)
("Bad Brains Records," bootleg!)

BARRACUDAS – CD

Ye ol' bastions of British garage are back with a whimper rather than a bang. A self-titled CD after all these years, so completely devoid of ideas, inspiration, or sense that they can't even come up with an album title. It's not that it stinks, it's just that it doesn't smell at all. A middle of the road and dated, late 80s feel, much like the wallpaper blandness of the later

HOODOU GURUS or the final last breath of the FLAMING GROOVIES. I feel way too young for this. I'd rather watch cricket. (SD)
(NDN, www.ndnrecords.com)

BEASTS OF BOURBON – "Low Life" CD

Man, when the Tex Perkins' vocals kick in on this live disc, I'm thinking "wrong speed, wrong speed," wait it's a CD. This is primo Australian white guy dirge-blues from the 80s courtesy one hell of a cult band, the BEASTS OF BOURBON. The implicit 70s original heavy metal moves (later BLUE CHEER, SIR LORD BALTIMORE, etc.) on this will turn off many who prefer their metal NWOBHM or 1986 LA Lite™, but for those with the Oxycontin supply to hang in there, you will discover a kindred spirit from the Before Time who *also* believes in not getting up before two in the after. Bleeeeauck...cough...cough...ackkkkblurrrgh!!! (RW)
(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHERS – "Rock 'n' Roll" EP

After a series of cassette release, the BEAUTIFUL MOTHERS have brought production to another level. The riffy drive of "Sheltered" has a taut, compelling power, with a-melodic songs pulled tight as a rubber band; production and tuneage is definitely influenced by the Seattle Sound. While there aren't any tracks that jump off the record, the cumulative force of the songs leaves an impression. Definitely above average: it grows on you. (SS)
(www.thebeautful mothers.com)

BELLIGERENT DECLARATION – CD

Whoa, is this really as bad as I think it is?! I barely made it through the first track, which was a long, drawn-out rock number. Moving through the rest of the tracks, everything just sounded off. The timing, the vocals, the recording…it just didn't gel at all. Musically, they are kind of all over the place: emo, rock, punk, hardcore—they can't really seem to make up their mind. Their lyrics are quite political, but that alone does not make a band. This is soooooooo bad! (RC)
(Beautiful Life, www.beautifulliferecords.co.uk)

BLANK STARE – "I'm Too Young" EP

This record starts off not-too-promisingly with a chugga-chugga mosh intro that ends with the vocalist moaning, "Ssttraaaaaiight eeeeeeedge…" How embarrassing. Fortunately the rest of the EP is above average thrash hardcore. The band is tight and the songwriting is good. Some of the lyrics are a bit cryptic, although "Fuck Drugs Fuck You" is pretty self-explanatory. My only real complaint here is that the vocals are mixed a bit too low; otherwise I'll recommend this to edgers and drunks alike. (CS)
(thelaststraightedgekidsintown@yahoo.com)

THE BLOODY HOLLIES – "If Footmen Tire You…" CD

The guitar sound I like: the BLOODY HOLLIES fit a lot of notes into not a lot of space. Deceptively-simple, desperate, and fueled with lots of 10-minutes-to-bar-time urgency. Wesley Doyle's vocals were grating against my sensibilities on first listen (they're high-pitched and quavery, not exactly the four-on-the-floor delivery I've come to expect). Now, I can take 'em in the intended spirit. Tunes like "Burning Heart," "Gasoline," and "Mind Control" push no boundaries and challenge no conviction, but they're still fun. *If Footmen Tire You* is no better or worse than a lotta rock 'n' roll garage hybrids that make it into the pages of *MRR*, but it's got a stronger personality than I expected. (JH)
(Alive, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510. www.alive-totalenergy.com)

THE BLOODY IRISH BOYS – "Drunk Rock"

I was born with a real Irish accent so it cracks me up hearing all those too many POGUES clones trying to fake it. I just can't take these bands seriously. Too many songs about drinking, more drinking, and finally topped of by more drinking. Get it straight, Ireland was a tough, hard, and somewhat grinding place to grow up in, unemployment was rampant, poverty crippling, the British presence in the North a constant struggle, the Catholic church hierarchy a thorn in the Republic's side. So give me a break about the drinking and partying. Yes, Ireland was and still is to a certain degree an oxymoron or as I prefer to call it a beautiful shithole. Oh yeah, the music…it's like the DROPKICK MURPHYS, FLOGGING MOLLY, and all those other plastic micks who get off in diluting the sound I love so dear. (SD)
(Sick Sad, 629 N. Broad St, Lancaster, OH 43130)

BONES BRIGADE – "Endless Bummer" 10"

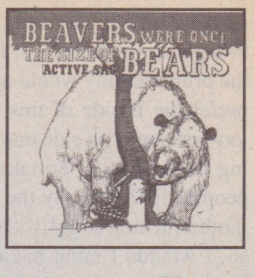
BONES BRIGADE exemplifies the Boston hardcore style—sharp, stop-on-a-dime screamers, with occasional blistering lead breaks. The metallic edges bring this closer to MUNICIPAL WASTE, but I liked their changes of pace and ear-scouring treble energy. 13 tunes, and every one leaves absolutely no petrol in the tank. The most controversial track: "Surrounded by Assholes," their crushing attack on the so-called straightedge scene. Top-notch effort from these established rockers. (SS)
(Still Holding On, www.stillholdingon.free.fr)

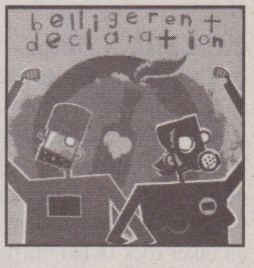
BURY THE LIVING – "All The News That's Fit to Scream"

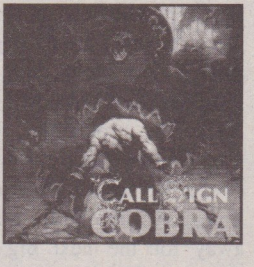
These hardcore titans from Memphis, Tennessee have come to your turntable equipped with a fistful for anger and buckets of lyrical vitriol. The guitar playing ranges from tasteful and melodic to blistering heat, scorching poor planet Earth. The singer spews more high octave venom in two minutes than some bands can muster in an entire career. Fans of LIFE'S BLOOD and SHEER TERROR should give this album a spin. The politics of BURY THE LIVING are instantly established. Vocalist Pat rails against God, government, and war. If you are genuinely pissed off about world conditions this record is for you! (BR)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141, www.prankrecords.com)

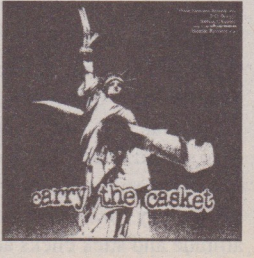
THE BUSY SIGNALS – "Love and Dust" EP

……yet more of that new wave revival kinda stuff that's very fashionable these days amongst the young adults…..female singers in all boy bands are trendy as well, but I'm not complaing about that one….!!!!!! This really isn't a bad record…..I do wish the vocals were









mixed a little higher and the wall of guitars was brought down just about four notches (I'm sure the drummer boy would agree with me….)!!!! I prefer the B-side of this platter over the way-too-fast songs on side one…..fast songs are boring these days!!!! So take some fucking 'ludes people!!!!!!! Actually the B-side is a very good motherfucking song!!!!! Is that an original??? If so, I wouldn't mind having my cock blown to it….. (SW)
(Douchemasterrecords@hotmail.com)

CALL SIGN COBRA – "II" CD

They lay on the distorto-garage vocals extra hard, achieving a sonic sandpaper effect that leaves you bleeding and raw, only not pleasantly so. A certain shouty-blues core at the center of this robs it of spontaneity and puts it into late 90s Man's Ruin territory, a sort of modern take on biker rock (what the hell do real bikers listen to these days, I mean ones under 30? Death metal? Reggae?). Then the proforma guitar solos kick in, aaaaand...we're clear! (RW)
(Not Bad, www.notbadrecords.com)

CAOS OK / NO CONFORME – split LP

CAOS OK creates quite a soundscape with their endless musical influences. They mix together straight-up hardcore, abrasive emo, metal, and some blast-beat grind into eleven eclectic tunes. The dual vocals work well together, though all the lyrics are in Spanish so I can't give you an idea of what they are screaming about. NO CONFORME on the flipside have a total Scandinavian crust-core style with the totally crazy vocals that sound processed. They even cover MOB 47. Not too bad! (RC)
(Trabuca, PO Box 160, 46740 Carcaixent, SPAIN, www.nodo50.org/trabucrecords)

CAPITOL TARGETS – "Radio Fiasco" CDEP

These dumb fucks stuck their damn video on as the first track; I thought the CD was a bummer. Hey Limey, your video track goes on last, when the tunes are over, get it? Anyway, this is some '77-inspired punk rock, heavy on the STITCHES, not too light on the RADIO REELERS. The production sort of stinks—*Radio Fiasco* sounds like it was recorded on the budget of a 70s school trip. Take out a loan the next time, boys; the banks are practically giving it away for the next big thing in old, soggy England. (SD)
(shots@thecapitoltargets.com)

CARDIAC ARREST – "Get Away from Me"

Too many really fucking good hardcore punk records have been coming out as of late, so many that it is just impossible to keep up or even afford. Well, this is definitely one of these EPs you need to dig into your damn punk pockets and pay for. Fucking nice fast hardcore with attitude and stick clicks add to its charm. A total fucking throwback to '82-era shit. Excellent vocals spat at rapid-fire speed. Get this shit! (MS)
(Underestimated, 41 N. Leavitt, Chicago, IL 60612)

CARRY THE CASKET / FUCK THE MISTAKE – split EP

Split EP of two modern-esque hardcore brutalizers, both with right-on political lyrics and attack. CARRY THE CASKET has a overly sample-laden side of hilarious Bush Jr. speech editing and savage floor-punching hardcore with breakdowns, blast beats and off-key, screechy vocals sandwiched in between. FUCK THE MISTAKE's four tracks are stop-on-a-dime, over the top, adept, straight-ahead metallic hardcore. White vinyl, big-hole 45 with copied lyric sheet. (KS)
(Prime Directive, PO Box 571, Balboa, CA 92661)

CAUSTIC CHRIST – "US Tour 2005" EP

CAUSTIC CHRIST has always reminded me of that style of 80s USHC like CORROSION OF CONFORMITY or BL'AST, where you can hear pretty much every word that the singer spews out, rather than the more breathless style associated with thrashier USHC bands. Like the aforementioned bands, what CAUSTIC CHRIST lacks in speed they make up for with bile and vitriol—the vocals are way up front in the mix and they totally carry these tunes. Unlike some of the current school of "rock'n'roll/HC" type bands influenced by *Animosity* and the like, however, CAUSTIC CHRIST is one hundred percent hardcore punk, both lyrically and musically. There is something refreshingly workmanlike and no-bullshit about this band—they are clearly not out to follow any fly-by-night trends, but rather to just fucking play the music that they love. This is a hand-screened, green vinyl record that may not be available anymore (since it is a tour EP for a tour that's now over), but hopefully they pressed enough to last 'em past the tour. Two originals and a killer cover of the CRUCIFUCKS' "Hinckley Had a Vision," which in turn inspired their great song "Doesn't Anyone Want to Impress Jodie Foster Anymore?" both of which they played during their recent excellent set at Gilman. (GN)
(Havoc, www.havocrex.com)

CELEBRITY MURDERS – "Time to Kill Space" CD

Relentlessly pissed hardcore from this New York City outfit fronted by Artie Philie from such bands as MILHOUSE and INDECISION, though not as emo as the former nor as metalcore as the later. This is much more straight-forward—no metalcore trappings, just a heavy sound and furious, distorted hardcore riffs driven by the non-stop delivery of Artie's angry vocals and surprisingly decent lyrics, e.g. "Victim Culture." Gets a little close to overkill by track 19's end, but the stripped-down, straightforward assault is quite effective for the majority of the album. Good shit. (EL)
(Chainsaw Safety, www.chainsawsafetyrecords.com)

CLITFEST 2004 – "The Documentary" DVD

For those not familiar with this fest, it is a three-day event in Minneapolis, filled with workshops and gigs to promote participation in the punk movement by women. Some of the bands featured on this DVD are BEHIND ENEMY LINES, the PROFITS, VÖETSEK, PROVOKED, and more. The quality of the DVD itself is pretty atrocious. The footage isn't the best and they tried to do all this fancy editing, and it just comes off as irritating, making the DVD hard to watch. I also noticed that the film and soundtrack aren't synched correctly, so the singing doesn't match the way the mouths are moving on a lot of the DVD. There are some brief interviews, plus a 64-picture slideshow, and five extra songs that you can listen to, but nothing really stands out. Unfortunately, I found this DVD so hard to watch that I lost interest in what was probably a good fest for a good cause. (RC)
(Profane Existence)

CLOROX GIRLS – "This Dimension" CD

I have been waiting for this release for a long time now. The CLOROX GIRLS' self-titled 12" has made almost daily appearances on my turntable for the past year and their recently released 7" on Johnny Cat has just fueled my appetite for more. That being said, *This Dimension* doesn't have the poppy, speedy kick of its predecessor, nor its punch. *This Dimension* is still a damn fine power pop/punk record with a touch of the garage in it, but something is missing. For now, I am going to just sum it to the fact that this is a CD and something like this belongs on vinyl. When it comes out on the superior format I am sure I will think more highly of this release. (JF)
(Smart Guy, 3288 21st St. #32, San Francisco, CA 94110)

COBRA NOIR – "Abode of the Dead" CD

This is good, if not great stuff, but I've always felt a little uncomfortable about bands purposely playing below the level they're capable of. You see, this Montreal outfit is made up of former IRE/BLACK HAND folks (maybe just the guitarist? Can't tell…), but this is much more in a slow "rock" direction, albeit still pretty dark and still pretty heavy. The rock beat is well, pretty rocking, but the same 4/4 mid-pace plod of most of the songs here gets old half-way through, especially when the unavoidable IRE comparisons prove the members capable of far

more intricate but no less catchy material. I still think this is pretty great and should appeal probably much more to the average *MRR* reader given the MOTÖRHEAD & Scandinavian influence of the rock parts; I still can't get past the past and will probably reach for *What Seed, What Root* any day before this. (EL)
(Cyclop Media, 16 du Charron Levis, Quebec, G6V 7X5, CANADA, www.cyclop-online.com)

COLOSS / DIE! – split EP

Remember back in '98 when all the bands claimed and wanted to play '88-style New York hardcore but didn't get it right? Well both of these Italian bands would have fit right in with that scene. These bands specialize in fast, clean sounding hardcore without the crunchy metal, but still with some crossover tendencies. If you like that type of stuff then you will like this 7". Oh, it's a cheesy picture disc too. (JF)
(Equality, available through www.setonfire.net)

COMA – LP

Thick Svensk pummel—blast after blast of d-beat and dense, gnarled distortion and ram-charging overdrive. Hardcore with the rocking, swaggering direction of UNCURBED, coupled with raw, urgent delivery and harsh vocals. A wailing debut, with standard point-blank punk lyrics, translated from Swedish to Czech and English, and a nice Mike Bukowski cover. (KS)
(Insane Society, P.O. Box 18, 504 01 Novy Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC)

COMRADE – CD

Finally these Pittsburgh leg-ends get it together, set fire to their shitty recording studio, or shed as it may have been, save up their hard earned pennies, and get themselves the big, full sound that their tunes have demanded. An overall garage feel lays heavy on the vibe, but these miners' sons and steelworker offspring ain't afraid to stray from the formula. Taking in some '77 punk attitude and 70s glam poise, like the FM KNIVES playing dress up with T-REX. The guitars are big, the rock in full effect—if this band were British they'd be sitting high and pretty. A hook on every corner, an anthem on every doorstep. (SD)
(www.comradethewebsite.com)

CONGA FURY / THE NITZ – split EP

Interesting differences in musical styles here. The NITZ play two songs of straightforward mid-tempo punk with an edge of metal. And then they totally switch gears, get thrashy and cover SCHOLATIC DETH's "Revenge of the Nerds." On the flip, CONGA FURY blasts through four songs of chaotic thrash with those crazed female vocals. The music on their side is so fucking blown-out and distorted; you have to hear it to believe it. Rocking! (RC)
(Complete Distort)

CROW – "A Sacrifice for the Vicious Dominant..." EP

This EP is totally strange and almost bordering on a throwaway. What makes it strange is that CROW is such an awesome band. Basically, both sides contain the same song. One version is more rocking and the other one is more of a thrasher. But they are both constructed around the same repetitive riff and vocal style. I think what it boils down to is the fact that the LP was not ready for their West Coast tour and Prank wanted something to put into the fan's hands. So they got this. With that said, I have heard the new full-length (on CD from Japan) and it is a fucking crusher from this premiere Japanese punk band. My advice, skip this EP and pick up the essential full-length when Prank finally puts it out. (RC)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

CTS – "Macabre" EP

Wow, it's generic 80s thrash! There's some early youth crew style in here, too. Some bands that come to mind are UNITY, SLUGGO, and me and Skot in his basement in 1984. Makes me wanna drink some Jolt and go shred a half pipe. I'm not sure what a connoisseur of this style will think (see if this makes Chris Hubbard's top ten), but to me it's amazingly enjoyable in an I-can't-believe-a-band-made-this-record-in-2005 kind of way, but also pretty pathetic in an I-can't-believe-a-band-made-this-record-in-2005 kind of way. The cover is awesome, but where are the lyrics? Maybe I don't wanna know. (PC)
($4 ppd: Underestimated, 1349 N. Leavitt, Chicago, IL 60612)

DAMAGED GOODS – "Outta Here / Words"

I'm not sure I like the choice of the band's name. "Damaged Goods" already means so much because of what Billy Childish has done with it. But what the fuck does that have to do with anything? I always look forward to releases on Hostage Records; they're a solid outfit and pretty consistent, both in terms of the type and the quality of the music they put out. As it turns out, my optimism was not misguided in this instance. This is excellent, melodic street punk, not unlike STIFF LITTLE FINGERS or theSWINGIN' UTTERS. Not surprising, given that these cats grew up in the rough part of Santa Barbara. Seriously, though, this is worth putting some effort into finding. (KK)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

DEACONS – "Brooklyn Towne" CD

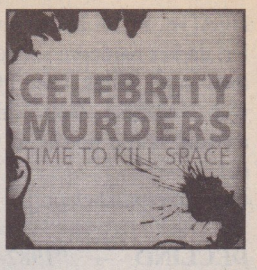
Basic, but energetic and spirited, street punk. Lots of sing-along stories of working class grit, in the vein of the (non-Celtic) SWINGIN' UTTERS, DROPKICK MURPHYS, *et al*. (RK)
(Made In Brooklyn, c/o Rich Stremme, 1005 Foster Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11230)

DEAD BY MONDAY – CD

Rock 'n' roll by the numbers, straight up riffing sprinkled with a touch of the wah wah, and yeah some of that twelve-bar boogie thrown in for good measure. Christ its not that its bad it's just so goddamned boring. I'm off to bed. (SD)
(Tip Top Sound, 4230 N. Oakland Ave. #187, Milwaukee. WI 53211, www.tiptopsound.com)

DEATHCYCLE / SPARK – split EP

The SPARK gets better with every release. On this split, they lay down four tracks of righteous hardcore/thrash with a slight modern edge, along with a pretty decent GERMS cover. The SPARK combines snotty vocals, catchy choruses, and fist-pumping breakdowns, providing a good fix for all those Y2K-thrash junkies out there.



DEATHCYCLE brings a more mid-paced, dirtier, darker hardcore sound to the two songs on their side. Think later POISON IDEA mixed with NAUSEA. Both bands are good, and the artwork is top notch, so what's stopping you? (CC)
(www.thesparkhc.com)

DECLINO – "1982-1985 Come una Promessa" LP

Classic Italian hardcore is so crazy and over the top, with it's chaotic drumming, rabid, raspy vocal style, and just-barely-keeping-it-together tempos. And those guitar solos! What were they thinking? (This question can also be asked about their hairstyle choices, by the way.) DECLINO is one of the quintessential Italian hardcore bands stylistically, and they are one of the great European hardcore bands substantively as well. This LP comprises some (but not all) of the tracks from each of their three releases (their first EP from 1983, their split tape with NEGAZIONE from 1984, and their *Eresia* 12" from 1985), so it is not as comprehensive as their self-released discography CD from a few years back, but is likely easier to find at this point and, of course, on the superior format. The pictures in the LP insert reveal a heady and exciting time in punk history, where Italian kids with ridiculous fashion sense played some of the most furious, enthusiastic music in the history of punk. DECLINO is certainly an essential hardcore band, especially for those fans of early US hardcore who prefer the wilder sounds of early DIE KREUZEN, VOID, or the raw vocal style of URBAN WASTE to some of their tamer contemporaries. Now excuse me as I go track down a copy of this LP for myself... (GN)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

THE DEFENSE – "From the Start" LP

From the ashes of AFTERLIFE come ten songs of solid melodic hardcore from this Barcelona straightedge band. I was lucky enough to catch the record release show for this LP in their hometown, and the DEFENSE did not disappoint. If you are a fan of CHAMPION and later DAG NASTY, then be sure to check this band out. Songs like "Supuesta Libertad," made me wish they had more songs sung in Spanish, but that is only a minor drawback to an otherwise good melodic hardcore record. (CC)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, Germany)

DERROTA – LP

Solid raging rocking crust from this Spanish trio. Plenty of TRAGEDY influence to their semi-melodic dark riffs, but these guys have enough unique ideas, riffs, and arrangements to distinguish themselves from the pack. Superscreamy and distorted vocals and plenty of mid-tempo rock parts remind me a bit of Canada's COBRA NOIR, though DERROTA is mostly faster than all that. Nothing that's gonna change the world, but still really good and unusually catchy for what it is. (EL)
(turifel@hotmail.com)

DESOLATION – LP

Dark raging crust with a bit of old-school Japanese hardcore influence. Correctly or not, the muffled vocals in particular reminded me most of the Japanese stylistic influence—no Japanglish lyrics though, unfortunately. Otherwise, this is dark, depressive, heavy crust made up of stalwarts of the local Bay Area scene (members of BORN/DEAD, SCURVY DOGS, and STRUNG UP) that never relents in intensity, speed, or anger. It should be noted that the artwork on this is pretty incredible as well—a beautiful, classical Japanese illustration that perfectly mirrors the musical firestorm contained therein. (EL)
(Prank, www.prankrecords.com)

DETESTATION – CD

I was way into this band when they were around in the late 90s, and their best elements are just as I remember: Kelly's melodic walking bass lines (which make *any* band he's in that much better), their aggressive and straightforward crust-core sensibility, and Saira's memorable, distinctive vocals. This CD isn't quite a discography—the *Europa '98* 7", the picture disc on Clean Plate, and the split with BEYOND DESCRIPTION are all missing, but this CD compiles their LP (which is probably their best stuff), the *Inhuman Condition* 7", the splits with SUBSTANDARD and ABUSO SONORO, and the *Blood of the Gods* 7", along with a bonus cover of CRUCIFIX's "Rise and Fall." I seem to recall a CD collection of theirs floating around a couple of years ago, but not being much of a CD buyer I'm not sure if this is just a reissue of that release or a new collection altogether. This band wasn't so great as to defy genericism—certainly, DETESTATION didn't reinvent the wheel—but even after a handful of years their songs are still pretty satisfying listening. The packaging on this CD reissue includes art from the records, all the lyrics, and photos of the band in shirts that reveals that they all had impeccable taste (GAUZE, TERVEET KADET, SVART SNO, etc.). This is definitely a nice package for those who missed out on this stuff the first time around. (GN)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis MN 55408)

DIRGE – "Scarred Forever" LP

All punx who like DISORDER and MÁLINHEADS are required to at least listen to DIRGE. Great, dirty, and raw peace punk. Remember DISORDER and the SYSTEM? This is England '83. (WK)
(Crust War 1-28-3aShikitu-Nishi 2, Naniwa-ku.Osaka-city, 556 0017 JAPAN)

DISRESPECT – "Wartorn" EP

This record is put out on Profane Existence and has PE collective members in the band, so you know right off it is going to be crusty, political shit that lacks the humor required for repeated listenings. Still, DISRESPECT plays competent anarcho-style punk rock with dual male/female vox that remind this reviewer of DIRT. Other than that, *Wartorn* is a predictable record from the lyrics to the cover art. Nothing essential, and very blah. (JF)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE DOOR-KEYS – CD

THE DOOR KEYS play slow-/mid-tempo melodic punk that's head and shoulders above everything else that's coming out of Bloomington these days. This is far superior to their previous release thanks to the full-sounding production (unheard of for Plan-It-X Records), and a new dimension of subtlety in the vocals (also something that many of the Plan-It-X-ers could learn from). Their obvious influence is LA's X, mainly in the male-female harmonies throughout the songs, but the music actually reminds me of some of the less-bubblegummy early GO-GO'S. (Maybe I just have early LA on the brain.) With such outstanding sound quality and such formidable influences one would hope for much catchier tunes and more profound lyrics than what can be found on this disc. Still, this is well worth checking out. (PC)
($5 ppd: Plan-It-X, PO Box 3521, Bloomington, IN 47404)

THE DREAM DATES – "Moans on the Phone" 12"

.....this record is fucking amazing!!!! Four-song 12" of blistering 1979 Canadian punk rock that I guarantee will leave your ass *sore*!!!! Why the hell don't people make music this intense anymore???? I love it when music "cums in my face!!!!" (SW)
(Re-Force, Wohlerhof 4, 30900 Wedemark, GERMANY, www.re-forcerecords.de)

DRUNKEN BOAT – "Rock the Bullet" EP

This sounds good; they come out of the gate running like a lo-fi SUPERCHUNK mixed with DIY melodic punk *a la* DISCOUNT. They slow it down and even throw a harmonica in there (I wonder if these guys like GALAXIE 500 and "The Boss"...). This little seven-inch record has more emotion than the entire Jade Tree back

catalogue. DRUNKEN BOAT is great—there are not many bands like this anymore. Many try but get it wrong, while these cats do it just right. Portland does it again. (AD)
(Salinas, PO Box 20996, Ferndale, MI 40220)

ENCRYPT MANUSCRIPT – "Knife Fight at the Blind Tiger" EP

Clean toned, mathy guitar scale exercises over emo-dinner-jazz grooves, the vocals ignore tonal convention in a DEATH BY STEREO sort of way, that personally digests about as well as a glass of eye drop solution. The musicianship, aside from the vocals, is engaging but the song structures really lack any cohesive framework, and many of the song parts seem shoe-horned into one another, without any attention given to transitions or timing. (BS)
(Tone Library, 84 Valentine Ave, Glen Cove, NY 11542)

ENSAM – "Road to the North" EP

I thought that this was just another crappy record on the review list, and I was so wrong. Fight Records = quality every time (at least for me)! The vocals and the guitar are amazing. The band is great, the recording is superb, and the songs will be in my head forever. The only thing I can say is that the art could be more interesting...but then again, who am I to judge? This is a great record. (WK)
(Fight Records, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND, tomi.minetti@kolumbus.fi)

ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH / PINK RAZORS – split 10"

ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH delivers six jangly-guitared, pop-laden, country-tinged, folksy punk tunes that sound quite fine. PINK RAZORS also sounds really good, but reminds me more of a cousin of CRIMPSHRINE and SAMIAM's inbred love child. Both bands have a loose, fun feel that translates to a good recording with good energy. Good fuckin' tunes = a quality release. (HM)
(DeadTank, PO Box 61681, Jacksonville, FL 32236)

THE FICTION – "Names" CD

Disjointed, melancholically constructed post hardcore with emotive overtones, overall clean instrumental tones, and a pristine, full-production sound recording from Steve Roach at Permanent Hearing Damage makes for an interesting listen, but as far as the post-DC hardcore thing goes they are a little too mechanical and vanilla. (BS)
(Waking, 1803 Riverside Dr. 5M, NY, NY 10034)

FIND HIM AND KILL HIM – "Is Fucking Dead" EP

Possibly the best and most out-of-control recording by this San Diego band to date, and unfortunately their last. Ferocious hardcore with a distinct San Diego bent. Pissed lyrics and pissed music for pissed kids. The swirl of the SWING KIDS mixed with the straight-up attack of the VOORHEES. They will be missed. (TB)
(Old Guard, www.oldguardrecords.com)

FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES – "Are a Total Wreck" EP

A new Midwestern band (I think there are some "members of" lurking in this band, but that's the sort of thing you can find out about on the Internet) aping the beloved sounds of classic Boston hardcore, or maybe the beloved neo-classic sound of bands like DIRECT CONTROL. In a post thrash revival world, it seems that this style has enjoyed a bit of a renaissance, most notably embodied by our neighbors to the north, CAREER SUICIDE. I have no problem at all with bands stripping their sound of the metal trappings of too much modern hardcore and going back to the basics, but it is difficult to straddle the line between being of-a-genre and generic, if you know what I mean. That is to say, FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES didn't dramatically change my expectations of punk rock, but they're not trying to, so I can't begrudge them that. Altogether, this is quite a solid EP of American hardcore with a clean, straightforward guitar sound, great drumming, and fairly catchy songs. This is definitely one of the better records of the month, and I have a feeling that with a bit of time this will be one of the best bands in the country. (GN)
(Underestimated, 741 N. Loavitt, Chicago, IL 60612)

FLYBLOWN / DISCLOSE – split EP

FLYBOWN is crust, so if you like manic distorted songs at breakneck speeds you will own this. I'm pretty sure everyone knows DISCLOSE by now, they have become self-explanatory. (WK)
(On the Verge, ontheverge666@yahoo.com)

FORGET THE JONES – "The Veil of Ignorance" CDEP

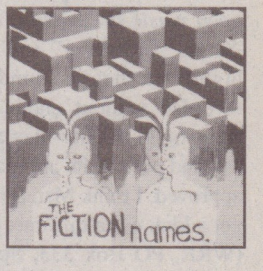
Five lengthy efforts, each combining a myriad of time and chord changes. Lots of stop-start. Think RUSH mixing it up with STRUNG OUT and GOOD RIDDANCE, with the sensibilities of PROPAGANDHI. It gets a bit lost in the almost operatic scope, but fans of modern hardcore will find a lot to love in this, I suspect. (RK)
(www.forgetjones.com)

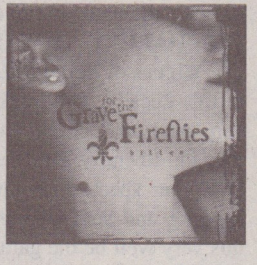
FRAMES / KARATE FOR KIDS – split EP

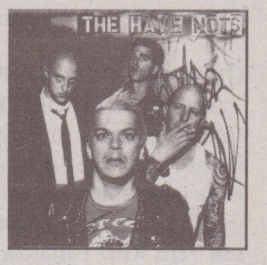
This is one good, DIY, poppy sounding release. KARATE FOR KIDS recall a time before LEATHERFACE- and HOT WATER MUSIC-influenced bands defined the No Idea sound, and things coming out of Florida were more poppy and influenced by RADON. The FRAMES sound like a more-raw version of the LAWRENCE ARMS or a not-so-accomplished *Unfun*-era JAWBREAKER. Good stuff by both bands.
(Salinas, PO Box 20996, Ferndale, MI 48220)

FRIVOLVOL – "Vol. 2: The False Security Program" CD

Finland's FRIVOLVOL blend screamo, guitar-heavy, "mathy" metallic hardcore, with the occasional WOLFBRIGADE, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, or CARS GET CRUSHED sounding riff; it's fucking bizarre and difficult to listen to. The songs seem built around a lot of frantic guitar parts that are so tightly wound and awkwardly fashioned together that even on the faster verses it feels static or idle. On their own these parts sound good but there's too much going on here, and a lot of wanking. The disc is admissible evidence of traumatic masturbatory guitar player's syndrome, and the screamed vocal phrasing







musicianship is good, but the song writing, as a whole, comes off schizophrenic and self-absorbed. (BS)
(Ifsociety, www.ifsociety.com)

GENTLEMEN CALLERS – "Don't Say What it Is" CD

Deliberate, mid-tempo (and very trad) 60s garage from this well-pressed Midwestern quartet. *Don't Say What it Is* doesn't rely on gimmicks or publicity stunts but concentrate on *good music presented properly.* "Hurt on Me," "Grass is Greener" and "I've Got Mine" are highly authentic-soundin' mid-60s R&B, recorded without undue slickness or bottom-scraping lo-fidelity-fuzz-and-stati. Simple, honest, and pure in its approach: kid tested, mother approved. I think Msr. Sean Duggan might even get a kick outta this one. (JH)
(WRR, PO Box 333, Springfield, MO 65801, www.weerockrecords.com)

GHETTO WAYS – " Solid Brown" LP

Another band that has raided their folks' old 45 collection and come up with a solid hybrid of garage punk and that sweet soul music (Solomon Burke cover included). Yeah, the DIRTBOMBS comparisons are unavoidable, but remember folks, this successful marriage pre-dates any of these new shamoos—white boys playing soul covers with the fuzz turned way up riddled the 60s. But white boys injecting that combination with the rock 'n' roll of AC/DC, the glam sleaze of the very underrated LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND, and the heavy blues of THIN LIZZY belong very much to this decade. This rocks, which I know is a very over-used cliché and one thrown around way too liberally, but these New York cats will kick your speakers to bits and have you head banging and soul stepping all at once. Could this very well be the garage record of the year? (SD)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1-74199 U-Bach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)

GRAF ORLOCK / GREY SKULL – split LP

Damn, GRAF ORLOCK (named after the Dracula character from *Nosferatu*) is seriously intense deathcore—really one of the better and more intense metalcore bands in ages. Bringing to mind the heaviest moments of CATHARSIS and THE RED CHORD, this LA band's got it all: tight arrangements, great riffs, multiple overlapping vocals, blast beats, and double kick all executed flawlessly. Apparently this band is really into movies; their entire side of wax is dedicated to the Schwarzenegger flick *Total Recall*, with plenty of samples from said movie mixed in including a hilarious stop/start section set to the scene where Arnie's eyes are slowly being sucked out of his head. Despite the obvious fucking-around factor, these guys are no novelty act—their music's more deadly than most. Washington state's GREY SKULL can't help but sound meek and timid in comparison, which they do, but they're still fairly decent, earnest metalcore that reminds me of the likes of a more melodic TAKARU. It's not bad, but it's not exceptional and is blown away by the flipside. This LP comes packaged in a die-cut "backpack" sleeve, which is an interesting idea, but also totally stupid, completely irrelevant, and way, way too emo for the sounds contained within. In any event, definitely don't miss GRAF ORLOCK. (EL)
(Dood, www.doodrecords.com)

GRAVE FOR THE FIREFLIES – "Bitten" CD

I can't go into this review without saying that I think their band name is ridiculously dumb (though they must be named after that anime flick with the same name). With that said, GRAVE FOR THE FIREFLIES cranks out some upbeat hardcore tunes with a very polished production. The music is catchy and energetic and the vocals are strong throughout. But I prefer my tunes with more grit and aggression and this didn't really float my boat. Fans of the NERVE AGENTS should take note. (RC)
(Basement, PO Box 511, La Habra, CA 90633, www.basementrecords.net)

HAMMER – "Dekirumonarayattenena" LP

This Tokyo band's seven-track second LP is chock-full of the ebullient energy and spirited, astounding delivery of the best of Japanese hardcore, channeling give-and-take choruses, throttling the rampant speed and spewed vocal attack of SYSTEMATIC DEATH or early GAUZE, while inventive parts keep them from being completely eclipsed by the comparisons. The overall effect flatlines timidly in comparison to the bands own other recordings—nothing is pushed into the red except for the raw speed—with restrained vocals and the somewhat thin guitar sound. Minimalist packaging; xeroxed insert with Japanese lyrics. (KS)
(Deranged)

HARBINGER – "Challenging the Prevailing Judeo-Christian Doomsday Mentality" 12"

Assorted local all-star talent on this retrospectively released ten-track 12" record. It features member of FLESHIES, BLATZ, and none other than Aaron Cometbus on drums. With that line-up you would expect something special but this is a little flat and rough around the edges. Sorry. (AD)
(Riisk, 3649 Clement, San Francisco, CA 94121)

HARBINGER – "Challenging the Prevailing Judeo-Christian Doomsday Mentality" 12"

Raw, mid-tempo punk from three incorrigible, opinionated East Bay veterans. This is a basic recording of sludgey-yet-melodic punk that's not unlike the OBSERVERS in some ways, but don't get your hopes up quite that high. It takes several listens to appreciate this record. Actually it took me about 14, but who's counting? The singing is kinda…well…bad. Most of the time. When they yell instead of sing, though, it fucking rules, and makes you wanna get fucked up and/or smash shit and/or start a zine…or something. I wish there were more bands like this—one's that sound like the sum of the members' personalities, not the sum of their musical influences. This cover is cool, and they give you just enough of the lyrics to baffle you and make you wanna try to figure out the rest of them. Glad to see this finally come out after five fucking years! (PC)
(Riisk, 3649 Clement, San Francisco, CA 94121)

HAVE NOTS – "Black" EP

Hostage Records seems to have cornered the market on obscure SoCal bands aping the beach sounds of old. Here's yet another combo of old timers kicking out some serious MAD PARADE/MIA worship. Less striped shirt/heroin chic snarl and more straight up early 80s SoCal punk. Man, these guys have been studying the blueprints. Boss. (TB)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

HE WHO CORRUPTS – "The Smell of Money" CDEP

Blast beats ahoy! A nicely packaged digi-pack CD containing five tracks of meaty, experimentally-edged, proficient, metallic math-grind from suburban Chicago. Jerking between devastating, low-end sodden heaviness and full-speed grind with snare drum set at full throttle, vocals howl and screech ridiculous stream-of-consciousness lyrics like, "Born in the core of a molten strip club hat spit Sir Mix-A-Lot Lava Sutra / Where's that killer margarita?" and, "On the fifteenth day the guy drank his sweet bullet belt into his web-based suicide girls with the last trust eatin' and the feeding tubes siphoned of it's honesty the futile foundation of a pimp with wings lobbying appeared upon his porcelain cum dumpster." Uh……yeah. When the power violence originators (SPAZZ, MAN IS THE BASTARD, etc.) started this kind of lyrical free-association of hip cultural references, the edge was the veiled meaning and points. Here, the seemingly nonsensical lyrics pull the punch of an otherwise savage musical attack. (KS)
(Eugenices, 100-04 S. Jersey Ave., East Setauket, NY 11733)

HOLDEN CAULFIELD – "Can't Stop Now" CD

Aw man, I was kinda hoping the album title was gonna be "Can't Stop Rocking." At least that would be noteworthy. This is not.

"Pedestrian" was the word that came to mind—the kind of generic tough-guy metalcore where I'd rather review the photos in the layout than the music. Let's see…a girl in fingerless skeleton gloves singing along in the crowd, a photo of the bassist in white sweatband, white shorts and no socks, and the only occasion I can think of yet of a band including a photo of their merch table. I guess that's noteworthy. (EL)
(Surprise Attack, surpriseattackrecords.com)

HOLOCAUST IN YOUR HEAD – LP

Straight-ahead head-cracking blitzkrieg crust from Barcelona. They've got plenty of speed, rocking bits, those one note guitar solos, and constant vocal venom with a wicked dual vocal attack. Short quick songs, a relentless pace and tons of energy make this powerful stuff. Spanish lesson for the day: translate "Kaos y Destruccion" and you'll have a good idea what these guys are all about. Great stuff. (EL)
(Trabuc, www.nodo50.org/trabucrecords; 3 Kicks, lapatadeldbeat@hotmail.com)

ILL REPUTE – "Live" CD

Live disc from these Nardcore stalwarts. All the favorites are on here plus a bunch of video footage on the CD-R. The live quality is pretty good, though it doesn't say when it was recorded...I'm guessing pretty recently. (AD)
(Let Them Eat Records, lterecords.com)

INSTANT AUTOMATONS – "Another Wasted Sunday Afternoon" CD

You can shortlist this outfit with the great bands of the "UK DIY" explosion of 1977-'83, those idiosyncratic amateur outfits that threw records (or tapes) together completely on their own with almost zero play from even the bigger indie labels of the day. Like the I JOG & THE TRACKSUITS, IDOL DEATH, or the HORRIBLE NURDS, to name a few, these groups specialized in quick 'n' cheap audio chronicles of their lives, using whatever instrumentation was at hand (and, of course, cheap). The INSTANT AUTOMATONS got out more stuff than many other bands in this newly recognized genre; their own proper *Peter Paints His Fence* EP, a presence on several vinyl compilations, a small pile of tiny-run cassette "albums," all of which are classics of wit-first bedroom art punk that will quicken the pulse of many a TELEVISION PERSONALITIES or CHRIS KNOX fan. The sense of a long-lost time and place on these tracks is so strong it's almost discomfiting, due to the sheer immediacy of the style. Scraped or strummed guitars, a snare drum or cheapo drum machine, an anemic bass, a pissed off or at least annoyed vocalist, and alongside the DESPERATE BICYCLES' "The Medium was Tedium," the signature anthem of this genre: "People Laugh at Me." Pure anti-posture Pop for Now People. (RW)
(Hyped2Death, www.hyped2death.com)

INTERNAL AFFAIRS – "Internal Affairs" LP

Modern straight edge hardcore from Los Angeles. You got your thrash parts, your mosh parts, your shout-outs, your breakdowns, your macho posturing, your lyrics about straightedge pride, and your photo of the guitar player mid-jump. To be fair, this kind of thing isn't my cup of tea, but fans of the genre will probably dig it since the band is tight and the production is high. I was gonna comment on how there are a million songs squeezed on this LP, but I realized all the tracks are on side A and side B is an etching of an eagle fighting rattlesnakes. (CS)
(Malfunction, www.malfunctionrecords.com)

I OBJECT – "America Today" EP

New six-song EP by Rochester, New York's I OBJECT. This band plays 80s-style US hardcore punk with a modern influence. I'm amused by the front cover drawing of a punk kid in his room surrounded by "society's pressures" (i.e., Bush on the TV, a "businessman" with job applications, Dad with a college admission letter, Mom holding a bong and crying), and kinda disgusted by the drawing on the back where he's blown his brains out. Regardless, this EP is a good mix of energetic fast- and mid-tempo material. Side one finishes with a cover of one of SPITBOY's better songs that stays pretty faithful to the original version. (CS)
(Still Holding On, stillholdingon.free.fr)

KILL ALLEN WRENCH – "Prison! Needles! Pornography!"

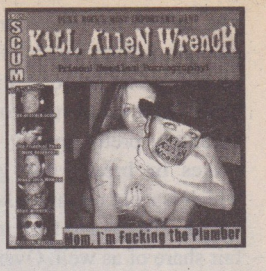
El Duce may have been hit by a train, but unfortunately for us California faggots here at *MRR*, his legacy of rape rock lives on. KILL ALLEN WRENCH, featuring the bloated Dr. Heathen Scum of the MENTORS, offers up this dried pile of cum that somehow plays like a record. The only thing shocking about KAW is that these four songs are actually far worse than the bullshit misogynist aesthetic and midget porn website they put so much effort into. Did El Duce kill Kurt Cobain? Who fucking cares? What I do know is that one listen to this slab of shit is reason enough to blow your own brains out... (VH)
(Wanker, PO Box 2005 87, D-35018 Marburg/Lahn, GERMANY)

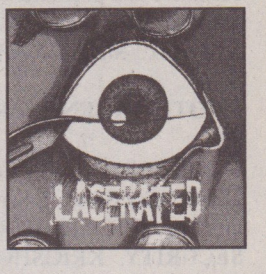
KILL YOUR IDOLS – "Live at CBGB's July 30th, 2000" CD

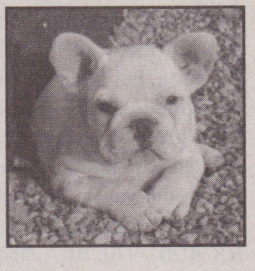
Can't argue with the precision of the title. The venerable (though not so venerable then—this was their first headlining show at CBGB's) Rhode Island HC quintet turns on all the burners for this one. 14 pile-driving standards, plus a couple of covers. The twin guitar really comes on strong in this decent sounding, upfront recording. Fans, kids and the thinking man's tough guys, rejoice. (RK)
(Creep, www.creeprecords.com)

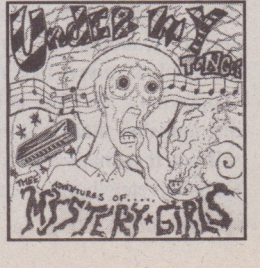
KLH – "Fuera De Mi" CD

Hey, this is pretty good! KLH plays catchy UK82-inspired Spanish language punk rock, though I have no idea where this band is from because I don't see an address for them anywhere on this CD. They are fast, catchy, and conjure up images of hordes of sweaty punks, 40-ouncers in hand, dancing and singing along to every song. After listening to few songs, I perused the insert hoping to find pictures of said scene ('cause everyone likes looking at pictures of punks, right?), but alas, there are no crowd shots at all and the picture of the band reveals them to look not so punk as their sound would indicate (one of them looked









like he was wearing houndstooth shorts?!). But who am I, Joan Rivers? Back to the music. The pace is pretty uniform throughout on this CD, never quite breaking into hardcore territory but definitely pretty speedy for street punk. What makes or breaks this genre is production—which is right on throughout this recording, and not too slick—and hookiness, which this has its fair share of as well. Overall, this was a fine listen, though the art on the insert suffers from corniness and pixelation, the twin pillars of bad punk art in the computer era. Sigh. (GN)
(www.mx.geocities.com/kaeleache)

KVOTERINGEN – "Roffarens Marknad" EP

Jallo strikes again! A predictably great DISCHARGE-y Swedish hardcore attack from this member of TOTALITÄR, MEANWHILE, NO SECURITY, KRIGSHOT, and ÄÄRITILA, joined here by a member of MILLENCOLIN (?!) and others to bash out six tracks in a loose and crude garage recording—not pushing the red in the CONFUSE/blown-out/Noisefest direction, but more stripped down lo-fi like Toe Rag Studios/THEE HEADCOATS recordings. This gives the staid style freshness complemented by intense delivery and completely blown-out vocals. Awesome. (KS)
(Terrotten, Caixa Postal 80-80, Porto Alegre, RS 90201-970, BRAZIL)

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTOO – "Helvetin Elementit" EP

Singing in Finnish makes you sound like you really mean it, you know? It's all those long, drawn out *aaaaaaahhhhhhs* at the end of every word. What a classically punk sounding syllable that has turned out to be! To my mind, KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTOO is one of the best new bands to emerge out of Finland in the past couple of years. They play dark, angry hardcore that draws most aggressively from the hardcore tradition of their country-mates of yesteryear, but that should appeal to any fan of raw, stripped down hardcore punk. The production is right-on too, but most importantly the songs actually stand out as being well written and well executed. A keeper! (GN)
(Kamaset Levyt, jukkeli@vuoritalo.org)

LACERATED – "Running Through Hell" EP

Misanthropic hate-fueled crust from Sweden with a super heavy guitar sound. The sound is pretty metal but the riffs are still cut from the classic Scandinavian semi-melodic hardcore / crusty cloth (eww) like so many others of their countrymen. So I guess it's that heaviness that distinguishes them and you can judge for yourself whether that's a good or bad thing. (EL)
(gudshelvete@hotmail.com)

LAST DAYS – "Hearing Voices" CD

Six tracks by this Canadian three-piece are long compositions of solid, punchy hardcore following a mid-tempo melodic-core like fellow Quebec bands BALLAST and BORN DEAD ICONS, but marked with bass-driven flourishes, breakdowns, and less of an overt metallic edge and low-end, despite a similar guitar attack and heft. At times parts hold perhaps too long—"three piece disease," where parts play out longer than they would with a singer who would just have to stand there while the band jams. When back on point, harsh scratchy vocals shout solid and angry lyrics that attack complacency, Reagan (!), religion, etc. Packaged in a nice, homemade-type, copied sleeve covered not in skulls… but femurs!!! (KS)
($6 ppd: 2nd Hand Smoke, 77 Mont-Royal #104, Montreal, Quebec H2T 1S5, CANADA)

LAST PRIEST – "We All Failed" EP

A four-track EP of explosive rock-punk that frays and feedbacks into hardcore, while drawing impact from build-ups and breakdowns, shouted vocal chouses, and more SST-style musical finesse than raw speed. The "everyone's gotta hear their parts" off-kilter mix, with drums and bass overly dominant, makes this lack the cohesion to really blast, leaving severe shouted vocals (with just totally pissed lyrics) to carry the intensity. (KS)
(Old Guard, PO Box 7043, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

LAUGHIN' DOGS – "The Death They'll Give You" CD

What is it with bands using those annoying DVD cases? Please stop! The DOGS play thick-necked hardcore from down south, like a more metallic CAUSTIC CHRIST, perhaps. It's not half bad, but only five songs, some horrific solos, and the fucking DVD cover make it a pass. (TB)
(Ding Dong Ditch)

MALIGNANT TUMOR – "Burn in Hell" LP

MALIGNANT TUMOR from the Czech Republic put the fucking hammer down here with 13 tracks of ass-kicking crust. They pull in some occasional metal (some fancy guitar wanking) and grind influences (blast beats) in this release, but at the root of it all is some dark and dirty crust-core. Deep, throaty vocals, low rumbling distortion…what more could you ask for? Bonus points for the BOLT THROWER logo rip-off by the label. (RC)
(Insane Society, PO Box 18, 504 01 Novy Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.insanesociety.net)

MALIGNANT TUMOUR / LYCANTHROPHY – split EP

Quite a change from the Czech Republic's MALIGNANT TUMOR here—gone is the gurgling gore-grind, and in its place, fairly generic crust, a rather disingenuous "progression" given the popularity of that genre. Is this the underground equivalent of selling out? Not too good. LYCANTHROPHY, on the other hand, carries on the fine tradition of quality Czech grind with some absolutely manic grindcore—crazy blasting drums, mean riffs, and insane dual vocals, one of whom screams his throat blood raw. Really great shit, not unlike fellow countrymen GRIDE, but heavier. This is highly recommended for grind fans and more than makes up for the less than stellar material on the flipside. (EL)
(Insane Society, PO Box 6, 50101 Hradec Kralove 2, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.insanesociety.net)

MAP – "Kaasua" EP

Alright!!! This is a reissue of this extremely hard to find record from Finland. This was originally released in 1982, and has been on my want list for years; I am more than happy to have the music in my hands. This is really nice punk with the classic Finnish vocal style that I love. It is raw and catchy, and is the kind of stuff you can jump up and down to. After all these years this still holds its ground as really awesome punk rock. Thank Fight Records for this one. (MS)
(Fight, Hikivourenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND, www.kolumbus.fi/fight)

MARKED MEN – "Nothing's Changed / She Won't Know"

Although it sounds like a logical progression from what these cats were doing in the REDS, something about the MARKED MEN leaves me wanting more. Could be because the tunes have such short running times and hooks that you can't just shake off. "Nothing Changed" is the same strong speed-pop we've become accustomed to, although it appears to be the product of one member playing everything. Weird. "She Won't Know" is something different altogether: mid-tempo power-pop. Much better than anything heard on their last LP. Seems to me they should concentrate on making more singles, as this is the format they were destined for. (MC)
(Shit Sandwich, 3107 N. Rockwell, Chicago, IL 60618)

MENEGUAR – "I Was Born at Night" LP

I was expecting hardcore but this is total ARCHERS OF LOAF pre-emo indie rock meets punk. Good, I wasn't in the mood to try and come up with new ways to describe "hard

and fast." If you ever listened to the bands on Deep Elm or some of the later Revelation bands then you would probably like this. This is pretty good but it's just that the legacy of emotionally-driven hard indie/punk rock has really been shit on by the garbage that has come out the past five or six years. Still, a good effort. (AD)
(Narshardaa, Hansastr. 15, 24118 Kiel, GERMANY)

MIGRA VIOLENTA – "Holocausto Capitalista" CD

Head splitting hardcore thrash from Argentina, with full-throttle vocals and political lyrics, lyrics printed in both Spanish and in English. This disc could easily been edited down to five songs—I would certainly listen to this more—but as the CD unfolds familiar transitions slam into more familiar verses with increasing regularity and disregard. Seems like there's a lot of filler here, the more epic songs later in the recording are too part-laden, and grandiose, chock full of bad dynamic changes and played poorly. Some editing would have made this a better listen, especially with the repeated song structures and musical themes, the disc as a whole seems forced, but there's some gems on here too. (BS)
(Daniel Cano, M. Pedraza 60, CP 1688, V. tesei, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA, www.infected-rec.8m.com)

MONSTER – "Death Before Disorder" CD

GEE-ZUS, there has been a lot of TRAGEDY-worship this month. What is going on? I'm supposed to be the grind reviewer—there must be such a glut of these bands it's overflowed the banks of the regular reviewers' tolerance and flooded my own review pile as well. I dunno what to say; all these bands are really starting to sound the same to me. I mean it sounds fine, but who cares. When grind starts getting insanely popular and everyone's doing it, the same can be said, but till then how bout a little crust quality control or god forbid, originality. Thanks for being a good band TRAGEDY, see what you've wrought? (EL)
(Sabotage, www.sabotagerecords.net)

MYSTERY GIRLS – "Under My Tongue" EP

I can't help but wonder if Kryptonite Records is just able to get the best out of a band or is it that bands save their best for Kryptonite? I have not heard one bad thing on this label and here is the best shit I have heard from the MYSTERY GIRLS. Messy, crazy, trashy and oh so much fun. This is exactly like the Mystery Girls show I saw a few months back: wild. I can't believe they could manage to get all that on to a little 45. The back cover proudly declares "Wisconsin Punk Forever" and I am yelling, "Fuck yeah!" (CK)
(Kryptonite)

NAUSEA – "The Punk Terrorist Anthology Vol. 2, '85-'88" CD

A comprehensive 31-song collection of largely-unreleased rough demos, aborted recording sessions, and live tracks that trace the beginnings of seminal NYC crust legends NAUSEA. From their sloppy, UK peace-punk aping, CONFLICT-influenced beginnings to baby-step versions of their classic, dirgy metallic rampagers, this CD is a no-brainer for fans of the band. But, most commendably, its stark revelation of the band's evolution is inspirational—documented proof of success from the same process where hundreds of bands start, developing an own unique and powerful voice through exploring influences, covering your favorite bands, undauntedly taking a few missteps (the SUBHUMANS cover here—ouch!) and drawing strength from the process to express your own ideas and vision. All tracks are remixed and mastered, but avoid the emasculated lack of low-end that marred the first anthology of the band's released output. Lyrics, lots of photos, and a QuickTime video round off an exceptionally well-conceived and executed collection. (KS)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

THE NOW DENIAL – "Viva Viva Threatening" CD

Uncompromisingly devastating and relentlessly intense, an exceptional 12-song second record from Bremen, Germany's the NOW DENIAL centers somewhere between the complexity and breakdowns of new-school hardcore, a la REFUSED, and the full-tilt, simplistic, rockin', guitar-driven bashing of modern Swedish hardcore bands like VICTIMS and DISFEAR. A seamless, ferocious, speeding attack of rushing guitars, crunching drums, and scalding vocals shrieking somewhat bookish but well-thought lyrics challenging political policy and personal limitations. Start to finish, completely killer!!!! (KS)
(Sabotage, Hacketauerstr, 30, 51063 Koeln, GERMANY)

THE OBSERVERS – "Where I Stay / Manipulator"

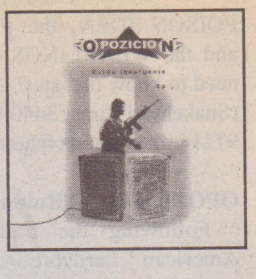
This sadly posthumous release shows our Portland friends in top form, with their signature talking/crooning lead vocals, "whoa-oh" backups, jaggedy guitar riffs, and driving rhythm section. The OBSERVERS lend themselves well to the 7" format. The A side is just as good as everything on their fabulous LP, though not as good as their absolutely-must-have previous single, *Walk Alone*. The B side, a political song(!), is a throwaway track, but a throwaway from the OBSERVERS is still an above-average punk song. (PC)
(Deranged, 1166 Chaster Rd, Gibsons, BC V0N 1V4, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com)

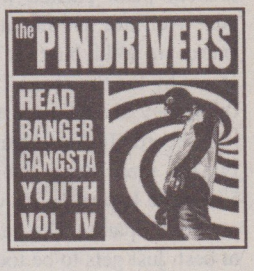
OHUZARU – LP

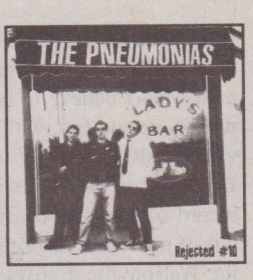
Seeing OHUZARU at Gilman St. this summer, I was immediately drawn to their stripped down, no nonsense, proto-punk approach to hardcore, most particularly the way they threaded their songs—which are predominantly fast, manic, blasting tunes—with some real classic-sounding stompers of the early 80s Boston variety. The same is true here; their vinyl recording manages to capture the band's live intensity but also adds a level of clarity that perhaps escaped their actual live set. Good stuff. (BS)
(625 Thrash, www.625thrash.com)

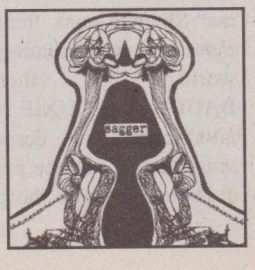
THE ONES – "Shame, Shame, Shame / Tunin' in Tokyo"

This is some catchy garage rock. The A-side is really great. The singer Andy sounds almost exactly like Rob Tyner. If only the band was more fuzzed out and chaotic, they would probably be mistaken for the MC5. The B-side is more of a novelty power pop song, but still pretty good. The insert mentions that the band features ex-members of









POISON IDEA, the PROCRASTINATORS, and the WEAKLINGS for those of you who need to know that stuff. (CK)
(Snakehead Vinyl, 3440 SE Alder, Portland, OR 97214, theonespdx@hotmail.com)

OPOZICION – "Ruido Insurgente" EP

Following the tradition of raw Latin American hardcore, Bogata, Colombia's OPOZICION pound out six tracks of fierce anarcho-punk packed with speed and intensity… Well, for a while at least. The first couple tracks are solid, but they've definitely lost some steam by the time we hit lado B. Why do bands think they always need to fill up the entire 33 rpm record? If they'd trimmed down the fat to a two or three song EP I'd be a lot happier. Everyone knows punks don't have any kind of attention span… The saxophone, questionable at best, just gets to be too much. (VH)
(Noseke, www.geocities.com/nosekerecords/)

OUTRAGED / TROPIEZO – split EP

TROPIEZO from Puerto Rico have delivered what I believe to be their best material to date. Nice and fast, with good production, sung in Spanish with really well thought-out lyrics. By the way, the labels are screwed up on the record so don't get confused. OUTRAGED are one of my recent favorites. They hail from fucking Watsonville, Califas, fool! Yes, the migrant farm-worker town. Hardcore punk is alive and well in Central California. The band plays aggressive, driving hardcore with vocals that would peel back your skin if you stood in front of Eduardo during their shows. I saw both bands live and was fippin' on them both. Great! (MS)
(Punks Before Profits, 537 Caroline St., Rochester, NY 14620)

PAUKI – "The Splinters of the Mind" CD

Scary Russian tough guys—these fellas would steal yer kidney quick as look at you. The music's very fast street punk with singalong choruses, like the EXPLOITED or SWELLBELLYS...so you could say this is Scottish-influenced Russian punk. …I bet you no one's ever said that sentence before. The vocals are in their native tongue and don't translate that well into English, but never mind. Not bad. (AD)
(kapkanrecords.com)

PHANTOM LIMBS – "Random Hymns" LP

A popular local band that I have not seen or heard before. It reminds me of the VSS; it's got that SF goth-punk thing too. They're a little more garage-y seeming than most from that world, but there's a definite BAUHAUS/SIOUXIE feel to this. Lots of carnival organs and desperate vocals, like the music that should be playing when a bunch of cartoon kids go to the graveyard after dark to find a crypt punk dance party going on. (LG)
(Hungry Eye, PO Box 20403, Tompkins Square Stn., New York, NY 10009, www.hungryeyerecords.com)

THE PINDRIVERS – " Head Banger Gangsta Youth" EP

Sneering garage rock, distorted but certainly not blown out. Rocking at a competent jogger's pace, never getting to a head of itsself, and pretty much happy in rocking those three riffs over and over. It is what it is and lucky for me I'm on its buzz, I don't expect much from this genre, and honestly I don't want much. Basic and rockin' with an OBLIVIANS cover that is basically this band's bluenprint. (SD)
(Goodbye Boozy, goodbyeboozy@tin.it)

PINK SWORDS – "Shut Up & Take It" LP

Get it? PINK SWORDS. Are these guys getting at what I think they are getting at? I think that PINK SWORDS is code for, get this, peni. Is "peni" the plural of "penis"? Or is it penises? Anyway, I think you get my drift. Now that we've solved that mystery, we can move on to the record itself. I'm not all that impressed. It's that punk 'n' roll thing that I usually lap up like a thirsty kitten. (I just made that up.) For me, at least, this one just doesn't do anything to separate itself from the rest of the pack. It's good. It's solid, well played without a doubt. But I couldn't pick any of the songs out of a line-up. Sometimes that is good enough for me. Not today. (KK)
(Gearhead, www.gearheadrecords.com)

THE PNEUMONIAS – "Rejected at the High School Dance" EP

I didn't know High School Reject Records was still at, but they're up to #10 in their series of bands covering the TAR BABIES' (duh) "Rejected at the High School Dance" with opportunity given for the band to toss on an original or two. The PNEUMONIAS do it a comparatively sluggish pace, rather undistinguished but not without a certain retarded charm. Ditto for originals "Time Machine" and "Dullsville." (DD)
(High School Reject, Berlagweg 12, 9731 LN Gronigen, NETHERLANDS, ktvs@yahoo.com)

PROJECT KOTELETT – "Griechenland" CD

A German quintet that busts out 20 tracks of sing-along pub rock/street punk. Nothing special musically, though judging by the sleeve pics they have a snazzy line in matching stage outfits. It's all in German, lyric-wise, which is a bit Greek to me. (RK)
(Wanker, www.wanker-records.de)

RADIATORS FROM SPACE – "Midnite Demos" EP

Prior to hearing this record, I actually thought "Television Screen" was a REGISTRATORS song. Not so! Ireland's RADIATORS FROM SPACE recorded that monster for the Chiswick label, along with three others, in 1976. Who knew? Their fuzzy feedback cloaked version of "Psychotic Reaction" is pretty ace as well, surprisingly. POGUES connections aside, RADIATORS FROM SPACE appeared to have operated in limbo between pub-rock and punk, bringing to mind 101'ERS and their ilk. I've already begun hunting down my own copy of this…you should do the same. (MC)
(Rejected, www.rejectedrecords.cjb.net)

REATARDS – "Not Fucked Enough" LP

Wrong, it's just fucked enough (sorry, couldn't resist that one). Once again mixing just about everything good (garage, punk, scuzz, bile, horsemeat) together for a bunch of quasi-anthems for the F Generation such as "Drink Today," "I Like Your Titty," "Sour and Vicious Man," and "I Won't Make It"—what's not to like about these guys? Other than their vileness and misanthropy, of course. (DD)
(Empty, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97212, www.emptyrecords.com)

REDS – "Is: Means" CD

Listening to this, REDS sound like a lot of bands. I hear a little TRAGEDY, a little SAINTE CATHERINES, and more than a spattering of the discordant screamo-core that was all the rage in the mid-90s. Yet just when I think I have them pegged as one of those bands, something else comes in to swing it another direction. The best I can come up with is a heavier, less spastic BOOKS LIE. That, my friends, is a good thing. (JF)
(Waking)

REIGNING SOUND – "Live at Maxwell's" LP

Geez, a *really* good sound on this and just when did the REIGNING SOUND morph into the 1980 REAL KIDS incarnate? This is pure fast garage energy as opposed to the more structured, song-oriented stuff on the recent full-lengths, a totally different vibe. Never seen these guys in person, and based just on this it has become a sudden A#1 priority. I hate to say this, but these guys should be mega popular, even with dumb folks who couldn't tell good rock from a hole in their head. (RW)
(www.spoonfulrecords.com)

REPTOIDS – "Park a Tiger" CD

These bass and rhythm driven tunes have heavily-reverbed, sultry female vocals. Unfortunately, the vocals follow the melody to

a fault. This delivery makes the songs sorta drag and even the dynamic parts seem plodding. Their last song is a minute or two shorter than the other five tunes, and it's much better. I personally like that last songs' shorter-faster style and think that it's the direction this band should head. (HM)
(RRRecords, www.reptoids.net)

RINGERS – "Curses" CD

The RINGERS wear a lot of sounds on their sleeves. I definitely hear some DILLINGER FOUR, a little RADON, and some (fellow Bostonians) EXPLOSION in their sound. Yet something about this CD reminds me of applesauce: great on the first few spoonfuls, but gets very old quick. Not that this is bad, but I just am not enjoying it like I thought I would. Maybe if this had just been a 7" of the best songs… Oh well, a rare miss from… (JF)
(1-2-3-4 Go!, www.1234gorecords.com)

RISE AND FALL – "Hellmouth" CD

Yawn. More tuff metalcore, this time from Belgium. This is really heavy and really boring. I have to stop listening to this cuz I have three more reviews left to write tonight and…I'm...getting…slee- zzzzzzzzzzzz. (EL)
(Surprise Attack, www.surpriseattackrecords.com)

RITES – "Death of the Party" EP

I'm glad these cats are still around holding the torch for the 2000 thrash revival. As much as I like the idea of this band (y'know full on early 80s style 'core like POISON IDEA or OUT COLD)—and they are great at what they do—I'm just missing some hooks. The best song on here is a rip-roaring cover of the ZERO BOYS. If they could harness some of that into their sound I'd be more into this. If you dig their other gear, though, this is equally ripping. (TB)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

ROYAL STAKEOUT / CONTEMPTUOUS – split CD

Here are two spirited skinhead bands out of Sweden! ROYAL STAKEOUT plays pub-chant street punk somewhere between the REAL MCKENZIES and DROPKICK MURPHYS. CONTEMPTUOUS also goes the street punk route, but is a bit more like the WORKING STIFFS. Both bands must think they're quite photogenic judging by the copious amount of promo pictures in the liner notes, but I'm digging this quality disc. ROYAL STAKEOUT stands out as the better of the two bands, and they deliver some choice punk rock. (HM)
(Kjell Hell, www.kjellhell.se)

RUIN – "Ghost of the Past" LP

A crushing slab from these UK old timers (ex-SCATHA/DISAFFECT/DOOM, if that helps). Total D-beat madness, complete with super thick, down-tuned guitars and anti state/anti-war lyrics. More in common with the best DOOM stuff but adding some more heaviness. One of the best UK releases, along with the new BOXED IN EP. (TB)
(PO Box 222, 11 Eighth St, Birkenshaw, Uddingston, G71 6BQ, Scotland, UNITED KINGDOM)

RUN LIKE HELL – "Give 'em Hell" CD

Fairly-generic street punk from New York. It reminds me a lot of the PIST, though not as political. The tempo is fast, as opposed to the plodding shit, so that's a plus. The insert has a photo of one of them standing on the pitch at St. James Park. Newcastle are shit. (AD)
(Bad Dog, PO Box 61 06 41, 10937 Berlin, GERMANY)

THE RUNS – "Wet Sounds" CD

With a name like the RUNS and images of toilets on their cover, I thought these guys would be sloppier and more violent. These RUNS deliver a crisp, clean, and concise listening experience. The RIVERDALES come directly to mind when I hear the music. The14-song menu takes as long as a bad case of the runs, and when you've had quite enough of the RUNS, the CD is over. (HM)
(Urban Cheese, www.urbancheese.com)

SAGGER – "Archidoxes of Magic" EP

Cold, cold, cold, like an ice cream cone. Dropped on the sidewalk, but it's vanilla, so you don't care. One of those garage-punk 45s whose existence is a bother to me, it hints that the crest of the recent wave of indie-garage-wave 45s is nigh, and a new descent back into the trough of the too-much-is-too-much mid/late 90s overpress is upon us. Buy another ice cream cone. Try the Rocky Road, it's *nasty*. (RW)
(Goodbye Boozy, via Villa Pompetti 147, 64020 s. Nicolo a Tordino, Teramo, ITALY)

SECOND CLASS CITIZEN – "Conspiracy of Truth" CD

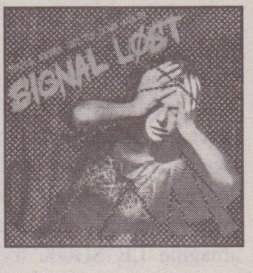
Solid, meat-and-potatoes, basic mid-tempo hardcore back-ended with metallic riffs and crunch. Harsh, KILLING TIME/CRUMBSUCKERS-style, hard, gutteral vocals spit harsh personal POV lyrics about self-reliance, personal values, work ethics, consumerism, and reactions to society. With metallic breakdowns and shout-alongs, this Connecticut band is largely straightforward US hardcore, driven by standard UK-hardcore-style drumbeats, and direct guitar that keep things straightforward and honest. (KS)
(www.secondclasscitizen.4t.com)

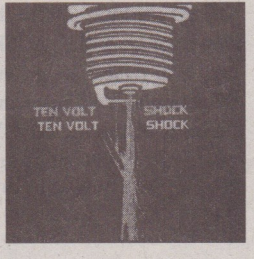
SEES THE DAY – "That Which We Have Created, We Must Now Destroy" CD

Their title says it all. They remind me of what I expect newer BAD RELIGION must sound like. They kind do a lot of anthem-y stuff coupled with Dexter Holland style vocals to give SEES THE DAY an OFFSPRING feel. This really doesn't do much for me, but look for these guys to open for MxPx soon. (HM)
(Subversion, www.subversionrecords.org, www.seestheday.ca)

SEGUE – "The Epic One" 10"

Heavy sludge guitar strewn over "epic" (as the title song indicates…) WINTER-esque, but sloppy crust noodling. Rhythmically hopeless, there is a lot of those early nineties crust-hip-hop beats, and strange waltz rhythms played over 4/4 guitar riffs that will leave you feeling woozy. (BS)
(Fight for Your Mind, kickoutthejamsmotherfucker@voila.fr)





SHLSHKD – "The Reins" CD

SHelLSHocKeD's rhythm attack, minor chords, and tough female vocals kinda sound like FUGAZI kicking BIKINI KILL's ass. I don't listen to this style of music, so I can't tell if they're run-of-the-mill or exceptional. I personally can't get past a few songs without wanting to tear out my eardrums. This isn't on Dischord, but their next one could be. (HM)
(Monona, 104 President St. #1R, Brooklyn, NY 11231, www.moonarecs.com)

SIDS – "Kandy Kane" EP

On this cute little piece of pink vinyl SIDS dish out three songs of mid-tempo, keyboard driven post-hardcore…Yeah, I know reading "keyboard driven post-hardcore" probably makes you want to puke, but this is actually pretty good. It's hard to pin down, but if can you imagine LE SHOK trying to sound like the FALL we're at least in the right ballpark. Discordant and melodic, the songwriting is interesting and this guy has got the Mark E. Smith style nailed. Don't let the silly packaging fool you…(VH)
(Stickfigure, PO Box 55462, Atlanta, GA 30308)

SIGNAL LOST – "You'll Never Get Us Down Again" EP

This four-song EP has mostly female vocals with a PENETRATION tinge, though the tunes—which can be compared to DROP DEAD—adopt a style that contains screaming power-punk anthems (like "Bow to None," the best and fastest song here). On the other hand, "Contaminated" has a nostalgic circa-'79 punk element to the melody. This gives strong interest to a very decent group of songs. (SS)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

SIGNAL LOST – "You'll Never Get Us Down Again" EP

This four-song EP is very much in the same style as SIGNAL LOST's debut LP released last year on Prank, with its brilliant guitar leads—which really make this band for me—and an ambitious singing style, but showcases a much more confident band than *Children of the Wasteland*. SIGNAL LOST stays fairly mid-tempo, which lends itself to the swagger they've developed, and the songs themselves stand out as being even better than their earlier material. "Bow to None" is definitely the standout track on this EP, though all four tracks are distinct and memorable in their own ways. (GN)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

SPITFIRE – "The Slideshow Whiplash" EP

Christian punks out of Virginia recently reformed and still playing metal-edged technical hardcore without any of that technical ability that used to be a prerequisite for the genre. The title track misprinted on the picture disc "Sideshow…Whiplash" instead of "Slideshow Whiplash" is carefully and painstakingly pointed out several times on the record's cover, but that doesn't really change the fact the song is an absolute pile of shit; the song's introduction is a lesson in pain you won't soon forget, think autistic renditions of COLDPLAY but played with diminished soul and groove. (BS)
(Koi, 18600 S. Parkview #1836, Houston, TX 77084, www.koirecords.com)

SPROUTS / YOUNG PENNSYLVANIANS – "Kick Me, I Think, I'm Dreaming" split CD

The SPROUTS continue to rule the throne recently vacated by THE FUTURES and JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS, playing a great brand of catchy hardcore that could please the Needle and 625 sets equally. The YOUNG PENNSYLVANIANS check in with some mediocre 60s mod/garage. This totally fucking irritated and perplexed me. Why pair these two bands? There's just a huge loss in momentum when YOUNG PENNSYLVANIANS pop up. If one were able to separate the sets into two different releases, my opinion of both bands' showings would be strengthened. Instead we're left with the CD equivalent of running top speed into a brick wall. (MC)
(Hardcore Kitchen, Karum Bldg. #394, 2-6-2, Kitanagasa, Chuo-Ku Kobe 650-0012 JAPAN)

THE STIVS – "Sweet Heartache and the Satisfaction" CD

This band sounds like all the bands in the 80s who were good and then went shit...this like the shit stuff. Produced by Jack Endino (woohoo!). (AD)
(Boot To Head, PO Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207)

STRAIGHTJACKET – "Cut Throat" EP

Raw, throat-shredding modern thrash punk from Australia. I'm reminded of CUT THE SHIT, *et al.*, with rougher production and a more screechy vocalist. Lyrics mostly cover personal topics and the hardcore scene, with a couple songs touching on vaguely political issues. Overall, this eight-song EP is no classic, but a solid release nonetheless. (CS)
(Gash, PO Box 239, North Carlton 3054, Victoria, AUSTRALIA)

STRENGTH FOR A REASON – "Blood, Faith, Loyalty" CD

This Pennsylvania band has been around for quite some time. (I believe since the late 90s.) As with most Spook City bands that I get to review, this band's lyrics focus mainly on brotherhood, loyalty, the being hard as fuck (obviously not my thing). The overtly patriotic lyrics to the song "Remembrance" are off-putting to say the least. Lyrics aside, these guys play brutal mid-tempo mosh-core that includes guest vocals by the singer from FURY OF FIVE. I can't imagine anyone reading *MRR* being into this, but I suppose there is a first for everything. (CC)
(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

STRIKE FIRST – "Requiem for the Aftermath" CD

This CD is a definite improvement from their *Chant Down Babylon* CDEP I reviewed a few months back. They've kept the NYHC feel, but have improved on the songwriting and vocals. If you like your hardcore fast and angry, then look into STRIKE FIRST. (CC)
(Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

SUBMACHINE – "Loose at the Moose" DVD

This is a recording of a show from 2004 at a club in Pittsburgh. The footage is clear and utilizes more than one camera angle. The sound is excellent as well. The problem is that SUBMACHINE is not the most exciting band to watch, so it gets pretty boring after a while. The DVD includes a mix of interviews with the band members, fans and club owners. The DVD package also includes a CD that has all of the live songs from the DVD on it. Overall, the DVD is not very exciting, but I would recommend picking up one of SUBMACHINE's many musical releases and dig in to the rockin' punkness. (RC)
(Da Core, 4407 Bowes Ave., West Mifflin, PA 15122, da-core.com)

TEN VOLT SHOCK – CD

Urgent, hurry-up post punk with more than a little dose of 80s Albini-core. The production is a bit sterile, but this kind of pointy exercise needs those clean corners to cut. There is a tendency towards solving math equations on some of the less inspired tracks, but as a whole this ain't half bad. They occupy the same section of my brain that used to host a KILLING JOKE 10", without sounding exactly the same. I'll be taking that bit of brain back now, thanks, need it for this used NO DOCTORS record I found. (RW)
(Bakery Owutlet, PO Box 4054, St. Augustine, FL 32084)

TERMINAL STATE – "Your Rules" 12"

TERMINAL STATE, from Toronto, has done a near-perfect job of approximating the sound of early BLACK FLAG and CIRCLE JERKS records. This is mainly mid-tempo three-chord punk with catchy riffs and lyrics

about not fitting in to society. No new ground broken, of course, but better than most of what's out there these days anyway. I am particularly into the artwork and general look of this release. At times this is a little *too* simple, but fortunately the record itself is short enough (might have actually fit on a 7") that it doesn't matter really. Definitely the best thing I got for review this month. (CS)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

LES THANATOLOGUES – "Ils Sont La!" CD

These dirty Frenchmen seem to borrow equally from every tired cliché commonly associated with garage punk. There's some instrumental hot rod rockabilly, ghoul-themed surf, and a few hard rock tinges. None of it manages to grab me, which is sad considering that they've attacked from all of the above-mentioned fronts. (MC)
(lesthanato.tripod.com)

THEY AND THE CHILDREN – "Thoughts on Becoming a Ghost" CD

You know with band and album titles like these this band is taking itself way too seriously. Such pretentious dreck doesn't quite do justice to the tunes, which are decent, dark, moody hardcore with lots of dynamic quiet passages. But the band is very obvious in its wants-to-be-melodic-but-still-scary motif and frankly a lot of this just falls flat. Their MAJORITY RULES influence is obvious and they try too hard to mimic a similar sort of tension and balance, but don't really come close. TAKARU also comes to mind, especially in the vocal department. Not terrible, but really pretty unfocused, melodramatic, and derivative. (EL)
(Tor Johnson, torjohnsonrecords.com)

TIEBREAK – "Stand Hard: 1996-1998" CD

This is the discography of the Swedish youth crew band TIEBREAK. The production on most of these songs has a very late-90s vibe to it. The vocalist reminds me of a Euro version of Ben from FIELDS OF FIRE. A member of this band went on to play in SPORTSWEAR, if that means anything to you. This is good straightedge hardcore. (CC)
(Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

TIMES NEW VIKING – "Dig Yourself" CD

Siltbreeze Records comes barging back into the lane for the rebound, so look out! This troop of Ohio fuzzmasters are roughly similar to Sacto's DUCHESS OF SAIGON or perhaps *very* early PAVEMENT (say *Slay Tracks*-era), with your trebly guitar tone riding on a gritty wave of static, competing boy-girl vocals and a deep affection for channeling the early US efforts of the old Rough Trade label. And with Mike Rep pushing the "record" button the fix is def in. The band resists showcasing their virtuosity on the electrified hydrophone, or the tympani, or whatever, and just writes aggressive songs that are solid post-teenage *rowr*. When "The Statue PT. II" started in I braced myself for a "Sister Ray"-type jam and was going to ask if they served meals on this flight but before I knew it only four minutes had passed and I barely had time to down my Sprite before "Skull Versus Wizard" took over. Wonder if these tykes are going to tour soon? (RW)
(Siltbreeze, 727S 7th St., Philadelphia, PA, 19147)

TINNITUS / SICKNESS – split LP

Holy crap! TINNITIS come to the thrash party with a full quiver of poison arrows! The tortured vocals coupled with the constant hammering of the inspired guitar player, bass player, and drummer make for a potent brew! The music TINNITIS provides is rock solid punk with political lyrics that spit venom. TINNITUS rail about how big business and the government have sold out the American people. The people in turn, have become numb, obedient, and complacent. It is time for action! This is great rock 'n' roll with lots of punk attitude! On the flip side of this LP, SICKNESS holds court. These doom and gloom punks from Auch, France will confirm your uneasy feelings. The gruff growl of the singer etches painfully into your skull. The guitar player provides a consistent chugging melody to pin down this bleak message. Some of the topics that SICKNESS writes about are sex, alcohol, drugs, state oppression, war, genocide, and the frustration of being an anarchist. This raw punk music will make you contemplate your sad state on planet Earth. The alternating, grinding vocals/screeching vocals will leave you with a sick feeling deep in your gut. Mission accomplished! (BR)
(Prieto Cyril, 3 Bis Rue Arnaud de Moes, 3200 Auch, FRANCE, www.perso.wanadoo.fr/sickness)

TOMBSTONE – "Twang from the Grave" CD

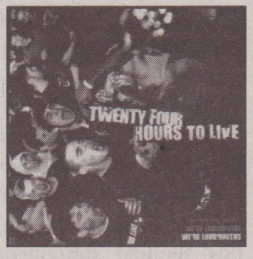
A smart reissue from one of Atlanta's more obscure acts. Hailing from the mid- to late-80s period, the TOMBSTONES played some honest to goodness rock 'n' roll. Heavy on the twang and soaking up large doses of that great old 50s rockabilly vibe mixed with a slightly darker psychobilly feel whilst never loosing its country roots. Great musicianship added by the fine Chris Isaak-done-time vocals of Stevie T. A collection gathering their entire catalogue—11 tunes, not much—but quality all the same. (SD)
(Saustex Media, PO Box 691356, San Antonio TX 78269, www.saustexmedia.com)

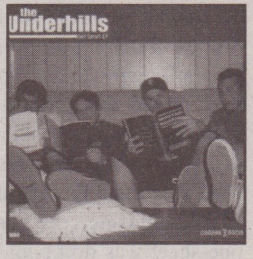
TOP TEN – "Never Get Enough" EP

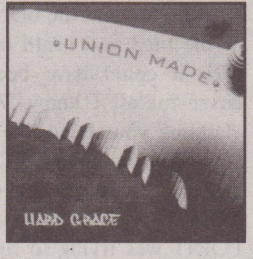
.....yet more of that late 70s pop revival kinda stuff that's very fashionable these days amongst the young adults...and yet another band fronted by that notoriously horny former groupie Tina Lucchesi.....judging by the photo on the cover, Tina still likes to *fuck*!!! This little self-produced record is much better than I thought it would be—well produced pop songs with catchy hooks.....the Steve Jones guitar sound is good....I'm sure Steve would just love to have himself a taste of the fine nectar these juicy tarts are hiding in their chastity-belts....the drummer in particular is what you'd call a "20th century fox"....the bass player is a boy, *boring*!!! Contains baseball cards of each band members genitalia....stats on the back concerning pizza, television, and the RAMONES....!!!! (PS RAMONES worship is also very much in vogue at the moment...) (SW)
(Lipstick On My Dick, tippyteen@yahoo.com)

TRAILERPARK TORNADOS – "Mata Al Contacto" CD

I hate trailer parks, and I usually hate bands that sound like they're from one. Punk rock for punks who wear cowboy hats, have tats of naked women, have fucking fucked







up stupid facial hair and drink PBR as a choice, not an economic bereavement. A heavy Confederacy Of Scum stink, which on most occasions has me winging bricks at the stereo—oi with hair, I say. But these Buffalo shitbags have a little something different: they've got tunes, they've got hooks, and they beef their racket right up. If ANTISEEN wasn't afraid of their guitars and if the COSMIC PYSCHOS laid off the drugs, then this is the band they'd probably end up sounding like. (SD)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144 Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

TURNING POINT – "1988-1991" 2xLP

This is their discography, and covers everything from their early youth crew days to their *not-so*-influential (keep reading) post-hardcore material. There is nothing new I can say about this seminal straightedge band that wasn't already said with the release of the CD version a few years back. Rather then talk about TURNING POINT the band, I would like to discuss TURNING POINT the phenomenon: Up until their CD discography, the only people that repped this band were straightedge kids with cooler older brothers, and the occasional aging New Age Records metalcore kid. Then Jade Tree released their discography, and every MTV2 amazing-core band with a promotional one-sheet was dropping TURNING POINT as a major influence. I am not pretending to understand this phenomenon; I am not sure whether it's was the blurry photo on the cover, or the mp3 you heard on the Jade Tree website—it could have been the STAY GOLD cover for all I know. Whatever it was, stop claiming you sound like this band. You didn't start off listening to ANTIDOTE. Hell, you didn't even start off listening to YOUTH OF TODAY (who, coincidentally, TURNING POINT was trying to rip off). You started off with BANE, and that is what you sound like. Get a clue. (CC)
(Think Fast!, 20230 Calice Court Unit 402, Estero, FL 33928)

TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO LIVE – "We're Loudmouths" CD

Eight songs of straightedge-style hardcore with a metallic crunch, from Miami, FL. The fast tempos mixed with big breakdowns, combined with the strained vocals and by-the-numbers lyrics make this release pretty standard fare in the world of hardcore. Unfortunately, nothing here really stands out and it comes off as pretty generic. (RC)
(Surprise Attack, 2601 Peach St., Erie PA 16508, surpriseattackrecords.com)

UNDERHILLS – "Get Smart EP" CD

Ho-hum SCREECHING WEASEL wannabes. Basic, billion-times-removed, RAMONES-core that is even mastered by Mass Giorgini. Snore. (JF)
(Cabana 1)

UNION MADE – "Hard Grace" CD

What do you get when you take *Scratch the Surface*–era SICK OF IT ALL, mix in some heavier mosh parts, and then add pseudo-political lyrics? Well, you get four Canucks playing songs with names like "Fate 2 Hate" and "The Last Mantrip." If you like the modern NYHC sound, then look into this. (CC)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W.Suite 100-184, Toronto, ON M4W 3E2, CANADA)

URBAN BLIGHT – "Urban Blight" EP

Good, tough, early 80s-inspired hardcore which I assume is from Canada based on the drawing of a dude with a Toronto Blue Jays jacket on the cover. If you like bands like LAST RIGHTS, and don't mind shelling out four or five dollars for a three-song EP (that's about $1.50 per 40 second song), then check out URBAN BLIGHT. (CC)
(Deranged)

VENICE / Z.E.D. – "A Aubtil Arte de Hacer Inimigos" split EP

VENICE plays a strain of safe and sane, clean-kid hardcore with a liberal dose of rehydrated scene politics propelled by melodic and well-executed vocals. Z.E.D. is rooted in classic hardcore thrash with grind and post punk influences; the vocals are hoarse, strained, and positioned oddly in the mix. Both bands have a vitality about them that is compelling, but the recordings and song takes come off stiff, leading me to think that these are bands to be seen live. (BS)
(Regulatorres, PO Box 1351 EC Arrois, 1011-001 Lisboa, PORTUGAL)

THE VICIOUS – "Suicidal Generation" EP

Some classic sounding *Killed by Death*-style punk from a crew of Swedes who look like TV Smith styled them. Of course, it's on Wasted Sounds records. This was catchy as hell, but lacks something—substance, maybe? Which isn't always a bad thing. The lyrics are so snotty-spare-changer punk it's almost a pastiche, like a 70s TV special on punx. (LG)
(Wasted Sounds, Skolgatan 110, 903 32 Umeå, SWEDEN, www.wastedsounds.com)

VICTIM NATION – "Too Late for That" CD

Bay area melodic punk that is tuneful and well produced. VICTIM NATION has a sound that can best be described as an American FUNERAL ORATION with a slightly higher-pitched singer, but same basic singing style. Good stuff, but maybe a little to sterile. (JF)
(www.victim-nation.com)

WISDOM IN CHAINS – "Die Young" CD

Unknowingly, Bill Florio reviewed this CD for me in his column last month—"The Failure of Tough Guy Hardcore." "Painfully average moron-in-a-wifebeater hardcore" is really all that needs to be said. Working class schmucks WISDOM IN CHAINS are from the East Coast. They're angrrrrrrry! They've had it rough, "picking up the soap" while they were in prison for selling dime bags. Their two-page thanks list includes 50 CENT and DMX. And they aren't the only ones that envy the dead. Listening to this shit makes me wish that I died young, too. Blah... (VH)
(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

WRANGLER BRUTES – "Tape" LP

When WRANGLER BRUTES released their debut cassette a few years ago the Internet junkies couldn't stop yapping about how outrageous the choice of format was. I didn't think it was a big deal until my copy got eaten a month later and I had to come to terms with the fact that my scotch-tape surgery skills weren't what the used to be. Thanks to Germany's X-Mist records these songs are finally available on vinyl. Without a doubt better than the *Zulu* LP, these 16 ferocious tracks are testament to the fact that the short-lived WRANGLER BRUTES were more than an ex-members band. (VH)
(X-Mist, Postfach 1545, 72195 Nagold, GERMANY)

YOUNGBLOOD – "85-88" CD

SOA Records dishes out more Italian HC from the vaults. This time 34 tracks of melodic late-80s HC from YOUNGBLOOD. It's fast and energetic, but not nearly as harsh or raw as some of the better-known Italian bands like RAW POWER. For the most part they play solid, straightforward hardcore... but there are times when it's so late-80s it hurts. This CD includes their only 12", along with two killer comp tracks, a live recording, and some really dirty demo tracks from their days as RELIGIOUS VOMIT. The RV tracks are great. Nice packaging, but not a single word in English... (VH)
(SOA, Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Rome, ITALY)

V/A – "Eastern Grind Unleashed" CD

Ahh, finally a proper grind release. Not too many this month—guess I got spoiled last month. Oh well, this CD does a good job of making up for the scarcity with this great four-way split of grind bands from Malaysia and Singapore, only one of which I'd heard before. First up is FALLEN WORLD, who plays very metallic grind with dual vocals and lots of mid-pace metal guitar. TOOLS OF THE TRADE is

a bit rougher with a fucked up, detuned guitar sound, plenty o' screaming and dead-on NAPALM DEATH worship. Meanwhile EYESORE, undeniably one of the best unknown bands in grind, delivers six tracks of technical but completely brutal blasting grind, including the two from their previous demo. NEGATION closes things with their brand of noisy lo-fi hardcore/thrash/grind. 28 tracks total, so plenty of selections from each. This is a great introduction to an area that's (not so) quietly becoming a reliable source for uncompromising grind. (EL)
(Straineyes, c/o Mazmi Arshad, 2115-21 JLN SG, Gombak 53000 KL, MALAYSIA, strainoise@yahoo.com)

V/A – "Hardcore or Die!" CD

If you've completed your Revelation Records catalog and are still fiending for more, it's time to X up, motherfuckers! Fans of old-school youth crew hardcore will love this. Thirty bands hailing from all over the globe—Brazil, Argentina, Panama, Italy, Spain, etc.—come together to push it through on this explosive comp CD packed with energy and positively. (VH)
(Southkore, 2814 S. Spaulding, Chicago, Il 60623)

V/A – "Keats Rides a Harley" CD

This LP, along with the contemporaneous *Life Is* series of comps on New Underground, is the definitive mix of arty punk and punk artiness from California in the early 80s. The bands on here are a Who's Who of Old Weird LA: EARWIGS, 100 FLOWERS, LEAVING TRAINS, HUMAN HANDS, TUNNELTONES. GUN CLUB, etc. along with one of the most (currently) underrated bands of the time, the non-LA MEAT PUPPETS. These bands were arty in a strictly budget-rock, what-the-fuck, playing on cardboard boxes manner that is totally punk, although there's not a UK SUBS riff in sight, to be honest. Perhaps this comp functions as the beginning of the end of the happy co-existence of arty types and strictly-punk punkers, at least in huge markets like LA with enough bands to allow for that kind of segregation. I dunno. Each band gets their original track plus one unreleased nugget, and as a bonus the entire *Happy Squid Sampler* is tacked on the end, which nets you babble from the URINALS, DANNY AND THE DOORKNOBS, and the mucho fantastico Rik L. Rik-fronted VIDIOTS whose track showed up on the old *Bloodstains Across California* boot from the early 90s. With a nice fat booklet and great sound from the tapes, this is pretty much how CD reissues should be executed. (RW)
(Warning Label, 49 School St., Arlington, MA 02476)

V/A – "Live Target" DVD

One camera, live footage of some of the cream of the current hardcore crop. TEAR IT UP, DAS OATH, SEEIN RED, RITES, SMACKDOWN, and the HORROR all have about 6-8 songs apiece. The picture quality and sound are your usual camcorder fare, but the spirited performances more than make up for it. In addition to the live footage there are some pics and flyers, which add to the package. What makes this DVD an absolute keeper is the '85 and '88 footage of LÄRM; a fantastic piece of history and by far the most interesting band on the disc. By the way, this is Euro format so it may not play on all players. (TB)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS)

V/A – "13 Years of Burning Rock 'n' Roll" CD

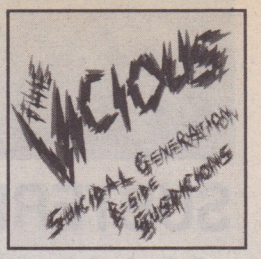
Such compilations are a trifle annoying. It's presented by Wolverine Records, and indeed, 24 bands are showcased here. Other than websites, there is no info on the bands, or their proffered tracks. As far as I can tell from the web addresses, most of the bands featured are German (though most sing in English), and despite the title and cover art, the majority lean more towards the power-pop/early JAM sound, rather than garage/GUITAR WOLF style stuff. There are a few ska offerings, which mar it slightly, but standouts include the HEROINES, GERM ATTACK and ATTAQUE 77. If you're into checking out bands you've probably never heard of, from foreign climes, this'd be a fine place to start. (RK)
(Wolverine, www.wolverine-records.de)

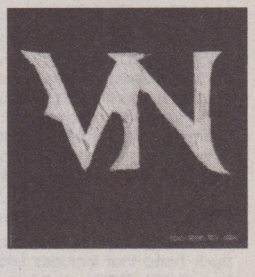
V/A – "Warf Rat Tales" CD

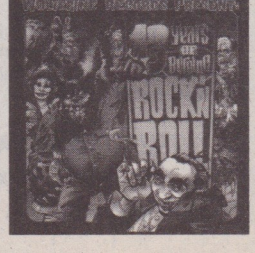
Reissue of an LP comp from 1983 that is probably under a few collector radar screens these days, perhaps because a decent proportion of the stuff on this comp is pure proto-indie rock, ala WEDNESDAY WEEK, RAIN PARADE, TO DAMASCUS, HECTOR & THE CLOCK-WATCHERS etc., a sound that was digitally clogging college airwaves for the remainder of the decade. But there are lots of great tracks on this expanded reissue via the 100 FLOWERS, EARWIGS, URINALS, and the GUN CLUB. Even the LAST, whose rather dated garage-pop sound always leaves me a little cold, has a good previously unreleased track on here. Indie pop crawlers will probably find a lost gem in the songs by the UP & OUT, while most of you '83 hardcore types will throw up so scary-hard you won't be able to breathe or see straight. Punk. (RW)
(Avebury)

V/A – "We Reach: The Music of the Melvins" CD

I should almost do this review track by track—there's quite a wide grading curve in song success but surprisingly only about a third of this is total crap, an unusually low number for tribute albums. Most of this is pretty decent, some even great, covering the full spectrum of older and newer (pre and post-Atlantic signing) material, with most from *Houdini, Bullhead*, and *Ozma*. Surprisingly only one track is from *Gluey Porch Treatments*. I woulda thought everyone would want to do songs from it, but the album is definitely stronger with the added diversity. Three are obvious stand-outs to me: STRAPPING YOUNG LAD's "Zodiac," MEATJACK's perfectly heavy "Shevil" (one of my all-time favorite MELVINS songs), and especially MASTODON's "The Bit"—actually made me want to listen to more of the band doing the covering rather than being covered. Plenty of other noteworthy tracks from: PIG DESTROYER, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, HIGH ON FIRE/KEELHAUL, ISIS/AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED, EYEHATEGOD (of course doing the oldest track) and BLESSING THE HOGS with the singer of COALESCE. Really a surprisingly-solid comp paying tribute to one of few bands that deserve it. (EL)
(Fractured Transmitter, PO Box 31358, Cleveland, OH 44133, www.fracturedtransmitter.com)







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DUTCH MASTERS "Radioactive" 7"
Three songs from this hot, kickass new Memphis garage punk band that includes Eric from THE OBLIVIANS, Scott from COOL JERKS, and Talbot from ROYAL PENDLETONS, and you can definitely hear the influences from those bands! 7" $4.45

THE FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS s/t 7"
More intensely crazed punk noise and anarchy from this well-known Chicago outfit. Yes, they still sound a bit like THE GERMS, but even more over-the-top than ever! 4 songs, UK import. 7" $5.20

DUMB HAIRCUTS / ETHAN split 7"
Here's a sunny, fun little record, for sure! THE DUMB HAIRCUTS play cute, punky, lo-fi songs about stuff like counting down to a birthday, our lives as frogs, a porcupine ghost, an orange marker and a goblet full of drool. ETHAN just hauls out his ukulele and sings songs that hover somewhere between innocence and sadness. The 3 inserts have lyrics, artwork, writings, credits, etc. 7" $4.50

NI-FI NIFE FIGHT
"There's Blood in My Body" 7"
Vomit-noise-rant-thrash inflicted with conventional weapons (guitar, bass, drums, vocals) wielded by four lunatics. This stuff has teeth, not to mention some mighty strange lyrics. Beware that lock groove at the end. Full color cover. 7" $4.00

BLUTTAT "Nkululeko" LP
An official reissue of their 2nd album of thrashy political hardcore, originally out on the Ausschuss label in 1984. This comes with the original (and really enormous) fold-out poster sleeve, with a Zimbabwe liberation poster on one side, and all the lyrics plus lots of photos and graphics on the other. Also includes a Bluttat sticker. German import. LP $14.00

"PROPAGANDA LIVE" comp LP
Another reissue of a classic from Finland's great Propaganda label, this 1983 hardcore compilation featured tracks from BASTARDS, TERVEET KADET, RIISTETYT, RAATO, VARAUS, VAAPA KALIJA, and more! German import. LP $14.00

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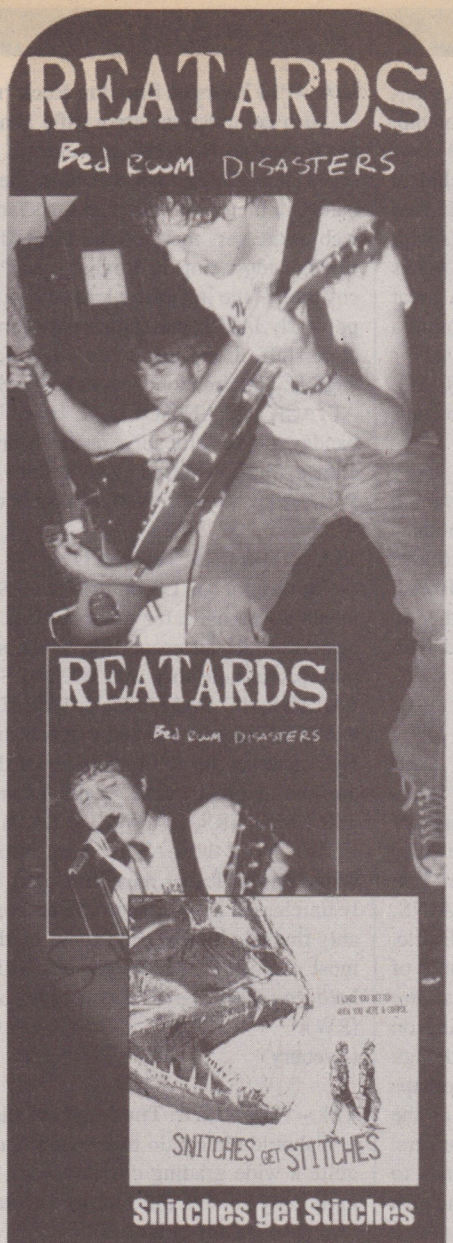

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Ariel Awesome, and Erin Yanke.

AMNESTY now has a singles collection out, although I think their other recordings are only on CD. What do I know, though. This recording seems to have more of a sluggish pace than I remember. They're rock roots shine through, and the vocals set the pace for the song structure. They've got a bit of dirge going on, and they repeat their best song (called "Homework") so you can enjoy it twice. ($3 ppd. or trade. 6 song CD, no lyrics included. 644 Highland Park, Tupelo, MS 38801.) (Erin)

BARNBURNER busts out some straightforward angry hardcore punk rock on their short demo CD. The muddy, highly distorted guitars play mostly power chords but break into some wanking every once in a while. The drummer sticks to the basics but remains solid, while the vocalist has a deep screaming vocal style. Altogether the band sounds a lot like THE PIST. (3 song CD, with lyrics. www.myspace.com/barnburner) (Pete)

BEAUTIFUL BERT AND THE SLAGS plays dirty garage rock in the vein of GG Allin. Their song title "Beer, Burgers, And Broads" gives you a good idea what they're all about. The music is marginally catchy, but derivative as all hell. Oh, and about the lyrics "dirty-dirty-dirty-dirty-dirty-dirty little cunt." No, thank you. Eat a dick. Or five. (9 song CD, no lyrics. scotysnoty@yahoo.com) (Ariel)

BLOOD OF CHRISTIAN CHILDREN for all their imagery, has not even one pinch of metal! We cheer loudly! Total basic ragin' thrash only. They are angrier than they are mean, have more cymbals than snare, but are basically guitar-driven and fast. Vocals are shouted, some shouts are just held longer than others. (8 song cassette, lyrics included. 4257 NE Going St., Portland, OR 97217.) (Erin)

CEREMONY comes at you with six short blasts of hardcore, most of them around or under a minute. The band mixes tough guy hardcore with blast beats in a sort of YOUTH OF TODAY meets JENNY PICCOLO way with guitar parts that are reminiscent of BORN AGAINST. The songs are mostly on the fast side but contain a fair amount of mosh parts. The screaming vocals tend to lack dynamics but altogether the songs really move. (6 song CD, with hard to read lyrics. xceremonyx@yahoo.com) (Pete)

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE grindcore you up. Pretty straight forward for the genre, although sometimes they slow it down to whiplash speed. The vocals are high like a cat getting strangled, and low like the darkness of his soul. ($2 ppd. 6 song cassette [also on CD if you prefer], lyrics included. 41 Grandview St. #1405, Santa Cruz, CA 95060.) (Erin)

COFFIN BOUND plays slower, raw swamp-rock. Country-twinged with garage rock influences, and vocals and guitar given equal weight in the songs. The vocals are more nasally than snotty, but that silver lining of bratty attitude makes them shine. ($2 ppd. 6 song cassette, no lyrics included. 4590 Danna Dr., Austell, GA 30106.) (Erin)

COLD DEAD HANDS mixes up the modern hardcore sounds, and come out with this basically thrash demo. Good fast kind of loping-head-nod pace to it, with straight up yelling for the vocals. The mosh parts in the middle are highlighted by more of a spoken style of vocals. The back ups, when they're there, sound like the punks scramble all over each other to get to the mic during shows. ($2.50 ppd. 7 song CD, lyrics included. 2340 Rex St., Salem, OR 97302.) (Erin)

THE COMPANY ANTHEM plays cleanly recorded fast hardcore, without too many flashy guitar moments. They don't change up the pace on you that much, but they do mix it up with stark punctuating on-a-dime starts and stops. The vocals are sung and usually kind of high, and the lyrics are all pretty emo about community and communication and the lack of both in punk rock. ($3 ppd. 9 song CD, lyrics included. 31 Kellogg St. #3, Portland, ME 04101.) (Erin)

COMPLICATIONS has members of BORN DEAD ICONS, though you wouldn't guess it upon listening. It's incredibly sad, and despondent; music for those burdened with a heavy and unrelenting sense of all that is fucked up in this world. If forced for a comparison, KILLING JOKE is all that comes to mind. The timid vocals are the only disappointment. They would be a lot more effective with a little more power behind them. With a little more projection they could resonate in a WIPERS way, instead of their current sorry JAWBREAKER-like state. Overall, it's really good. Totally recommended. (10 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 64, Station C, Montreal, QC, H2L 4J7, Canada. complications.punk@gmail.com) (Ariel)

DARLIN MAUDIE is taking a shot at rock stardom with a CD of rock/pop songs that really has very little to do with punk. The two band members play songs in the vein of JIMMY EAT WORLD backed by a drum machine and cheesy, 80s pop style keyboards (in other words, the stuff that my 8th grade students think is emo). The songs are fairly catchy and pretty well-played, although the nasal vocals will start to wear on you. (10 song CD, no lyrics. 2023 South Terrace, Wichita, KS 67218. www.darlinmaudie.com) (Pete)

DEAR AND THE HEADLIGHTS is another not-so-punk band that is making a bid at superstardom. They play typical indie-rock songs that sound like they should make it on the soundtrack of *The OC* (not that I watch *The OC*). The songs are fairly catchy but hardly new or original. "Sweet Talk," a mid-tempo, rockish tune that sounds similar to DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE, is the best of the three songs. (3 song CD, no lyrics. www.dearandtheheadlights.com) (Pete)

DISPOSE has that familiar studded jacketed punk rocker on their demo cover, which, combined with the DIS- of the name, would make you think it was spiky punk hardcore. And it is, but the first two songs have some melody, and are actually pretty catchy. The transition between the two worlds (which aren't so far apart these days—yeah!) is pretty smooth, and they do well with both. ($2 US, $5 World, trades welcome. 4 song Cassette, lyrics included. 3615 W. Woodlawn, San Antonio, TX 78228.) (Erin)

DUSTPAN plays short, fast, loud, grinding brutality! Amazing growling screaming vocals. My only protest is there was not enough! Give me more! (4 song cassette, no lyrics. dustpan_327@msn.com. 201 Howaito Emi I 1-30-12, Nishiki Nerimaku, Tokyo 179-0082, Japan.) (Ariel)

EPH TRADITION lyrically decrees "I will make you bleed with a dildo up your ass… you will beg for life on your knees knowing you will die." Where do dudes get this stuff? I know it's hard being a teenage boy (is it?) and all, but could you get a little less graphic and morbid?

There is no point to me. This kind of emotional masturbation bores me to tears. Who are you so mad at? Why? Your parents? Your teacher? Is it because you feel suffocated? Lost? Confused? Do you feel demoralized by your situation in life? Yeah? Well, let's talk about that. It's a lot more interesting than this bullshit. Try harder. (4 song CD, no lyrics.ephtradition@hotmail.com) (Ariel)

EREBUS NYX & STYX wins the best packaging of the month, hands down. Beautiful! But also, this totally rocks, lots of mid-paced distortion songs that mix up TYRADES like energy and chaos (not melody), with a STARPIMP like mix of female vocal melody, and some unquantifiable frenzied moments. This is great, and unique, which may be even more important. (4 song CD, lyrics included. 700 N. Dillon St. #1, Los Angeles, CA 90026.) (Erin)

THE ERUPTORS sound like a punk version of AC/DC. Their rock'n roll tunes have a punk edge and '80s hair metal guitars. The two songs are solid, up-tempo numbers with the first having forcefully sung vocals and the second being an instrumental that needs vocals. The songs are pretty catchy and pack some power but don't stand out above the many other rock bands out there. (2 song CD, no lyrics, www.eruptors.tk) (Pete)

FTP mixes up politics and pop punk and a bit of grit. They're mostly mid-paced numbers with one song that starts out slow and droney, but then has a fast part, and a ska guitar mid part. The vocals are kind of shouted, and you'll be singing along by the second chorus. (4 song CD, no lyrics included. 2534 E. Manoa Rd. Cottage 13, Honolulu, HI 96822.) (Erin)

GUERILLA SABATOGE UNIT says they play a mix of grind and sludge, and I couldn't put it better myself. The balance is half and half. I thought the sludge part in grindcore was the equivalent of the "mosh part" in thrash songs. Learn something new every day. But, they deviate from their 'core with a track of electronicness designed to be a soundtrack for smoking weed. Funny addendum. (6 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 25, Acton CA 93510.) (Erin)

MERKIT plays guitar-driven rabid hardcore. They cross the line into heavy, and then occasionally push it into almost metal territory, but back off before you go "what happened to the hardcore?" They are pissed, with yelling vocals, but their frustration is palpable and true. Good work! ($4 ppd. 6 song Cassette, lyrics and explanations included! 4447 St. Clair Ave., Ft. Myers, FL 33903.) (Erin)

MIDDLE CLASS MILE plays clean, melodic, semi-fast punk rock that is equal parts influenced by mid-90s Southern California sell-out punk, and No Idea melodic hardcore bands. The vocals are sung with earnest, and they mix well with the music. ($2 ppd. 6 song CD, lyrics included. 6038 N. Knoll Ave, Fresno, CA 93711.) (Erin)

MOHORAM ATTA kicks out some classic grindcore tunes with a technical edge. Blast beats and solid up-tempo drumming back up heavy guitars which have a fair amount of wanky metal influence. The dual vocal attack fits the mold, with one high pitched screamer and a low growler. The band seems to have mastered the breakdown by throwing in some hooks to an otherwise predictable part of your typical hardcore song. The songs are solid, full of energy and worth checking out. (6 song cassette, with lyrics. 1086 Smith Ave., Campbell, CA 95008. mohoramatta@yahoo.com) (Pete)

THE OINTMENT plays nostalgic garage rock, but without the down and dirty, badly recorded charm one expects. The songs are mediocre, but not bad. The Devo cover at the end is really fucking awesome though—it's almost worth getting the whole CD for that one song. (14 song CD, no lyrics. umanuman@earthlink.com) (Ariel)

PAUL KERSEY'S REVENGE plays straight up straight edge hardcore, and it's no surprise with members of VITAMIN X. This particular recording has a distinctly Scandinavian feel to it though, like DS-13. The lyrics are angry and forceful, who they are aimed at is a mystery. For that reason they should appeal to all young dudes with a bad attitude and a penchant for floor punching. (4 song cassette, lyrics included. headxon@yahoo.com. Paolo Giarsa, Via Peschiera 2 36061, Bassano-Vicenza, Italy.) (Ariel)

THE RAIDS are mid-tempo, tight, and catchy—yet depressive—punk rock. They have the sound of a lot of good first wave southern California hardcore bands, but less anger. They replace that anger with a GUN CLUB-esque hopelessness and/or country twang, depending on the song. Some of their songs just rock out, too, in more of a bar rock way. ($1 ppd. 1930 SW 13th Ave., Portland, OR 97201.) (Erin)

THE SADISTIC ZITS entertain. They mix up real catchy pop songs, slow variations on a BUTTHOLE SURFER-like theme, and blown out garage rock, throw a whole bunch of distortion over the whole thing to tie it together, and *voila*!, A demo! They didn't want a physical address to be included, but that's how we roll here at *MRR*. (9 song CD, some lyrics included. 6 Stewart Ave., Glen Falls, NY 12801. www.sadisticzits.com) (Erin)

SCEPTIC JAZZ is having a good time, that's for sure. They do it in a bunch of musical styles, from trashy but slow garage rock, to vocally driven stripped down lounge, to fuzzed out rock'n'roll. The pace is all on the slow side. The vocals are totally different, depending on what kind of background music is going on. There are lots of different languages on here, too. Fun! (5 song CD, no lyrics included. Schoenhausen Allee 74A, 10437 Berlin, Germany.) (Erin)

SEND MORE COPS—I can't believe they made me fucking write that out. And think of how many people they've made say that phrase while innocently trying to talk about their band. We are the punks because we hate the cops! Okay, getting off the soapbox, and on to the music. They were passed the baton of East Coast hardcore, and carry it proudly. They're not the heavy and brutal side of hardcore, more like they remember that it's all based in punk. The vocals remind me of LIFETIME. (7 song CD, no lyrics included. 898 Huntington Ave Apt. 3, Boston, MA 02115.) (Erin)

TAINTED YOUTH plays anthemic driving punk rock, with some power pop sensibilities. What does that mean? Well, lots of vocal harmonies, and good production standards, but not to its detriment. Some of the songs are more rockaroll, but they really have their shit together to rock the hell out of you. The songs get more polished as the demo goes on, so get this now before their recording budget gets bigger. (5 song CD, no lyrics included. 107 Longmeadow, Point Claire, Quebec, H9R-2X3, Canada.) (Erin)

WASTED TIME plays really awesome street punk! They sound like an old overlooked band from the eighties whose demo has finally resurfaced. It made me want to circle pit my li'l heart out with some skinny dudes with flannels tied round their waists. It's well recorded without being over-produced. If you are gonna be a band who wishes their prime was in '82, you might as well rule. (4 song CD, lyrics included. wastedtimesucks@yahoo.com) (Ariel)

UP THE VOLTAGE plays sloppy, poppy, punk tunes. The messy, heavily distorted guitar and bass are placed over basic, mid to up-tempo drumming. The mixed female and male gang vocals are sung out of tune and also make use of distortion. In total it sounds partly like THE GR'UPS and partly like the early BANANAS. No matter how sloppy the music may be, the songs are fun and catchy and you just can't help but want to dance. (11 song CD, no lyrics. xeroxdisasters@yahoo.com) (Pete)

ZULO delivers some savage grinding hardcore. The lo-fi recording goes well with the raw angry energy of their music. They cover all the bases as far as the politics of grind are concerned: hate of government, homophobia, power systems, war, and genocide. It shreds. (9 song cassette, lyrics included. Barrio91@gmail.com. Zulo, Ixppila Plaza, 3A 2D, 20800 Zarautz, Spain.) (Ariel)

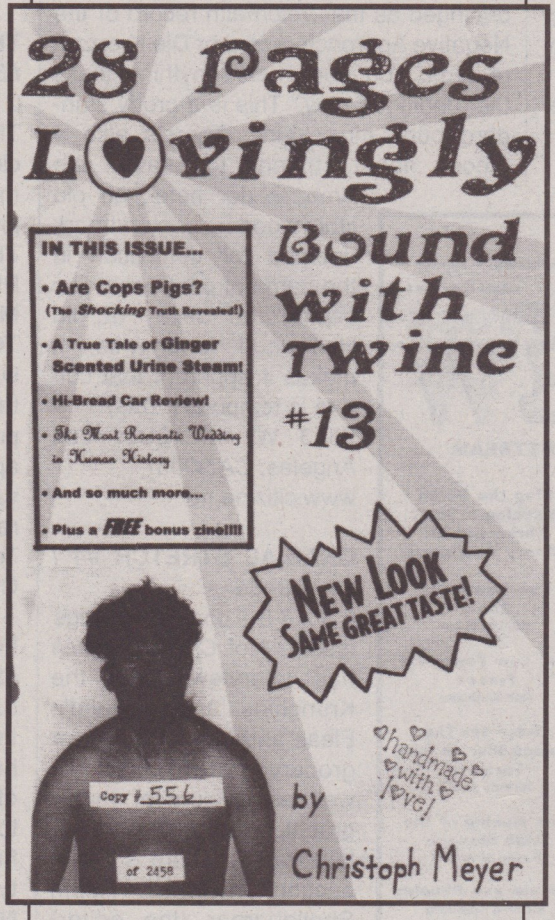
ZINES

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (HB) Heather Blotto, (PC) Paul Curran, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (BD) Ben Ditch, (LG) Layla Gibbon, (CH) Cassie Harwood, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (CR) Casey Ress, (AS) Andy Shoup, (DS) Dionne Stevens, (TW) Thera Webb.

Please send your zine in for review to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and postpaid price. If you want us to include a foreign postpaid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

28 PAGES LOVINGLY BOUND WITH TWINE #13 /
8.5 x 11 – printed – 28 pgs
Well, I think they're running an honest zine. It is indeed 28 pages, and yes, it's bound with twine. However, the cover says that my copy is #556 out of 2458. Really? That seems like kind of a lot of zines to make, but I'll take them at their word. *28 Pages* has articles entitled "Are Cops Pigs?" and "The Most Romantic Wedding In Human History" and "One Of Those New-Fangled Hi-Breads" (sic). The writing and layouts are good and this a *likable* zine, but it's definitely one for the settled-down. If you own your home and/or are poppin' out kids but you still love zines, and want a zine that you can leave on the coffee table and not worry about the inlaws reading, this one may be for you. (AS)
Christopher Meyer / PO Box 106 / Danville OH 43014

ACTION! #8 / $5
9 x 4 – copied – 66 pgs
An absolutely magnificent photozine straight outta Michigan, featuring photos taken over the past decade or so by the zine editor, icki (sic). Really, I cannot emphasize enough how truly special a lot of these photos are. We've all seen tons of band photos, and too often they are little more than bland, motionless snapshots. The photos in *Action!,* however, are filled with just that. Nearly every photo makes you feel the wild euphoria of a sweaty punk show, and the best of the photos (Dirtbombs, Reatards, Wrangler Brutes, Human Eye, Feelers) gives you a deep sense of the personality and character of each band. Really, this should appeal to a fan of good photography whether or not they are interested in punk rock, and of course should be of interest to anyone (this means you) involved in our beloved punk scene. Flip back a few pages to see a spread of some of icki's photos in this issue of *Maximumrocknroll,* and by all means order his zine. (GN)
icki Murrmann / 1701 Dexter Ave / Ann Arbor, MI 48103
icki@mindspring.com



AK INK #17 / $1 or trade
7 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs
AK INK is a sweet, collaborative fanzine from Anchorage, Alaska that includes a good variety of topics and styles of writing. There are thoughtful, honest record reviews, and a local show report/review. It also has instructions for a DIY craft project, some endearing punk fiction, video reviews, an interview, and some fake-as-fuck "horror scopes." It's the kind of fanzine that would be most entertaining and interesting to people who are involved in the scene it represents (Anchorage punks). It's awesome that the editor encourages people to contribute, since the collaborative aspect of the zine makes it a true community forum. (HB)
AK Ink / PO Box 244235 / Anchorage AK 99524
jennink@hotmail.com

ALTERNATIVE PRESS REVIEW Vol. 9 #2 / $5
8.5 x 11 – printed – 68 pgs
I guess this magazine hasn't published in a while, but this is a strong issue. The contents are almost all reprints from other left/radical publications; otherwise there are a few (print) reviews and some comics. ("Minimum Security" has kind of plateaued, sadly.) Stephen Dunifer is well represented with an editorial, "The Folly of Media Reform," as well as being quoted in the article about the FCC offering the carrot of legalization to low-watt radio stations. The machinations of (global) capital are examined via their works-in-progress in Israel, West Virginia, and Iraq. A longer piece delves into child molestation panics in the US, laying the blame with moron conservative Christians and the culture of fear, both dearly loved by our ever-growing police state. On a lighter note, an amateur ornithologist, who has refused straight employment for thirty-odd years, is profiled, along with the parrots he loves.

There's a lot to read, and no ads. I think this is fairly well distributed, and it's certainly worth looking through if you see it. (JM)
PO Box 6245 / Arlington, VA 22206
www.altpr.org

BORN DEAD #7 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 26 pgs
This Canadian fanzine features Maryland Deathfest 3, Bile, and Impending Doom. It's full of cynicism and negativity, along with genuine enthusiasm for blacking out and seeing obscure Scandinavian metal bands play. There's also a well thought-out spread about why the pope sucked so bad, which was written immediately after the guy's death, which is pretty righteous. Finally, this zine includes a couple of articles at the end about current Canadian political figures. Overall, it's really well written, funny, and informative. Oh yeah, and it comes with a juvenile and marginally incoherent "human garbage" computer drawing comic on the back. Even if you don't know who Bile, Amoebic Dysentery, or Bodies Lie Broken are, you might enjoy reading this. (HB)
Mike Alexander / 929 Fleet Ave. Winnipeg, MB / RKM 1K4 Canada
alexander.michael@gmail.com

BUILD YOUR OWN SCENE #5 / free
8.5x11 – 32 pgs – copied
This is another zine filled with reviews, interviews, and poetry. Covers everything from ska to streetpunk. Read this issue for interviews with Mark of the Unseen and the political rapper Crackhead. This is almost entirely a review zine, which always tend to bore me after awhile, so it was kinda hard to get through towards the end. But hey, it's free so what have you got to lose, besides postage? (CH)
703 W. Jefferson / Macom, IL 61455
punk_rock3r@yahoo.com

CITIZINE #9 / $3.25
8.5 x 11 – printed – 48 pages
I guess this is the printed version of a web-zine. It features interviews with Billy Zoom and Steve Albini, local LA news, and a shitload of reviews and advertisements. The Steve Albini interview was pretty interesting—I liked this part: "You don't hear a lot that scares you anymore. Like I haven't heard anything that's as unhinged as that Void/Faith record or the Negative Approach record or Die Kreuzen records. You don't hear anything that's that unhinged now." This is a pretty standard punk music zine. There's also a piece about trying to save the Ambassador hotel, an old Hollywood landmark doomed for demolition in the name of progress. I like seeing the decay of old Hollywood landmarks, it makes it apparent that culture is temporary. (LG)
2513 W. 4th St. / Los Angeles, CA 90057
www.citizine.net

CRANIAL STRETCH #4 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Issue #4 of *Cranial Stretch* has interviews with the Krunchies and Holland's Fleas and Lice and tips for grocery store scams, as well as a slew of manic graphics of the clip art/collage variety. There is also a section in which Adam Shellabarger (the editor) reacts to a past *MRR* review. He seems to think that the review was a little vague. So, at the risk of him getting the same idea with this review, let me say this: this zine is sloppy, but earnest, and a little too self-referential for my tastes. I don't think that Shellabarger is "some goddamned hack," as he puts it, but I think his zine needs work. (AS)
Adam Shellabarger / 13386 Picadilly Dr. / Sterling Hts., MI 48312

DARLENE ROCK N ROLL FANZINE #3 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
I've gotta hand it to Randy Spaghetti. Only he could explain the power of Slayer by comparing them to a cute and little (but brutal) songbird called the Loggerhead Shrike and actually get away with it. *Darlene* has some excellent writing. It's a tight little zine that tells about Spaghetti's adopted home of Chico, has a story about an Accused show, and even includes an interview with *MRR*'s own Jeff Mason. Will appeal primarily to fans of hard rock/metal. (AS)
darlenezine@yahoo.com

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO GHOSTS #5 / $1
2.75 x 4.25 – copied – 20 pages
This is a little zine Terrence made to coincide with an exhibition in Chicago. He makes impressionistic ink drawings of photographs from old Heartattack zines. This one features BEHEAD THE PROPHET NO LORD SHALL LIVE, MONSTER X, 400 YEARS, TORCHES TO ROME, LOCUST, JENNY PICCOLO, DAS OATH, SEEIN RED and more—his tribute to the 90s? This is a pretty cool project. "To try and capture the luminous apparitions of our collective hopes, the vaporous ether of our revolutionary aspirations." (LG)
Terrence Hannum, PO Box 220651 Chicago IL 60622-0651

FORGOTTEN YOUTH FANZINE #3 & #4 / $2?
5.5 x 8.5 – 40 pages – copied – Spanish
Incredibly diverse Spanish language zine here from Puerto Rico, covering all sorts of different stuff ranging from punk rock, to Hip Hop, to serial killers (blah), to humor (pretty funny "where are they now" type thing). #3 has JFA, Toys That Kill, Necronazis, an article on Cuban punk (cool!), and #4 has Groovie Ghoulies, Panty Sniffers (PR), and stuff about Robert Crumb. No one topic is delved into with much depth particularly, rather covering all sorts of bases at once. Well done,

you can tell the editor enjoys doing the mag. It's kind of hard to say who I could recommend this to, maybe people who like a lot of variety in their zines? (ND)
PO Box 51945 / Toa Baja, PR 00950-1945
forgottenyouthfz@hotmail.com / www.forgottenyouth.0catch.com

GET UP! #2 / $3
6 x 8 – printed – 76 pgs – Russian
This issue has interviews with the bands J.M.K.E. from Estonia, No Rest from Brazil and Froglegs from Russia. There is also a No Rest Russian tour diary. There are plenty of new record reviews and assorted bits of information about Russian punk. This fanzine is written in Cyrillic Russian thus difficult to understand. Still, Russia looks like it has a pretty cool punk scene. (HH)
c/o Kirill Mikhailov / PO Box 51 / 198332 St. Petersburg / Russia
zine@diy.spb.ru

GREEN ANARCHY #20 Summer 2005 / $4 US, $5 Canada, $6 Europe, $7 world, free to prisoners.
8.5 x 11 – newsprint – 84 pages
I have to admit I was scared when I saw this in my zine pile. I am not well-informed in regards to political theory, and that combined with my general misgivings towards people that feel that there really was some mythical time before civilization enslaved us all, led me to believe I was not really up to a true critical appraisal of this zine. So you have to understand I am coming to this zine from a completely uninformed perspective. This is an eco-anarchist publication put together by a collective up in Oregon. There are a lot of reports about various acts of resistance in different parts of the world, from anti-GM protesters gluing the locks of grocery stores in England to 200 elderly women in China protesting factory pollution in their village (so fucking inspiring!). There was an interesting piece about what tactics were truly effective for eco-activists, about how sitting in trees to prevent logging old growth, while symbolic and media friendly, is not actually effective in disabling the logging industry at this point. Visually there's some particularly gruesome computer-generated D&D style goblin art, but then there are some cool collages which kind of reminded me of the pop artist Richard Hamilton's *Just What Is It That Makes Today's Homes So Different, So Appealing?* Some of the writing was very informative, and some of it was too floaty-burning-man-earth-mother-primal-crystals-and-candles, which I hate. I hate reading stupid shit about how some white girl relates to Hopi ceremonies, lumping in "primitive" "uncivilized" cultures from all over the world into one big convenient grab bag that fits neatly into a mythical nonexistent good vs. evil black-and-white world view. Parts of this were alienating to me because the writers were preaching to the converted, so to speak, referring to political figureheads and ideas as if *everyone* knows who and what and why and when. I understand that is a journal for activists and anarchists who live lives surrounded by theory, not for people like me really who are uneducated and outside of their world. This isn't an outreach program it's a call to arms for those already initiated. (LG)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440
www.greenarachy.org

HARDWARE: THE COMPLETE COLLECTION / $7.50 US, $10 world
CD-R
Understandably, I wasn't looking forward to having to read ten issues of a mid-90s straightedge zine on the computer. But after navigating my way through several of the pdf files, I found myself getting more and more interested, and impressed. *Hardware* wasn't really a "straightedge zine" so much as it was a punk fanzine done by two straightedge dudes from New Jersey, David Koenig and Brett Beach. The earliest issues (circa 1993) include interviews and reviews of such bands as Heroin, Bikini Kill, Los Crudos, and Antioch Arrow. (Takes ya back, doesn't it?) The photos were great, and the format was my favorite style: full letter-page sized with cut-n-paste layouts and funky but legible type. The later issues get less bearable, just as music got less bearable in the later-90s. The focus shifts towards bands with names like Enrage, Ignite, and Floorpunch, there's a ton of ads, and photos are shittier. But the writing is consistently opinionated and comes from the perspective of true fans of the music, and of punk in general, just the way it should be with any fanzine. The disc includes extra bits like reviews they got in other zines and some commentary from David on looking back at all these old issues. It's worth the price, considering the amount of reading material and cool photos you get, not to mention the endless hour of work this must've entailed. Fuckin' well done! (PC)
David Koenig / 1990 Pinehurst View Dr. / Grayson, GA 30017

IMPACT #58 / $3
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pages
Predominantly political zine here, around since 1996. Articles by many well-known lefties as Jim Hightower, David Smith, Stephen Best, Jeff Nall, etc. Some good articles here, one of which is on alternatives to animal dissection (remember high school biology class?), and another on the present state of socialism. Book reviews, lots of big punk rock label ads (?!), some music reviews, etc. Some decent stuff here, but a large part of it still has some of the elements of modern day "liberalism" or left wing politics that I am oft-heard griping about: fixation on Bush as being the main problem, looking to Democrats as any kind of an alternative, etc. Still a well done mag though. (ND)
PMB 361 /10151 University Blvd. / Orlando, FL 32817
editor@impactpress.com
www.impactpress.com

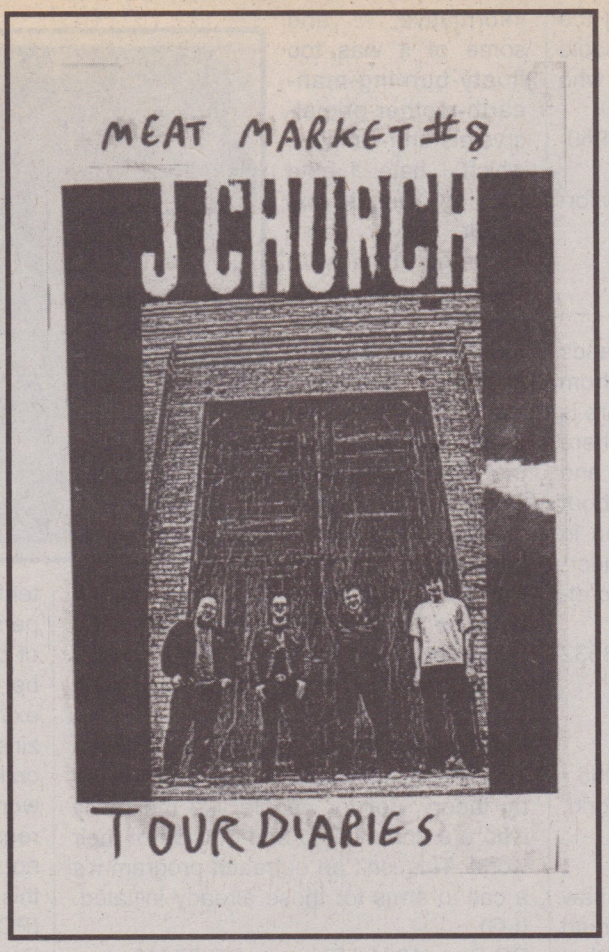
INCIPIT #5 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 38 pgs
This zine is sort of an anthropological

study of punk. It has some pretty good writing about the questions that are raised when you're a seventeen-year old girl in a small town punk scene. Besides the usual stuff on Hot Topic mall punks and hippies, there's some okay writing about gender in punk and an essay on unity that quotes Ben Franklin. But the real gems of this zine are the Punk Rock Food Pyramid, and the funny "get to the show" board game in the middle. It also contains a reading list of books the author looked at as research before she wrote anything. Researching stuff is totally awesome. (TW)
Kaitlin / PO Box 1241 / Minden, NV 89423
pobox4213@gmail.com

THE INNER SWINE #11 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 64 pgs
This features some pretty decent short fiction, and some book reviews as well as personal stuff by "the master swine." It seems to be the effort of four writers, and "the duchess" who is married to Mr. Swine. There is a re-occuring character called "Mr. Mute" who shows up in the margins to make snide comments on the writing, which is pretty amusing, and also a comic in the back refreshingly featuring both a monkey and a robot. You could read worse for two bucks. (TW)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.innerswine.com

LETTERS FORGED BY THE DAUGHTER PUTTING ON HER SCARF IN A MASJID PARKING LOT #1 / $?
4 x 5.5 – copied – 64 pgs
This is a sincerely personal zine written by a radically-minded queer Muslim woman. It's about her trying to understand her relationship not only with Islam, but with all the other sub-cultures of which she is a part. Through reflective letters to friends, Sabeena questions things such as her role as a sexually liberated woman within her religion. This is a zine for some to relate to and for others to learn from. (CH)
Sabeena Shah / 18 New St. / Florence, MA 01062
ss01@hampshire.edu

MASSENMOERDER ZUECHTEN BLUMEN #5 / $3
6 x 8 – printed – 72 pgs – German
Personally I think Berlin is one of the coolest cities in the world, and think the people who live there are lucky. And if I lived there I am sure I would buy my fanzines and books at the bookstore where this anarcho-punk fanzine is printed. This issue has an article on the Weather Underground, and a psychological test to see if the reader is an Emo-Boy. This test needs to be translated into English. There is an interview with Si Dou Lee on Chinese punk. There is an article on a DIY fanzine exhibit in Berlin, plus articles on other relevant issues pertaining to life from a punk point of view. All I can say this is a must read for everyone. Totally rad! (HH)
MzB / c/o Buchladen Schwarze Risse / Kastanienallee 85 / 10435 Berlin / Germany
mzb@gmx.net



MEAT MARKET #8 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 76 pgs
A nice, thick zine full of tour stories from one-time J Church guitarist, David DiDonato. It starts off with a few pages of really funny, crudely drawn Ben Snakepit (another J Church member)-style autobiographical cartoon strips. The rest is straight-up tour diary, which is a hard to do well but David manages to pull it off without being boring or self-indulgent. It's a humble zine, mostly hand-written, and has it's charming moments. (PC)
David DiDonato / 6200 Haney Dr. / Austin, TX 78723
dfi1999@yahoo.com

MY FRIENDS AND THE PIT #2 / $?
7 x 10 – printed – 20 pgs
It's fun to read a zine where the enthusiasm behind it is apparent. This is an obviously collective effort with lots of columns about life and the scene in Malaysia, and the importance of zines to the punk scene. There are interviews with I Accuse!, LastxMinute, Under Attack and Lucidity Zine. There are also some quick features on local bands, as well as some record reviews. Not sure about the price, so use your best judgment! (MD)
Hafiz / 12 JLN Lembah 24 / Taman Desa Jaya / 81100 Johor Bahpo / Johor / Malaysia
www.myspace.com/myfriendsandthepit

NEGATIVE REACTION #3 / $4 surface, $5 air
8.5 x 12 – copied – 36 pgs
I am a sucker for the UK slang. I'm not a sucker for dodgy, tongue-in-cheek humor, or "Union Jack Oi!" pins, but this zine's got enough straight-up commentary so's I can see where the editor's coming from, and I did not sweat the above corny stuff. Interviewed are Runnin' Riot, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Dirty Love, the New York Rel-X, and local upstart politician Tony Martin. These range from all right to pretty good. There's plenty of music and zine reviews, and a longer story about putting on a benefit show for some ungrateful cunts. He goes over most of the bands that played the Wasted Festival in Morecambe, and adds a few smaller pieces about shit that sucks and a "toffs' party" he attended. This zine has character, and I found it to be a decent read. (JM)
20 New Front St. / T/Lea / Stanley / Co. Durham / DH9 9LY / England
trevhagl@hotmail.com

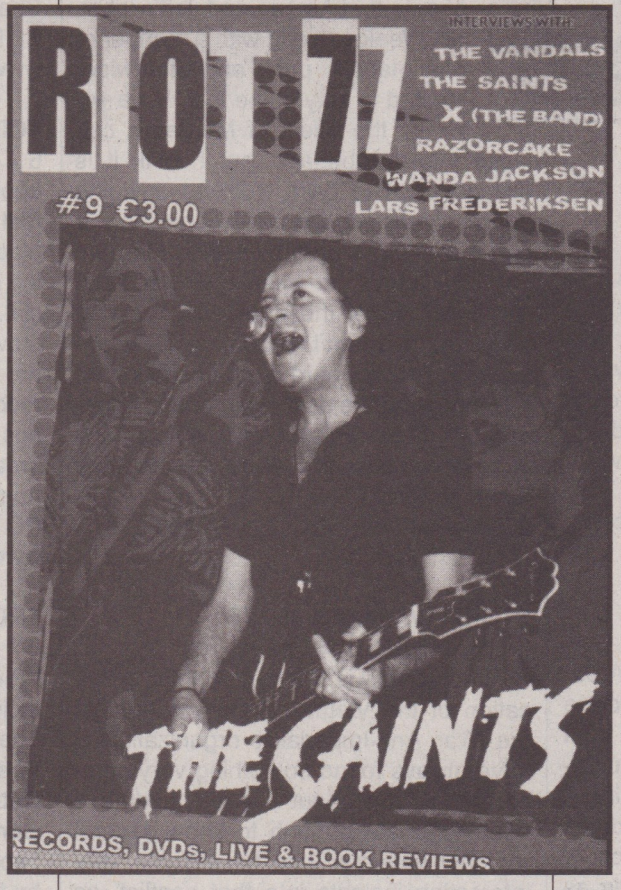
ONG ONG / $6
7 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Graphically, some very cool stuff going on here—some silkscreened bits, and an

obvious good sense of layout. The content features a few interesting articles—one, an interview with the organization Birth Behind Bars, which helps provide pregnant women in prison with support, Eastern European beer reviews, and a history on the Seattle band Jessamine. There are also interviews with Jennifer Gentle and Wolf Eyes. This comes with a free CD of "field recordings." (MD)
734 10th Avenue E / Seattle, WA 98102
www.dragonseyerecordings.com

OX FANZINE #61 / $7
8 x 11 – printed – 140 pgs – German
Yeah, great cover of Jello Biafra getting down. We like it! As usual, the fanzine is loaded with more punk rock than anyone could possibly read in a month, or two. In this issue are plenty of interviews, including ones with Jello Biafra, Bob Mould, Mike Watt, and Lou Barlow. The bands included are Alkaline Trio, The Epoxies, Smoke Blow, Rise Against, Razzia, Gore Gore Girls, and others too many to name. There are of course lots and lots of new record reviews and ads, plus letters, columns, film reviews, and a history lesson on the Hanau scene where the Monks got their start. There is a free 78-minute, 28 band CD sampler, and last but not least, a comic on how Tim Yo would have viewed today's punk scene written by Dave Dictor of MDC. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

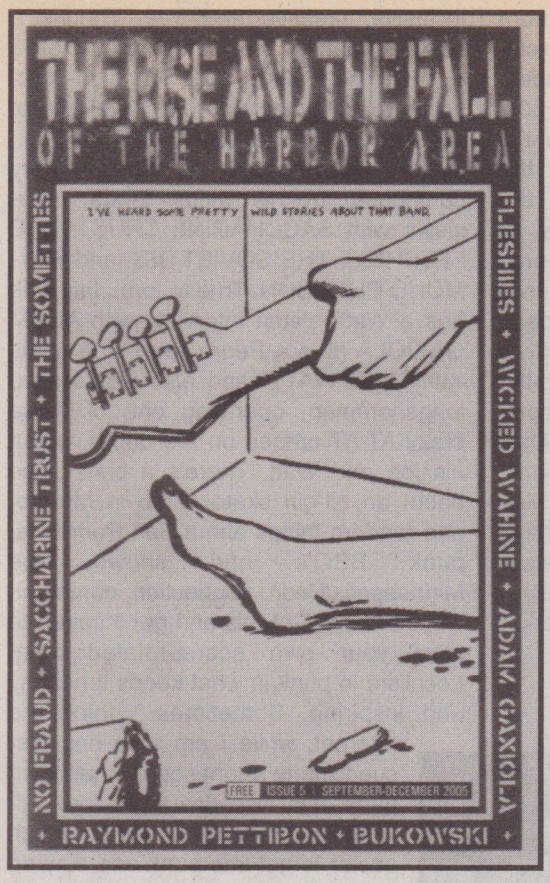
RE/FUSE #4 / $6
11 x 17 – printed – 32 pgs
Excellent writing, graphics, and sentiment throughout this one. Several columns touching on both the political and personal. There are several good interviews, including Shikari, Look Back and Laugh, Ian McKaye, and Je Ne Sais Quoi. I enjoyed the critique of the hardcore history as written in *American Hardcore: A Tribal History*. There are reviews of books, zines, music, and art to boot. The dedication and integrity behind this are apparent, and I really enjoyed this zine. (MD)
Hertogstraat 17A / 6828 ER Arnem / Netherlands
www.refusefanzine.com

RIOT 77 #8 and #9 / £3
8.25 x 11.75 – printed – 52 pgs
Here is a glossy black and white zine from Dublin, Ireland. It features almost exclusively bands made up of old white dudes, and bands that were big in the early 80s. Issue #8 has interviews with 7 Seconds, Sabrejets, Los Fastidios, and the Radiators, while issue #9 has the Vandals, the Saints, X (the LA one, of course), and Lars Frederiksen. Some high points are the record reviews because they showcase a lot of European bands, and the live show reviews because it's like a cosmic window into the Dublin underground punk scene…complete with photos of Green Day, Motörhead, the Hives, Mission of Burma, Blackalicious, Iggy Pop, Against Me!, NOFX, and more. They also have movie/DVD reviews, and their ad space is really cheap (e.g., $25/half page). (HB)
Cian Hynes / 31 St. Patricks Park / Clondalkin / Dublin 22 / Ireland
riot77magazine@hotmail.com



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HARBOR AREA #5 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 50 pages
They quoted my last review of this on the first page. I like this zine; it's a rad example of what punk should be: locally based, inclusive, creative and free. There's a piece updating on the progress of a guerilla skate park, built Burnside-style, which looks amazing. (We have one of our own now in Oakland under the 580.) Some unpublished(?) Bukowski poetry contributed by his widow Linda, interviews with SACCHARINE TRUST, THE FLESHIES, THE SOVIETTES, and RAYMOND PETTIBON. True to form, this zine has a Watt-related interview with ADAM GAXIOLA (it is a Pedro zine) who "jams with MIKE WATT" and also works as a longshoreman, operating one of those crazy AT-AT cranes on the docks, about his job and Watt. There's a cool piece about an all-girl skate camp in Mexico, and random things about San Pedro life, punk BBQ's and shows, the Minneapolis/Pedro connection, community, you know. Get this and get inspired to start your own scene-related zine. Localism in punk is what keeps it healthy and inspiring. Sometimes I think the Internet, while I am sure has rescued many a lonesome small town punk, has also destroyed the individuality of scenes. It's so much easier to get into punk and stay on the surface level Warped Tour/MySpace scene—I like reading about local bands and local venues and skate parks that are different worlds than the one in which I exist. (LG)
PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733

S.C.A.L.P #4 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 42 pgs
Rather than writing "the world's longest, whiniest breakup zine," Dan here decides to focus on more interesting things, like moving to Madrid, and I would like to thank him for that. The stories themselves are so well told and relatively interesting that even the few boring bits were fine reading. There were some good pieces about what it's like to be a radical-type US citizen living in another country, as well as an account of protests and politics in Spain, and a hilarious section on the sex lives of Europeans over thirty who live with their parents. This zine also has some really beautiful scratchboard illustrations by Ken Dahl to go along with the stories, which is nice. (TW)
Dan W. / PO Box 2164 / Tempe, AZ 85280
lifeinthebikelane@yahoo.com



SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM #1 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs
This is Joe Lachut's testament to his love of punk and hardcore, and (I think) his first effort. All around pretty solid, with equal parts gushing over his favorite bands, some listings of contact info for zines and distros, a comic, and an instructional section showing how to make transfer patches. (AS)
Joe Lachut / 2163 Hoople St. / Ft. Myers, FL 33901

SHORT, FAST, & LOUD #14 / $2
8.5 x 11 – printed – 72 pgs
The latest effort from these Bay Area-based thrashers, featuring well done reviews, lots of rad photos, a "Blasts from the Past" article dishing on some ultra-obscure Swedish hardcore, and interviews with Machetazo, the Endless Blockade, and Total Fucking Destruction. The quality of this issue of *SF&L* is as high as we've come to expect from Athena, Jeff, and their crew; this is well done zine run by people who clearly care about hardcore and their place in it. There is one thing in this issue I can't let pass by without commenting on, and that was the interview that Athena did with Ruth Schwartz, founder of Mordam Records, exclusive distributor of a bunch of well-known punk record labels and former distributor of *MRR*. As many of you know, in an unprecedented maneuver in the punk world, Ruth recently sold Mordam to Lumberjack, a big distributor and record label with ties to Warner Bros. Unfortunately, Ruth isn't really pressed about this business move, making it look to the reader that she simply left Mordam. Ruth states that she will "miss the people who work at Mordam the most," never mentioning that she *sold* these very people, possibly endangering their jobs and leaving a lot of bands and labels out of the loop about their back catalogue and distribution. It is no wonder that there has already been such a large exodus of labels away from Mordam/Lumberjack, though it is of note that Athena and Jeff's label, Six Weeks, (along with a number of other labels, punk and otherwise) elected to stay in the fold. Time will reveal the effect of Mordam's collapse into Lumberjack, but I think it is disingenuous to paint Ruth as anything but a businessperson first—certainly, she had the most to gain by selling Mordam off. Ultimately, the interview with Ruth leaves a lot of the questions I've had about the Mordam/Lumberjack still unanswered. I have heard a lot of talk about this merger in the past few months; hopefully this interview is merely the beginning of an open discussion about it rather than the final word. (GN)
225 Lincoln Ave / Cotati, CA 94931
akautsch@aol.com

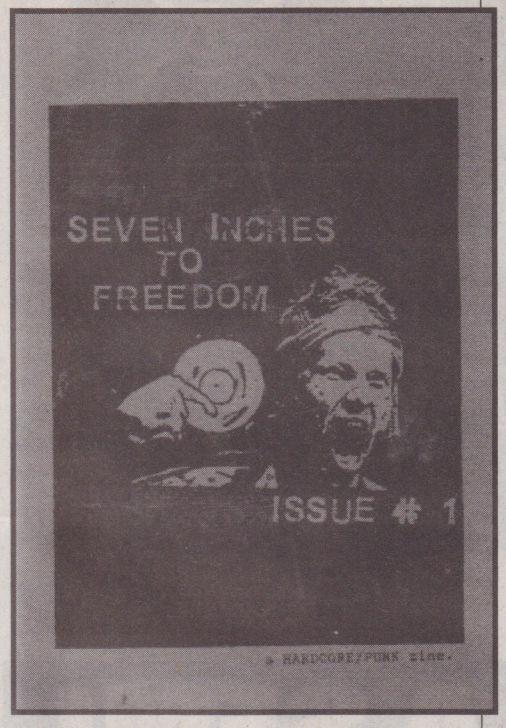
STORM WARNING #50 / $2
8 x 11 – printed – 33 pages
Storm Warning is the long-running publication of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War Anti-Imperialist organization. I have always found something very compelling and real about war vets, and have been fortunate enough to know several Vietnam veterans who have some very interesting insights into that conflict, as well as war and life in general. This publication stays very close to telling those stories, but not so much on Vietnam: this is all about US soldiers resisting the war, and is chock full of their personal statements, stories, poetry, and information on how to support them. Very good for a look at the resistance movement in the armed forces! (ND)
PO Box 21604 / Seattle, WA 98111
thevets@vvawai.org
www.vvawai.org

SUMMER HOLIDAYS #1 / trade
6 x 9 – copied – 24 pgs
I guess it's late-breaking news, but one's photocopied journal makes for a dull-ass zine. This one details a European road/plane/rail trip, and fills you in on how they got some food, and now they're on the train. How about *editing* what you wrote, and publishing something other than the minutiae of how you got around. I'd much rather read three stories about something interesting you did. Of course there's no layout, and the writing is sloppy, but no harm's done cuz no one would want to read this who didn't know the editor anyway. I had high hopes when I saw the guy was from St. Petersburg, and rocks a Confuse backpatch. Alas. (JM)
Sharapov / Dmitrij Ivanov / PO Box 30 / St. Petersburg – 9 / 795009 / Russia
www.szss.tk

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #189 / trade
6 x 8 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
Looking at this fanzine always make me feel that Finland is just one of those cool places were punk just plugs along keeping it's dignity without becoming commercial. This issue highlights the creepy crawlier Ristisaatto European tour. There are also a bunch of fanzine and new record reviews. There are a couple of ads, plenty of cool photos including a great one of Juliette & The Licks. Finnish punk rules! (HH)
PO Box / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
www.punkinfinland.net/tv/English

TRUST #113 / $5
8 x 11 – printed – 68 pgs – German
Wow! This is another great issue of *Trust*. Included in this issue are interviews with The Evens, Modern Life Is War, Fat Wreck Chords, Jeff Feuerzeig, Zann, and Debris. There is also an article on Generation Attac. Attac is made up of people who were radicalized in Europe by the demonstrations against the World Bank in Genoa, Italy, where the police shot protestors. Attac has now spread to 36 nations worldwide where people are resisting globalization. Almost no one in America knows, or has heard of Attac. There are lots of new record reviews and plenty of ads in this fanzine. Finally, there

are some really good photographs in this issue, including the back cover devoted to Nikki Sudden. Definitely this fanzine is an excellent read. (HH)
Dolf Hermannstaedter / Postfach 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de



TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 18 #4 / $?
11 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
This is your standard newsprint activist magazine with articles about police oppression, racism, imperialism, etc. An article on Bollywood and its whitewashing of ethnic, economic, and caste issues in India is somewhat interesting, as is an article on the phenomenon known as Rock Against Communism. But overall, it's the same old preaching to the converted stuff that you always see in this kind of publication, with too much reporting on protesting and not enough insight into the things that are being protested. (PC)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232
www.geocities.com/ara_losangeles

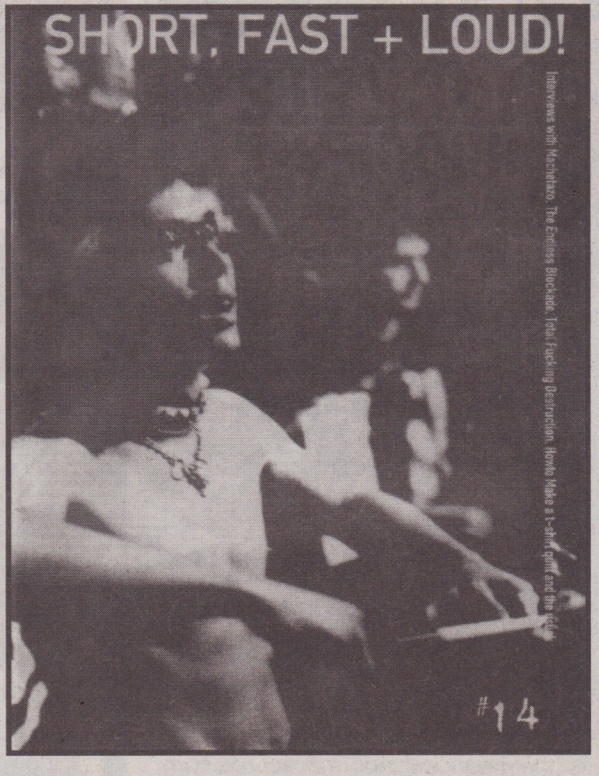
UNENDING DAMAGES #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – 8pgs – hand copied
Short & sweet & beautifully handwritten prisoner zine. Full of bitter rants about all the damage we humans are causing to the earth and how it's all gonna come back and kick us in the ass. Email Frederick to find out about other zines and projects he's working on. (CH)
Frederick Fisher 10447-041 / PO Box 1000 / Lewisburg, PA 17837
irontipiwarrior@yahoo.com

WHISKEY PLUS #1 / $1
8.5 x 11 – printed – 16 pgs
This is basically a zine about what good taste in music the author has. Which is okay. In the first section he admits that he doesn't listen to top 40 radio, but decides to have a go at the artists anyway. This basically entails making fun of band names and then patting himself on the back when he finally listens to these bands and realizes that, yes, they do suck. Even though I enjoy Clear Channel and Billboard bashing as much as the next person, the gibes here were pretty obvious and definitely could have been more creative, or just left out. The rest of the zine is better, intelligent and fun, but the best part isn't the reviews of the (shitty) music his coworkers listen to while he's hung over, or the "closer look" at songs entitled "Fuck You," or even the weird stoned trip to a Korn show. It's not even the totally well written review of drunk people doing karaoke, which is funny and observant and a delight to read. It's that if he had a ska band, it would be called Skabraham Lincoln. (TW)
Nate Gangelhoff / PO Box 8995 / Minneapolis, MN 55408
www.pickyourpoisen.net / whiskeyplus@gmail.com

WANKER #11 / $5
6 x 8 – printed – 60 pgs – German
This issue has a cool picture of Dee Dee Ramone on the cover showing off his tattoos. Inside the pages are interviews with Bonehouse, The New Wave Hookers, The Willowz, Cotzrais, and living legend Klaus Manolo from Mannheim. There are no new record reviews, but lots of cool ads. This is a well-made fanzine, interesting and a fun read. Definitely worth one's effort to pick up. It also comes with two free CD samplers, including Youth Gone Mad with Joey Ramone, and an unreleased Dee Dee sampler. (HH)
c/o Nick Wenke / PO Box 200587 / 35018 Marburg / Germany
www.wanker-fanzine.com

WRANTER #1 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
A slapdash but enthusiastic punk zine from New Zealand featuring a brief joke piece poking fun at Christian "punks," writing from a handful of contributors about being bike enthusiasts, some graphics stolen from *MRR,* and other general punk silliness. Not necessarily the most together of zines, but I have to give the kids behind it credit for seeming punk as fuck. Now next time, a bit more work on graphics or writing can produce a more recommendable zine. (GN)
Blaire Jones / 7-52 Russel Tce. / Berhampoor, Wellington / New Zealand

ZINE WORLD supplement to issues #22 & 23 / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 18 pages
This is pretty self-explanatory: a collection of zine reviews. If you are a zine hound send off for this… Well, actually, I guess this is just a supplement in between their usual issues. So if you want an actual issue send $3 US, $4 Canada, $5 world. (LG)
PO Box 330156 / Murfreesboro, TN 37133-0156
www.undergroundpress.org



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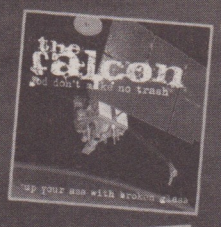

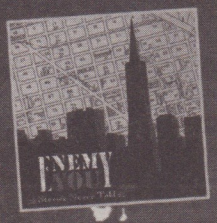

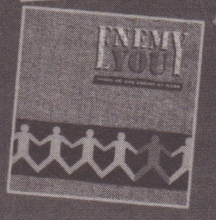

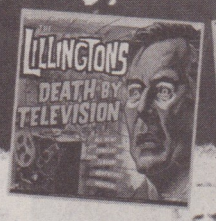

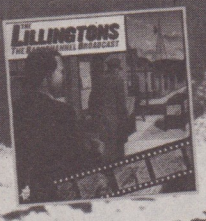

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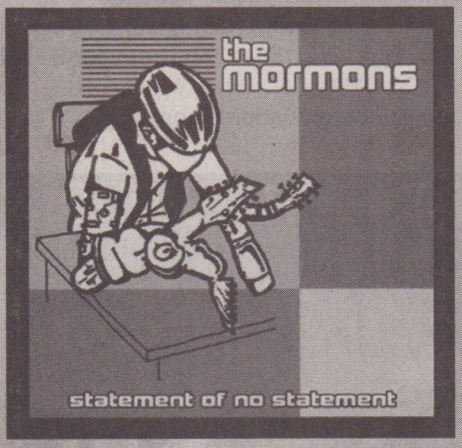

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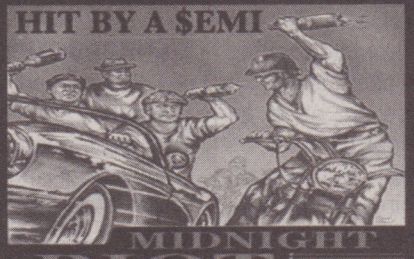

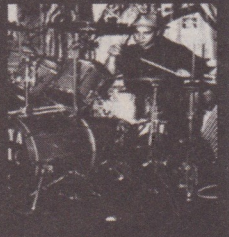

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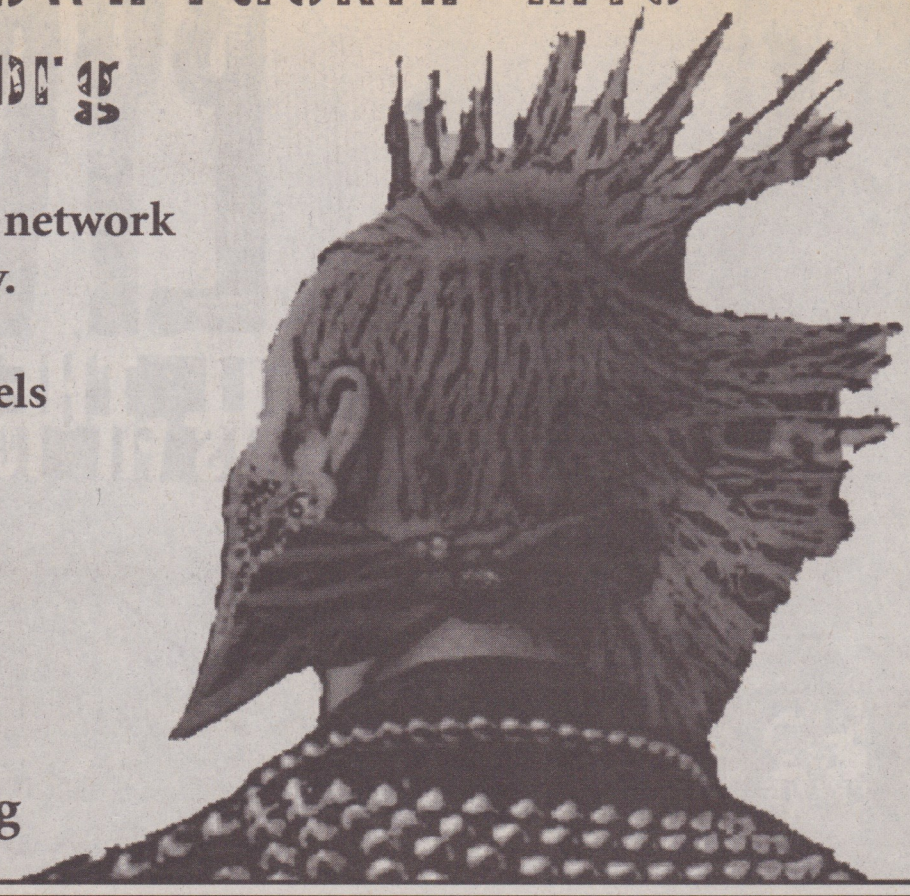

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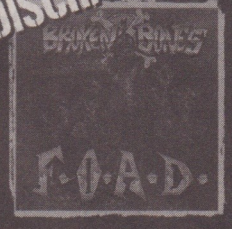

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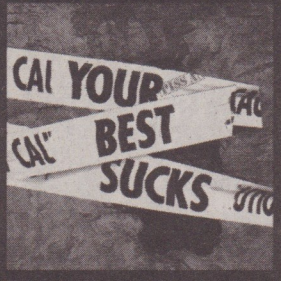

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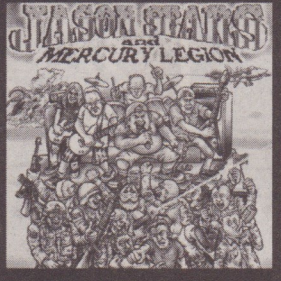

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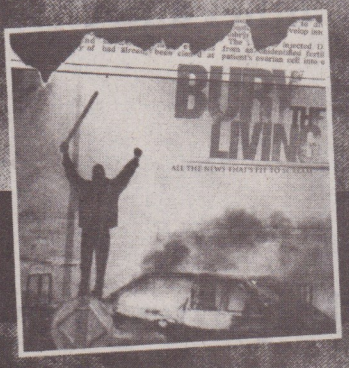

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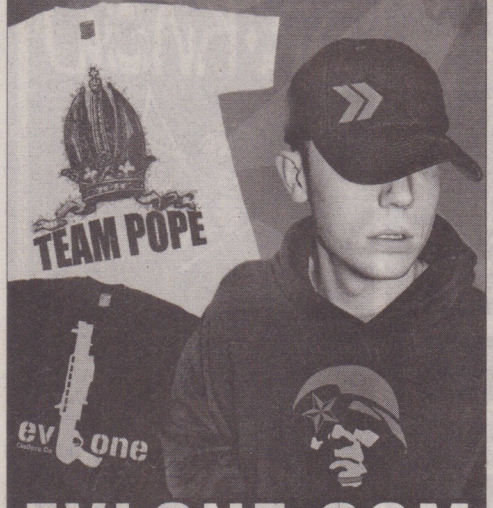

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DETROIT HARDCORE COMPILATION CD I Accuse!, Publife, The Billbondsmen, Goddamn, and Death In Custody. 5 Bands / 10 songs. Only $3. fleshwave@hotmail.com, 21620 Hoffman St., Claire Shores, MI.

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CDRS ARE FOR COMMUNISTS! Online punk radio show in mp3 format. Send stuff for possible airplay to: Operation Phoenix Records, PO Box 13380, Mill Creek, WA 98082 (www.operationphoenixrecords.com)

INDEPENDENT, TRADITIONAL SKINHEAD, incarcerated, seeks stimulating letters and literature from class-conscious comrades. NO anti-semites, militant sXe, or PC "reverse" racists. Write D. Smith T978468 F1/05/149u, PO Box 799001, 480 Alta Rd., SD, CA 92179. Stamps sincerely appreciated.

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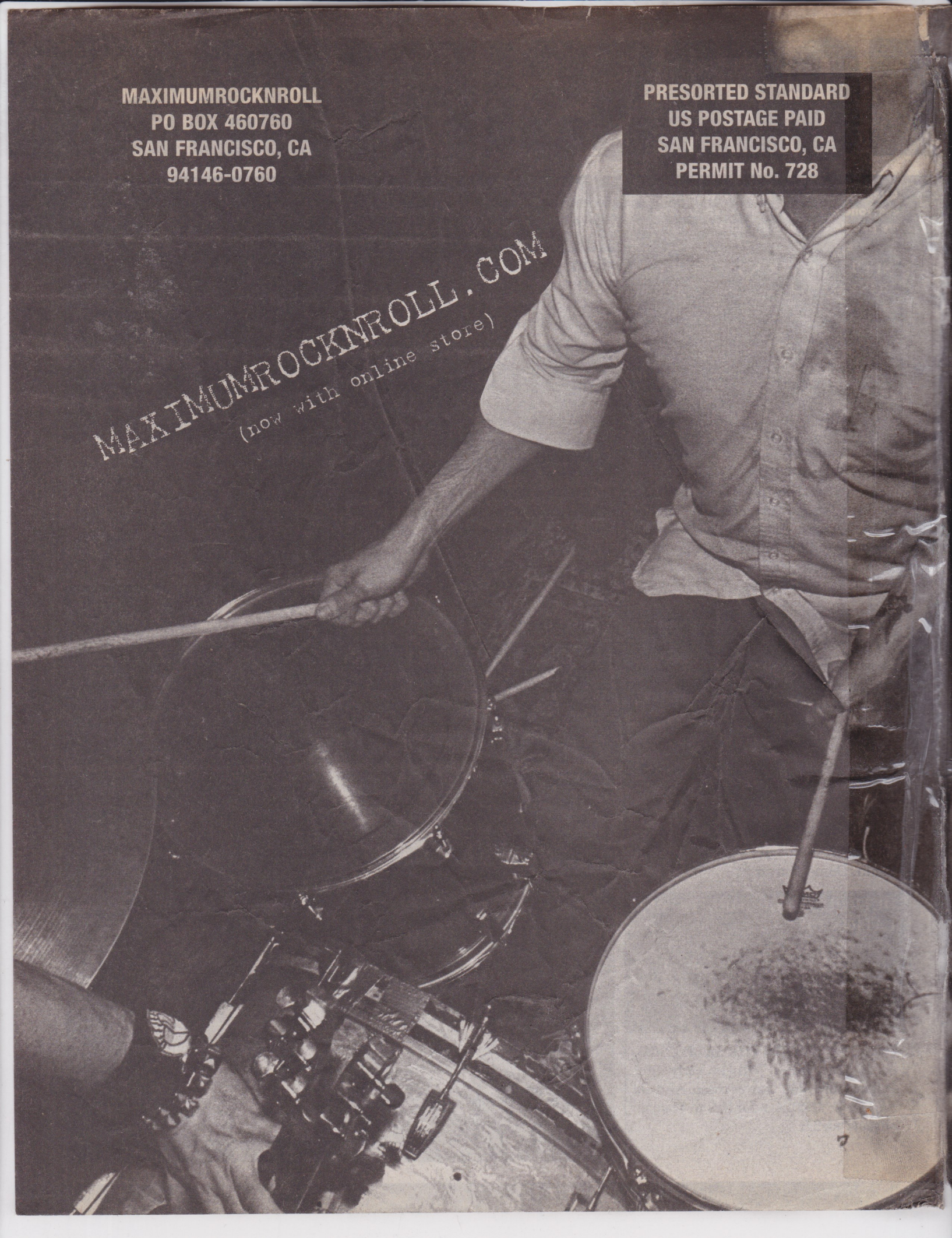
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